Verse of Our Day

An Anthology

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1924

VERSE OF OUR DAY

VERSE OF OUR DAY

AN ANTHOLOGY OF MODERN AMERICAN AND BRITISH POETRY

WITH

STUDIES IN POETRY

BY

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TO

OUR MOTHERS

All that is good in them belongs
Only to you.

W. E. HENLEY

"I will give you the end of a golden string,
Only wind it into a ball,
It will lead you in at heaven's gate
Built in Jerusalem's Wall."

WILLIAM BLAKE

FOREWORD

There is no better way to open the door of the child's mind to the beauty of the world around him than through the study of poetry. In reading poetry understandingly the child's senses are sharpened, his imagination stimulated, his sympathies broadened. He must see and feel and think with the poet. Contrary to popular opinion, most children have an instinctive love of poetry which can be developed. The little child loves jingles and rhymes, loves the colorful, the imaginative. After he emerges from childhood, these tastes lie dormant, but are ready to flower again in adolescence, if they are cultivated. All too often the taste that is flowering is killed by the unskillful selection and presentation of the poetry given to him.

In 1918, while we were teaching Gray's "Elegy" and Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," we found it difficult, as we had frequently found it before, to link these poems with the student's experience. As we were in the midst of a poetry revival, we felt that we might stimulate in the students a more vital, and, we hoped, a more permanent interest in poetry by bringing them into contact first with the poets of their own day. Accordingly we asked them to select from current magazines poems by living authors. Their surprise that there were any "living authors" was illuminating. It had not occurred to them that literature is in the making; that once the Goldsmith and the Gray of their text-books were contemporary writers; that our contemporaries, Noyes, Masefield, and others, would appear in text-books of the future.

To acquaint them, then, with the contemporary poets, and to open their eyes to the very excellent verse of their own day, we assigned as a term problem to our students the compilation of an anthology of modern poetry. This poetry was selected from current magazines and volumes suggested by us.

Verse of Our Day had its inspiration in this student anthology. Its contents reflect the expressed tastes and interests of the adolescent as tested in the classroom. Its grouping follows the grouping of the original anthology made by the students.

We have in this volume 347 poems representing the work of 134 modern poets, both American and British. We are providing a large body of material as we are convinced from experience in teaching that the crying need in any textbook is a wealth of material from which the teacher may cull selections suited to the age and interests of the pupil and to the phases of the work to be emphasized in any one term. We have tried to give as much variety of material as possible to meet the variety of interests of students of all types.

Our aim is to introduce the pupil to poetry rather than to poets. Hence we have frequently taken the work of occasional poets as well as that of poets more widely known. We feel that we must first of all make our girls and boys know and love *poetry*. By cultivating in them a taste for good poetry wherever they may find it, whether it is by known or unknown authors, we are building a foundation for critical judgment and discrimination in their later reading.

We have in some cases chosen a large number of poems from individual poets, because the poems of these authors are lyric and for that reason will appeal to youth, which is itself essentially lyric. On the other hand, we have included fewer poems of a reflective nature, as poetry of this type is less within the range of the adolescent's experience.

The title "Verse of Our Day" is, of course, not to be interpreted too literally. We have chosen poems of many poets not strictly of "our day," as their work is expressive of the modern spirit; the so-called new poetry is, after all, not a sporadic growth but an evolution.

Nor should it be assumed that all modern poets whose work we recognize as significant and suitable for our purpose are represented in the anthology. With deep regret we have been obliged to omit several poets because of the

restrictions placed by the owners of copyrights upon such reproduction of their work.

We are grateful to our students in the Julia Richman High School and in the High School of Commerce, New York City, for the inspiration which they gave us for this work: to Mr. Edwin A. Kane, of the High School of Commerce, for his suggestions and his criticism of our manuscript; to our former pupil, Miss Mary Aiello, for her skill and efficiency in typing our manuscript for the publisher.

Margery Gordon
Marie B. King

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NATURE
THE DAY

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright.

GEORGE HERBERT

NOD

SOFTLY along the road of evening,
In a twilight dim with rose,
Wrinkled with age, and drenched with dew
Old Nod, the shepherd, goes.

His drowsy flock streams on before him,
Their fleeces charged with gold,
To where the sun's last beam leans low
On Nod the shepherd's fold.

The hedge is quick and green with briar,
From their sand the conies creep;
And all the birds that fly in heaven
Flock singing home to sleep.

His lambs outnumber a noon's roses,
Yet, when night's shadows fall,
His blind old sheep-dog, Slumber-soon
Misses not one of all.

His are the quiet steeps of dreamland,
The waters of no-more-pain,
His ram's bell rings 'neath an arch of stars,
'Rest, rest, and rest again.'

WALTER DE LA MARE

EVENING CLOUDS

A LITTLE flock of clouds go down to rest
In some blue corner off the moon's highway,
With shepherd winds that shook them in the west
To borrowed shapes of earth in bright array,

Perhaps to weave a rainbow's gay festoons
Around the lonesome isle which Brooke has made
A little England full of lovely noons,
Or dot it with his country's mountain shade.

Ah, little wanderers, when you reach that isle
Tell him, with dripping dew, they have not failed,
What he loved most; for late I roamed awhile
Thro' English fields and down her rivers sailed;
And they remember him with beauty caught
From old desires of Oriental Spring
Heard in his heart with singing overwrought;
And still on Purley Common gooseboys sing.

FRANCIS LEDWIDGE

DUTCH SLUMBER SONG

THE little fields are very green,
And kine the little fields do keep.
Through many channels laid between
Waters creep.

A stork goes stepping unto nest,
Goes stepping solemn like a king,
And red the west, and in the west
White gulls wing.

Boats are floating all the night
Down the level waters black;
Boats that left by candle-light
Have all come back.

They have cut the hay and bound it;
Poled along, the barge lags by;
Lazy duckweed winds around it
Lingeringly.

Fishers squatting in a row
Now have told their latest tale,

Now the flapping mills swing slow,
And words fail.

Good night, little fields so green,
Kine that little fields do keep,
Little country, brave and clean,
Half asleep.

VIOLA CHITTENDEN WHITE

FOG

THE great ghosts of the town
Up and down,
Each a gray, filmy thing,
Go by.
Sudden a brief, wet sky!—
A file of poplars vague with Spring.

Drips the old garden there;
See, its torn edge about,
Scarlet, remote,
Tulips flare
The length of one thin note!—
And are put out.

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

ON EASTNOR KNOLL[1]

SILENT are the woods, and the dim green boughs are
Hushed in the twilight: yonder, in the path through
The apple orchard, is a tired plough-boy
Calling the cows home.

A bright white star blinks, the pale moon rounds, but
Still the red, lurid wreckage of the sunset

1 From *Poems and Plays of John Masefield.* Used by special arrangement with the Macmillan Co., publishers.

Smoulders in smoky fire, and burns on
The misty hill-tops.

Ghostly it grows, and darker, the burning
Fades into smoke, and now the gusty oaks are
A silent army of phantoms thronging
A land of shadows.

JOHN MASEFIELD

SONGS FROM THE ROCKIES

DAY'S END

NOW the day
Slips away.
Through the valley see him go,
Down the canyon, soft of tread,
Up the mountain, o'er the snow—
Now he's gone and dead.
Whither hath he fled?
Who shall know?
Stars shine in his stead
And the new moon low.
Moon in mask and domino
Trundles to his western bed
Midnight! Heigh-ho!
Snuff the light.
Love, goodnight!

HERMANN HAGEDORN

THE HOMECOMING OF THE SHEEP

THE sheep are coming home in Greece,
Hark the bells on every hill!
Flock by flock, and fleece by fleece,
Wandering wide a little piece
Thro' the evening red and still,

Stopping where the pathways cease,
Cropping with a hurried will.

Thro' the cotton-bushes low
Merry boys with shouldered crooks
Close them in a single row,
Shout among them as they go
With one bell-ring o'er the brooks.
Such delight you never know
Reading it from gilded books.

Before the early stars are bright
Cormorants and sea-gulls call,
And the moon comes large and white
Filling with a lovely light
The ferny curtained waterfall.
Then sleep wraps every bell up tight
And the climbing moon grows small.

FRANCIS LEDWIDGE

ON CLINGMAN DOME

THE balsam buds are bluer
From leaning on the sky;
With faces nearer, truer,
The stars pass cousinly.

And here on moss like heather,
As fragrant and as deep,
Safe in the tender weather,
The baby angels sleep.

They curl and tumble near me,
Like little laughing flames;
They nudge and do not fear me,
And whisper me their names.

When with the dawn I waken,
I hear them scurrying,

And stare just half mistaken
Where leaves shine like a wing.

God's truants but forgiven;
For all day long I see
A silver door in heaven
Lean open coaxingly.

OLIVE TILFORD DARGAN

LOST

DESOLATE and lone
All night long on the lake
Where fog trails and mist creeps,
The whistle of a boat
Calls and cries unendingly,
Like some lost child
In tears and trouble
Hunting the harbor's breast
And the harbor's eyes.

CARL SANDBURG

THE PATIO

I HAVE grown weary of the mesa's splendor,
The golden desert and the wind-swept height.
Draw the soft curtains from the narrow window,
Leave me the quiet patio tonight.

Here the clouds rest above the gray cathedral,
While the sky mellows with the sunset glow.
Here the brown leaves may stop and rest a little,
Where the brown robins softly come and go.

Gray poplar boughs grow grayer in the twilight,
The cedar top points ever toward its star.
Slowly the dusk enfolds the walls and chimneys,

Softly the moon mounts, graciously afar
Glows the dream beauty of the night's deep purple,
And I grow peaceful as the poplars are.

Tomorrow I shall seek the vast horizons,
Shall dare the cliffs, the peaks, the dizzy light,
Shall drink the wind on bleak and lonely mesas,
Give me the tender patio tonight.

ROSE HENDERSON

FOG

THE fog comes
on little cat feet.

It sits looking
over harbor and city
on silent haunches
and then moves on.

CARL SANDBURG

THE ROAD TO THE POOL

I KNOW a road that leads from town,
A pale road in a Watteau gown
Of wild-rose sprays, that runs away
All fragrant-sandaled, slim and gray.

It slips along the laurel grove
And down the hill, intent to rove,
And crooks an arm of shadow cool
Around a willow-silvered pool.

I never travel very far
Beyond the pool where willows are:
There is a shy and native grace
That hovers all about the place,

And resting there I hardly know
Just where it was I meant to go,
Contented like the road that dozes
In panniered gown of briar roses.

GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

THE YEAR

O good gigantic smile o' the brown old earth.

ROBERT BROWNING

AN ABANDONED ADOBE

YELLOW walls in the yellow sunlight,
Glowing, vibrant beside the water,
A bit of desert beside the water,
Silent, empty in wind and sunshine,
Open windows and sunlit doorway,
Drinking the scent of wayside blossoms,
How must the whispering wind thrill through thee,
Crying soft to thy heart of silence,
Speaking to thee as to all things lonely.

ROSE HENDERSON

APRIL

SOMETHING tapped at my window pane,
Someone called me without my door,
Someone laughed like the tinkle o' rain,
The robin echoed it o'er and o'er.

I threw the door and the window wide;
Sun and the touch of the breeze and then—
"Oh, *were* you expecting me, dear?" she cried,
And here was April come back again.

THEODOSIA GARRISON

AN APRIL MORNING

ONCE more in misted April
The world is growing green,
Along the winding river
The plumey willows lean.

Beyond the sweeping meadows
The looming mountains rise,
Like battlements of dreamland
Against the brooding skies.

In every wooded valley
The buds are breaking through,
As though the heart of all things
No languor ever knew.

The golden wings and bluebirds
Call to their heavenly choirs.
The pines are blued and drifted
With smoke of brushwood fires.

And in my sister's garden
Where little breezes run,
The golden daffodillies
Are blowing in the sun.

BLISS CARMAN

EL PONIENTE

BENEATH the train the miles are folded by;
High and still higher through the vibrant air
We mount and climb. Silence and brazen glare;
Desert and sage-brush; cactus, alkali,
Tiny, low-growing flowers brilliant, dry;
A vanishing coyote, lean and spare,
Lopes slowly homeward with a backward stare
To jig-saw hills cut sharp against the sky.
In the hard turquoise rides a copper sun.
Old hope comes thronging with an urge, a zest;
Beside the window gliding wires run,
Binding two oceans. Argosy and quest!
Old dreams remembered to be dreamed and *done!*
It is young air we breathe. This is the west!

RUTH COMFORT MITCHELL

AN AUTUMN SONG

THERE is something in the Autumn that
is native to my blood,
Touch of manner, hint of mood;
And my heart is like a rhyme,
With the yellow and the purple and the
crimson keeping time.

The scarlet of the maples can shake me
like a cry
Of bugles going by.
And my lonely spirit thrills
To see the frosty asters like smoke upon
the hills.

There is something in October sets the
gipsy blood astir;
We must rise and follow her,
When from every hill aflame,
She calls and calls each vagabond by name.

BLISS CARMAN

APRIL WEATHER

OH, hush, my heart, and take thine ease,
For here is April weather!
The daffodils beneath the trees
Are all a-row together.

The thrush is back with his old note;
The scarlet tulip blowing;
And white—ay, white as my love's throat—
The dogwood boughs are growing.

The lilac bush is sweet again;
Down every wind that passes,
Fly flakes from hedgerow and from lane;
The bees are in the grasses.

And Grief goes out, and Joy comes in,
And care is but a feather;
And every lad his love can win,
For here is April weather.

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

AUTUMN

NOW when the time of fruit and grain is come,
When apples hang above the orchard wall,
And from the tangle by the roadside stream
A scent of wild grapes fills the racy air,
Comes Autumn with her sun-burnt caravan,
Like a long gypsy train with trappings gay
And tattered colors of the Orient,
Moving slow footed through the dreamy hills.
The woods of Wilton, at her coming wear
Tints of Bokhara and Samarcand,
The maples glow with their Pompeian red,
The hickories with burnt Etruscan gold,
And while the crickets fife along her march
Behind her banners burns the crimson sun.

BLISS CARMAN

BEHIND THE CLOSED EYE

I WALK the old frequented ways
That wind around the tangled braes,
I live again the sunny days
Ere I the city knew.

And scenes of old again are born,
The woodbine lassoing the thorn,
And drooping Ruth-like in the corn
The poppies weep the dew.

Above me in their hundred schools
The magpies bend their young to rules,

And like an apron full of jewels
The dewy cobweb swings.

And frisking in the stream below
The troutlets make the circles flow,
And hungry crane doth watch them grow
As a smoker does his rings.

Above me smokes the little town,
With its whitewashed walls and roofs of brown
And its octagon spire toned smoothly down
As the holy minds within.

And wondrous impudently sweet,
Half of him passion, half conceit,
The blackbird calls adown the street
Like the piper of Hamelin.

I hear him, and I feel the lure
Drawing me back to the homely moor,
I'll go and close the mountain's door
On the city's strife and din.

FRANCIS LEDWIDGE

BERKSHIRES IN APRIL

IT is not Spring—not yet—
But at East Schaghticoke I saw an ivory birch
Lifting a filmy red mantle of knotted buds
Above the rain-washed whiteness of her arms.

It is not Spring—not yet—
But by Hoosick Falls I saw a robin strutting,
Thin still and fidgety,
Not like the puffed, complacent ball of feathers
That dawdles over the cidery Autumn loam.

It is not Spring—not yet—
But up the stocky Pownal hills

Some springy shrub, a scarlet gash on the grayness
Climbs, flaming, over the melting snows.

It is not Spring—not yet—
But at Williamstown the willows are young and golden,
Their tall tips flinging the sun's rays back at him;
And as the sun drags over the Berkshire crests
The willows glow, the scarlet bushes burn,
The high hill birches shine like purple plumes,
A royal head dress for the brow of Spring.
It is the doubtful, unquiet end of Winter,
And Spring is pulsing out of the wakening soil.

CLEMENT WOOD

THE CALL OF THE SPRING[1]

COME, choose your road and away, my lad,
Come, choose your road and away!
We'll out of the town by the road's bright crown
As it dips to the dazzling day.
It's a long white road for the weary;
But it rolls through the heart of the May.

Though many a road would merrily ring
To the tramp of your marching feet,
All roads are one from the day that's done,
And the miles are swift and sweet,
And the graves of your friends are the mile-stones
To the land where all roads meet.

But the call that you hear this day, my lad,
Is the Spring's old bugle of mirth
When the year's green fire in a soul's desire
Is brought like a rose to the birth:
And knights ride out to adventure
As the flowers break out of the earth.

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Over the sweet-smelling mountain-passes
The clouds lie brightly curled;
The wild-flowers cling to the crags and swing
With cataract-dews impearled;
And the way, the way that you choose this day
Is the way to the end of the world.

It rolls from the golden long ago
To the land that we ne'er shall find;
And it's uphill here, but it's downhill there,
For the road is wise and kind,
And all rough places and cheerless faces
Will soon be left behind.

Come, choose your road and away, away,
We'll follow the gipsy sun;
For it's soon, too soon to the end of the day,
And the day is well begun;
And the road rolls on through the heart of the May,
And there's never a May but one.

There's a fir-wood here, and a dog-rose there,
And a note of the mating dove;
And a glimpse, maybe, of the warm blue sea,
And the warm white clouds above;
And warm to your breast in a tenderer nest
Your sweetheart's little glove.

There's not much better to win, my lad,
There's not much better to win!
You have lived, you have loved, you have fought, you have proved
The worth of folly and sin;
So now come out of the City's rout,
Come out of the dust and din.

Come out,—a bundle and stick is all
You'll need to carry along,
If your heart can carry a kindly word,
And your lips can carry a song;

You may leave the lave to the keep o' the grave,
If your lips can carry a song!

Come, choose your road and away, my lad,
Come, choose your road and away!
We'll out of the town by the road's bright crown,
As it dips to the sapphire day!
All roads may meet at the world's end,
But, hey for the heart of the May!
Come, choose your road and away, dear lad,
Come choose your road and away.

ALFRED NOYES

BEFORE THE SNOW

(After Albert Glatigny)

THE winter is upon us, not the snow,
The hills are etched on the horizon bare,
The skies are iron grey, a bitter air,
The meager cloudlets shudder to and fro.
One yellow leaf the listless wind doth blow,
Like some strange butterfly, unclassed and rare.
Your footsteps ring in frozen alleys, where
The black trees seem to shiver as you go.

Beyond lie church and steeple, with their old
And rusty vanes that rattle as they veer,
A sharper gust would shake them from their hold,
Yet up that path, in summer of the year,
And past that melancholy pile we strolled
To pluck wild strawberries, with merry cheer.

ANDREW LANG

CAROUSE

AUTUMN, in her scarlet cloak,
Comes tumbling down the hills.
Oh, she is tipsy with her dreams
That the blue day distils;

An amber cup is in her hands
From which the wonder spills.

Now leaf and vine turn golden brown,
And purple asters shine
Along the roads where Autumn runs,
Drunken with mystic wine.
The world is one vast tapestry
Of intricate design.

Where Autumn lurches through the dusk
In raiment wildly red.
A crowd of urchins follow her,
With many a tousled head—
Chrysanthemums, like naughty boys,
Driving the crone to bed!

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

EVENING IN FEBRUARY

THE windy evening drops a grey
Old eyelid down across the sun,
The last crow leaves the ploughman's way,
And happy lambs make no more fun.

Wild parsley buds beside my feet,
A doubtful thrush makes hurried tune,
The steeple in the village street
Doth seem to pierce the twilight moon.

I hear and see those changing charms,
For all my thoughts are fixed upon
The hurry and the loud alarms
Before the fall of Babylon.

FRANCIS LEDWIDGE

DESIRE IN SPRING

I LOVE the cradle songs the mothers sing
In lonely places when the twilight drops,
The slow endearing melodies that bring
Sleep to the weeping lids; and, when she stops,
I love the roadside birds upon the tops
Of dusty hedges in a world of Spring.

And when the sunny rain drips from the edge
Of midday wind, and meadows lean one way,
And a long whisper passes thro' the sedge,
Beside the broken water let me stay,
While these old airs upon my memory play,
And silent changes colour up the hedge.

FRANCIS LEDWIDGE

"I MEANT TO DO MY WORK TODAY"

I MEANT to do my work today
But a brown bird sang in the apple-tree,
And a butterfly flitted across the field,
And all the leaves were calling me.

And the wind went sighing over the land,
Tossing the grasses to and fro,
And a rainbow held out its shining hand—
So what could I do but laugh and go?

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

THE ENCHANTRESS

HAVE you seen a witch to-day
Go dancing through the misty woods,
Her mad beauty hid beneath
A tattered gown of crimson buds?

She glinted through the alder swamp,
And loitered by the willow stream,
Then vanished down the wood-road dim,
With bare brown throat and eyes a-dream.

The wild white cherry is her flower,
Her bird the flame-bright oriole;
She comes with freedom and with peace,
And glad temerities of soul.

Her lover is the great Blue Ghost,
Who broods upon the world at noon,
And wooes her wonder to his will
At setting of the frail new moon.

BLISS CARMAN

JUNE

BROOM out the floor now, lay the fender by,
And plant this bee-sucked bough of woodbine there,
And let the window down. The butterfly
Floats in upon the sunbeam, and the fair
Tanned face of June, the nomad gipsy, laughs
Above her widespread wares, the while she tells
The farmers' fortunes in the fields, and quaffs
The water from the spider-peopled wells.

The hedges are all drowned in green grass seas,
And bobbing poppies flare like Elmor's light,
While siren-like the pollen-stained bees
Drone in the clover depths. And up the height
The cuckoo's voice is hoarse and broke with joy.
And on the lowland crops the crows make raid,
Nor fear the clappers of the farmer's boy,
Who sleeps, like drunken Noah, in the shade.

And loop this red rose in that hazel ring
That snares your little ear, for June is short

And we must joy in it and dance and sing,
And from her bounty draw her rosy worth.
Ay! soon the swallows will be flying south,
The wind wheel north to gather in the snow,
Even the roses spilt on youth's red mouth
Will soon blow down the road all roses go.

FRANCIS LEDWIDGE

RONDEL FOR SEPTEMBER

YOU thought it was a falling leaf we heard;
I knew it was the Summer's gypsy feet;
A sound so reticent it scarcely stirred
The ear so still a message to repeat,—
"I go, and lo, I make my going sweet."
What wonder you should miss so soft a word?
You thought it was a falling leaf we heard;
I knew it was the Summer's gypsy feet.

With slender torches for her service meet
The golden-rod is coming; softer slurred
Midsummer noises take a note replete
With hint of change: who told the mocking bird?
I knew it was the Summer's gypsy feet—
You thought it was a falling leaf we heard.

KARLE WILSON BAKER

THE RUNAWAY

WHAT are you doing, little day-moon,
Over the April hill?
What are you doing, up so soon,
Climbing the sky with silver shoon?
What are you doing at half-past noon,
Slipping along so still?

Are you so eager, the heights unwon,
That you cannot wait,

But, unheeding of wind and sun,
Out of your nest of night must run,
Up where the day is far from done,
  Shy little shadow-mate?

Up and away then—with young mists
  Tripping, along the blue!
Dance and dally and promise trysts
Unto each that around you lists;
For, little moon, not a one but wists
  April's the time to woo!

CALE YOUNG RICE

INDIAN SUMMER

A SILKEN curtain veils the skies,
  And half conceals from pensive eyes
  The bronzing tokens of the fall;
A calmness broods upon the hills,
And summer's parting dream distils
  A charm of silence over all.

The stacks of corn, in brown array,
Stand waiting through the tranquil day,
  Like tattered wigwams on the plain;
The tribes that find a shelter there
Are phantom peoples, forms of air,
  And ghosts of vanished joy and pain.

At evening when the crimson crest
Of sunset passes down the West,
  I hear the whispering host returning;
On far-off fields, by elm and oak,
I see the lights, I smell the smoke,—
  The Camp-fires of the Past are burning.

HENRY VAN DYKE

THE IMMORTAL

SPRING has come up from the South again,
With soft mists in her hair,
And a warm wind in her mouth again,
And budding everywhere.
Spring has come up from the South again,
And her skies are azure fire,
And around her is the awakening
Of all the world's desire.

Spring has come up from the South again,
And dreams are in her eyes,
And music is in her mouth again
Of love, the never-wise.
Spring has come up from the South again,
And bird and flower and bee
Know that she is their life and joy—
And immortality!

CALE YOUNG RICE

SONG FROM "APRIL"

I KNOW
Where the wind flowers blow!
I know,
I have been
Where the wild honey bees
Gather honey for their queen!

I would be
A wild flower,
Blue sky over me,
For an hour . . . an hour!
So the wild bees
Should seek and discover me,
And kiss me . . . kiss me . . . kiss me!
Not one of the dusky dears should
miss me!

I know
  Where the wind flowers blow!
I know,
  I have been
Where the little rabbits run
In the warm, yellow sun!

Oh, to be a wild flower
For an hour . . . an hour . . .
  In the heather!
A bright flower, a wild flower,
  Blown by the weather!

I know,
  I have been
Where the wild honey bees
  Gather honey for their queen!

IRENE RUTHERFORD MCLEOD

A SONG OF APRIL

THE censer of the eglantine was moved
  By little lane winds, and the watching faces
Of garden flowerets, which of old she loved,
Peep shyly outward from their silent places.
But when the sun arose the flowers grew bolder,
And she will be in white, I thought, and she
Will have a cuckoo on her either shoulder,
And woodbine twines and fragrant wings of pea.

And I will meet her on the hills of South,
And I will lead her to a northern water,
My wild one, the sweet beautiful uncouth,
The eldest maiden of the Winter's daughter.
And down the rainbows of her noon shall slide
Lark music, and the little sunbeam people,
And nomad wings shall fill the river side,
And ground winds rocking in the lily's steeple.

FRANCIS LEDWIDGE

SONG OF SUMMER

DIS is gospel weathah sho'—
Hills is sawt o' hazy,
Meddahs level ez a flo'
Callin' to de lazy.
Sky all white wif streaks o' blue,
Sunshine softly gleamin'
D'ain't no wuk hit's right to do,
Nothin's right but dreamin'.

Dreamin' by de rivah side
Wif de watahs glistnin',
Feelin' good an' satisfied
Ez you lay a-list'nin'
To the little nakid boys
Splashin' in de watah,
Hollin' fu' to spress deir joys,
Jes' lak youngsters ought to.

Squir'l a-tippin' on his toes,
So's to hide an' view you.
Whole flocks o' camp meetin' crows
Shoutin' Hallelujah,
Peckahwood erpon de tree,
Tippin' lak a hammah;
Jaybird chattin' wif a bee,
Tryin' to teach him grammah.

Breeze is blowin' wif perfume,
Jes' enough to tease you,
Hollyhocks is all in bloom,
Smellin' fu' to please you.
Go 'way folks an' let me 'lone,
Time is gettin' dearah—
Summah's settin' on de th'one
An' I'm a-layin' neah huh!

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

SPRING

(A color print by Hiroshige)

A YELLOW raft sails up the bluest stream
And cherry-blossoms cloud the shore with pink;
The sky grows clearer with a curious gleam
And boys come playing to the river brink.

A grayish gull descends to preen and prink,
Far off, a singing plowman drives his team—
A yellow raft sails up the bluest stream
And cherry-blossoms cloud the shore with pink . . .

Oh, to be there; far from this tangled scheme
Of strident days and nights that flare and sink.
Beauty shall lift us with a colored dream;
And, as we muse, too rapt and wise to think,
A yellow raft sails up the bluest stream
And cherry-blossoms cloud the shore with pink.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER

SPRING IN ENGLAND

THE green Spring tide has risen, until its crest
Fragrant with cowslips, flecked with tiny spray
Of small white daisies, laps the warm Earth's breast
And ripples on the hedge-reefs of the may.

Across the wood the mournful cuckoo cries;
Across the downs, the sheep slow-moving pass;
The skylark flutters, singing, from the skies
To drop in sudden silence in the grass.

I hear the robin piping in the hedge—
The murmur of the drowsy wakening bee—
The song of winds, low-fluting in the sedge,
That blends with organ pedals of the sea.

Oh, land enriched with life-blood and with tears
Of people after people, churl and king!
The haunting stories of a thousand years
Waken to fragrance in the English Spring!

CHARLES BUXTON GOING

SPRING, THE TRAVELLING MAN

SPRING, the travelling man has been here,
Here in the glen;
He must have passed by in the grey of the dawn,
When only the robin and wren were awake,
Watching out with their bright little eyes
In the midst of the brake.
The rabbits, maybe, heard him pass,
Stepping light on the grass,
Whistling careless and gay at the break o' the day.
Then the blackthorn to give him delight
Put on raiment of white:
And all for his sake,
The gorse on the hill where he rested an hour,
Grew bright with a splendour of flower.
My grief! that I was not aware
Of himself being there;
It is I would have given my dower
To have seen him set forth,
Whistling careless and gay in the grey of the morn,
By gorse bush and fraughan and thorn,
On his way to the north.

WINIFRED LETTS

SPRINGTIME THEFT

THE spring has stolen all poetry from my heart
My rhymes and verses hide in every bud.
And surge and swell in the great greening tide
That covers each glad bough with singing leaves.

Above the meadows yesterday, I heard
A lark who recklessly did vaunt a stave
He'd pilfered from the very heart of me:
And in the lilac clusters just at dusk,
I caught the whisper of my dearest rhyme.
Each violet holds fast a dainty phrase
For whose recall I've vainly plied my art—
The spring has stolen all poetry from my heart.

MARIE EMILIE GILCHRIST

SPRINGTIME IN COOKHAM DEAN [1]

HOW marvellous and fair a thing
It is to see an English spring,
He cannot know who has not seen
The cherry trees at Cookham Dean,
Who has not seen the blossom lie
Like snowdrifts 'gainst a cloudless sky
And found the beauty of the way
Through woodlands odorous with may;
It is a rare, a holy sight
To see the hills with blossom white,
To feel the air about one flowing
With the silent rapture growing
In the hidden heart of things
That yearn, that flower, put forth wings
And show their splendours one by one
Beneath the all-rejoicing sun.

Perhaps the joy of all the earth
Moved through us on that day of mirth
When in the morning air we trod
Hills sacred to the woodland god,
And heard behind us as we ran
The laughter of a hidden Pan,
Who dropped his flute because he heard
The artless cadence of a bird;

[1] Reprinted by permission from *Poems*. Copyright, 1920, by Frederick A. Stokes Co.

And we, who love the southern sky,
One moment ceased to wonder why
A poet in his exile cried
To see an English spring, and sighed
Because a chaffinch from the bough
Sings and shakes the blossom now.
For who would sigh for southern skies
Who once had seen the paradise
Of this new Eden where the flowers
Drench the woods with odorous showers,
And give delight till the sense sickens
With the rapture that it quickens?
This heaven where petals fall as stars,
This paradise where beauty bars
Its petalled, white, inviolable portals
'Gainst the clamouring of mortals,
And from the green altars in dim shrines
Calls to the driven soul that pines
For leafy solitude, and prayer
That whispers through the branches there,
When Spring, in her ascension, fills
The chalice of the sacred hills
With blossoms like the driven snow,
And longing takes the heart, then go
On pilgrimage to Cookham Dean
And through dim aisles of shadowed green,
Diapered with the light that trembles
Round each tree till it resembles
A maiden letting fall her hair
In cataracts of gold—draw near
The secret that brings English men,
Faithful through exile, home again,
And watch the wonder of the morn
And hear the lark with wings upborne
Into the cloudless empyrean
Pour his lucent, quenchless pean,
Or feel the quickened senses start
In rapture at the artless art
Of orchards all in blossom showing
Against the blue of heaven glowing

Through its depths of luminous light;
Then from the windy woodland height
Through dim ravines where tall trees wait
For day's decline to gild their state
And thrill them with caressing fingers
Of the sun-god whose touch lingers
Upon their limbs—by paths that wind
Into the valley go,—and find
The village by the water's edge
And listen to the rustling sedge
That by the churchyard whispers; go—
And tread the woodland paths I know
For whosoever has not seen
The cherry trees at Cookham Dean,
Who has not roamed its hills and found
Delight in that enchanted ground,
He cannot know, he cannot tell
Where Spring performs her miracle.

CECIL ROBERTS

TIPSINESS

THE wine-red sedges stain the rolling hills
A spreading, dusky crimson; and the winds
That frolic there, go reeling forth among
The sober apple orchards; which, grown gray,
Spill down their jolly fruit, until the fields
Are cidery; and buxom Mother Earth
Sways, tipsy with the fulness of the year.

CLEMENT WOOD

VERMONT

WIDE and shallow, in the cowslip marshes,
Floods the freshet of the April snow;
Late drifts linger in the hemlock gorges,
Through the brakes and mosses trickling slow,

Where the mayflower,
Where the painted trillium, leaf and blow.

Foliaged deep, the cool midsummer maples
Shade the porches of the long white street.
Trailing wide, Olympian elms lean over
Tiny churches, where the cross-roads meet;
Fields of fire-flies
Wheel all night like stars above the wheat.

Blaze the mountains in the windless Autumn,
Frost-clear, blue-nooned, apple-ripening days;
Faintly fragrant, in the farther valleys,
Smoke of many bonfires swell the haze:
Far-bound cattle
Plod with lowing up the meadowy ways.

Roaring snows, down-sweeping from the uplands,
Bury the still valleys, drift them deep.
Low along the mountains, lake-blue shadows,
Sea-blue shadows, in the snow-drifts sleep.
High above them
Blinding crystal is the sunlit steep.

SARAH CLEGHORN

TEWKESBURY ROAD [1]

IT is good to be out on the road, and going one knows not where,
Going through meadow and village, one knows not whither nor why;
Through the grey light drift of the dust, in the keen cool rush of the air,
Under the flying white clouds, and the broad blue lift of the sky;

1 From *Poems and Plays of John Masefield*. Used by special arrangement with the Macmillan Co., publishers.

And to halt at the chattering brook, in the tall green fern at the brink
Where the hare-bell grows, and the gorse, and the fox-gloves purple and white;
Where the shy-eyed delicate deer troop down to the pools to drink,
When the stars are mellow and large at the coming on of the night.

O! to feel the warmth of the rain, and the homely smell of the earth,
Is a tune for the blood to jig to, a joy past power of words;
And the blessed green comely meadows seem all a-ripple with mirth
At the lilt of the shifting feet, and the dear wild cry of the birds.

JOHN MASEFIELD

WHEN THE FROST IS ON THE PUNKIN

WHEN the frost is on the pumpkin and the fodder's in the shock,
And you hear the kyouck and gobble of the struttin' turkey-cock,
And the clackin' of the guineys and cluckin' of the hens,
And the rooster's hallylooyer as he tiptoes on the fence;
O, it's then's the times a feller is a-feelin 'at his best,
With the risin' sun to greet him from a night of peaceful rest,
As he leaves the house, bareheaded, and goes out to feed the stock,
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

They's something kindo' harty-like about the atmusfere
When the heat of summer's over and the coolin' fall is here—

Of course we miss the flowers, and the blossums on the trees,
And the mumble of the hummin'-birds and buzzin' of the bees;
But the air's so appetizin'; and the landscape through the haze
Of a crisp and sunny morning of the airly autumn days
Is a pictur' that no painter has the colorin' to mock—
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

The husky, rusty russel of the tossels of the corn,
And the raspin' of the tangled leaves, as golden as the morn;
The stubble in the furries—kindo' lonesome-like but still
A-preachin' sermuns to us of the barns they growed to fill;
The strawstack in the medder, and the reaper in the shed;
The hosses in theyr stalls below—the clover overhead!—
O, it sets my hart a-clickin' like the tickin' of a clock,
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock!

Then your apples all is getherd, and the ones a feller keeps
Is poured around the cellar-floor in red and yeller heaps;
And your cider-makin's over, and your wimmern-folks is through
With their mince and apple-butter, and theyr souse and saussage too! . . .
I don't know how to tell it—but if sich a thing could be
As the Angels wantin' boardin', and they'd call around on me—
I'd want to 'commodate 'em—all the whole indurin' flock—
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock!

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

WEATHERS

THIS is the weather the cuckoo likes,
And so do I;
When showers betumble the chestnut spikes,
And nestlings fly:
And the little brown nightingale bills his best,
And they sit outside at "The Travellers' Rest,"
And maids come forth sprig-muslin drest,
And citizens dream of the south and west,
And so do I.

This is the weather the shepherd shuns,
And so do I;
When beeches drip in browns and duns,
And thresh, and ply;
And hill-hid tides throb, throe on throe,
And meadow rivulets overflow,
And drops on gate-bars hang in a row,
And rooks in families homeward go,
And so do I.

THOMAS HARDY

THE WILLOW BOTTOM [1]

LUSH green the grass that grows between
The willows of the bottom-land;
Edged by the careless water, tall and green
The brown-topped cat-tails stand.

The cows come gently here to browse,
Slow through the great-leafed sycamores:
You hear a dog bark from a low-roofed house
With cedars round its doors.

Then all is quiet as the wings
Of the one buzzard floating there:

1 From *Collected Poems* of Madison Cawein. Used by special arrangement with the Macmillan Co., publishers.

Anon a woman's high-pitched voice that sings
An old camp-meeting air.

A cock that flaps and crows; and then—
Heard drowsy through the rustling corn—
A flutter, and the cackling of a hen
Within a hay-sweet barn.

How still again! no water stirs:
No wind is heard: although the weeds
Are waved a little: and from silk-filled burrs
Drift by a few soft seeds.

So drugged with dreams the place, that you
Expect to see her gliding by,—
Hummed round of bees, through blossoms spilling dew,—
The Spirit of July.

MADISON CAWEIN

THE WINTER SCENE

RUSSET and white and gray is the oak wood
In the great snow. Still from the North it comes,
Whispering, settling, sifting through the trees,
O'erloading branch and twig. The road is lost.
Clearing and meadow, stream and ice-bound pond
Are made once more a trackless wilderness
In the white bush where not a creature stirs;
And the pale sun is blotted from the sky.
In that strange twilight the lone traveller halts
To listen while the stealthy snowflakes fall.
And then far off toward the Stamford shore
Where through the storm the coastwise liners go
Faint and recurrent on the muffled air;
A foghorn booming through the smother,—hark!

When the day changed and the mad wind died down
The powdery drifts that all day long had blown

Across the meadows and the open fields
Or whirled like diamond-dust in the bright sun,
Settled to rest and for a tranquil hour
The lengthening bluish shadows on the snow
Stole down the orchard slope and a rose light
Flooded the earth with glory and with peace.
Then in the west behind the cedars black
The sinking sun made red the winter dusk
With sullen flare along the snowy ridge,—
Like a rare masterpiece by Hokusai,
Where on a background gray, with flaming breath
The crimson dragon dies in dusky gold.

BLISS CARMAN

WIND

Who has seen the wind?
Neither you nor I:
But when the trees bow down their heads,
The wind is passing by.

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI

'AND O THE WIND'

'TWAS such a saucy little brook
And had so beckoning a look
And had a wink so sly,
That oft I follow'd where it led,
Caught by its roguish eye,
Caught by the dimpling laugh that sped
Ever ahead, ever ahead,
Amid the grasses growing:—
And O the wind was blowing,
And O the wind was high!

It seemed that I must chase and chase
Forever at a charmèd pace
Among the parting grasses:
Forever taunted by a sound
Of laughing-voicèd lasses
Whom never any mortal found;
While all around and all around
Green grasses should be growing,
And dreams be misty blowing
As a peril when it passes.

The wind is fled I know not where,
And leaves a deadness in the air
And rain along the sky.
Where am I going?—why should I run
Upon these muddy flats that lie
In squalor toward a setting sun?
Can this same pathway have begun
Where there were grasses growing?—
And O the wind was blowing,
And O the wind was high!

WITTER BYNNER

THE SQUALL

THE squall sweeps gray-winged across the obliterated hills
And the startled lake seems to run before it;
From the wood comes a clamor of leaves,
Tugging at the twigs,
Pouring from the branches,
And suddenly the birds are still.

Thunder crumples the sky,
Lightning tears at it.

And now the rain!
The rain—thudding—implacable—
The wind, revelling in the confusion of great pines!

And a silver sifting of light,
A coolness;
A sense of summer anger passing,
Of summer gentleness creeping nearer—
Penitent, tearful,
Forgiven!

LEONORA SPEYER

THE WEST WIND [1]

IT'S a warm wind, the west wind, full of birds' cries;
I never hear the west wind but tears are in my eyes.
For it comes from the west lands, the old brown hills,
And April's in the west wind, and daffodils.

It's a fine land, the west land, for hearts as tired as mine,
Apple orchards blossom there, and the air's like wine.
There is cool green grass there, where men may lie at rest,
And the thrushes are in song there, fluting from the nest.

[1] From *Poems and Plays of John Masefield.* Used by special arrangement with the Macmillan Co., publishers.

"Will you not come home, brother? You have been long
away,
It's April, and blossom time, and white is the spray;
And bright is the sun, brother, and warm is the rain,—
Will you not come home, brother, home to us again?

The young corn is green, brother, where the rabbits run,
It's blue sky, and white clouds, and warm rain and sun.
It's song to a man's soul, brother, fire to a man's brain,
To hear the wild bees and see the merry spring again.

Larks are singing in the west, brother, above the green
wheat,
So will ye not come home, brother, and rest your tired
feet?
I've a balm for bruised hearts, brother, sleep for aching
eyes,"
Says the warm wind, the west wind, full of birds' cries.

It's the white road westwards is the road I must tread
To the green grass, the cool grass, and rest for heart and
head,
To the violets and the brown brooks and the thrushes'
song,
In the fine land, the west land, the land where I belong.

JOHN MASEFIELD

WIND

WIND, wind—heather gipsy
Whistling in my tree!
All the heart of me is tipsy
On the sound of thee.
Sweet with scent of clover,
Salt with breath of sea,
Wind, wind—wayman lover,
Whistling in my tree!

JOHN GALSWORTHY

"THE WIND ON THE WOLD"

THE wind on the wold,
With sea-scents and sea-dreams attended,
Is wine!
The air is as gold
In elixir—it takes so the splendid
Sunshine!

O, the larks in the blue!
How the song of them glitters, and glances,
And gleams!
The old music sounds new—
And it's O, the wild Spring, and his chances
And dreams!

There's a lift in the blood—
O, this gracious and thirsting, and aching
Unrest!
All life's at the bud,
And my heart, full of April is breaking
My breast.

W. E. Henley

WIND IN THE DUSK

SO wayward is the wind to-night
'T will send the planets tumbling down;
And all the roaring trees are dight
In gauzes wafted from the moon.

Faint streaky wisps of roaming cloud
Are swiftly from the mountains swirl'd;
The wind is like a floating shroud
Wound light about the shivering world.

I think I see a little star
Entangled in a knotty tree,

As trembling fishes captured are
In nets from the eternal sea.

There seems a bevy in the air
Of spirits from the sparkling skies;
There seems a maiden with her hair
All tumbled in my blinded eyes.

O, how they whisper, how conspire,
And shrill to one another call!
I fear that, if they cannot tire,
The moon, her shining self, will fall.

Blow! scatter even if you will
Like spray the stars about mine eyes!
Wind, overturn the goblet, spill
On me the everlasting skies!

HAROLD MONRO

WIND, WIND

WIND, Wind, you like to go in silver best,
In rain that glistens or moonlight that gleams.
In sultry summer meadows you will rest
From furbishing the stars and fetching dreams
To garland children's slumbers. On the sea
You run for hours besides a gull-winged ship,
And hide in apple branches cunningly,
Where one by one you let the apples slip
In autumn's lap. You are the first to find
Sky-pale hepatica in April closes.
Forever wandering with a lyric mind,
Companion of the sunlight, scent of roses
Perfumes your song, sweetest when you are swinging
The holy bells in thrushes' throats to ringing.

KENNETH SLADE ALLING

TREES

And I shall ever bless my destiny,
That in a time, when under pleasant trees
Pan is no longer sought, I feel a free
A leafy luxury, . . .

JOHN KEATS

GOOD COMPANY

TO-DAY I have grown taller from walking with the trees,
The seven sister-poplars who go softly in a line;
And I think my heart is whiter for its parley with a star
That trembled out at nightfall and hung above the pine.

The call-note of a redbird from the cedars in the dusk
Woke his happy mate within me to an answer free and fine;
And a sudden angel beckoned from a column of blue smoke—
Lord, who am I that they should stoop—these holy folk of thine?

KARLE WILSON BAKER

A GRENSTONE ELM

WHEN I watched an elm, a Grenstone tree,
Curtain a star to bed,
I thought of the swinging stars at sea,
Wished I were there instead.

But now when I watch the open dome
Of the big and lonely sea,
And think of the Grenstone elm at home,
Home's the place for me!

WITTER BYNNER

THE POPLARS

MY poplars are like ladies trim,
Each conscious of her own estate;
In costume somewhat over prim,
In manner cordially sedate,

Like two old neighbors met to chat
Beside my garden gate.

My stately old aristocrats—
I fancy still their talk must be
Of rose-conserves and Persian cats,
And lavender and Indian tea;—
I wonder sometimes as I pass—
If they approve of me.

I give them greeting night and morn,
I like to think they answer, too,
With that benign assurance born
When youth gives age the reverence due,
And bend their wise heads as I go,
As courteous ladies do.

Long may you stand before my door,
Oh, kindly neighbors garbed in green,
And bend with rustling welcome o'er
The many friends who pass between;
And where the little children play
Look down with gracious mien.

THEODOSIA GARRISON

POPLARS

THE poplar is a lonely tree,
It has no branches spreading wide
Where birds may sing or squirrels hide.
It throws no shadow on the grass
Tempting the wayfarers who pass
To stop and sit there quietly.

The poplar sees each neighbor tree
Loved by the birds. The oriole
Swings from the elm its home; the bole
Of the rough oak, above, around,
Dare the woodpecker's rapid sound
As on he works industriously.

The poplar is a slender tree,
It has no boughs where children try
To climb far off into the sky,
To hold a swing, it's far too weak,
Too small it is for hide-and-seek,
Friendless, forsaken it must be.

The poplar is a restless tree,
At every breeze its branches bend
And signal to the child, "Come, friend."
Its leaves forever whispering
To thrush and robin, "Stay and sing,"
They pass. It quivers plaintively.

Poplars are lonely. They must grow
Close to each other in a row.

EDWARD BLISS REED

PUSSY-WILLOWS

MORE soft than press of baby lips
They fleck the russet willow-slips
Before the bluebirds hither wing—
These first, faint footfalls of the Spring.

ARTHUR GUITERMAN

THE SOUND OF TREES

I WONDER about the trees:
Why do we wish to bear
Forever the noise of these
More than another noise
So close to our dwelling place?
We suffer them by the day
Till we lose all measure of pace
And fixity in our joys,
And acquire a listening air.

They are that that talks of going
But never gets away;
And that talks no less for knowing,
As it grows wiser and older,
That now it means to stay.
My feet tug at the floor
And my head sways to my shoulder
Sometimes when I watch trees sway
From the window or the door.
I shall set forth for somewhere,
I shall makes the reckless choice,
Some day when they are in voice
And tossing so as to scare
The white clouds over them on.
I shall have less to say,
But I shall be gone.

ROBERT FROST

TREES

I THINK that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;

A tree that looks at God all day,
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair,

Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

JOYCE KILMER

BIRDS

The ouselcock so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill.
The throstle with his note so true,
The wren with little quill,
The finch, the sparrow and the lark,
The plain-song cuckoo gray.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

A BLACKBIRD SUDDENLY

HEAVEN is my hand, and I
Touch a heart-beat of the sky,
Hearing a blackbird's cry.

Strange, beautiful, unquiet thing,
Lone flute of God, how can you sing
Winter to spring?

You have outdistanced every voice and word,
And given my spirit wings until it stirred
Like you—a bird!

JOSEPH AUSLANDER

THE LARK

(Salisbury, England)

A CLOSE gray sky,
And poplars gray and high,
The country-side along;
The steeple bold
Across the acres old—
And then a song!

Oh, far, far, far,
As any spire or star,
Beyond the cloistered wall!
Oh, high, high, high,
A heart-throb in the sky—
Then not at all!

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

THE BLUE JAY

VILLON among the birds is he,
A bold, bright rover, bad and free;
Yet not without such loveliness
As makes the curse upon him less.
If larkspur blossoms were a-wing,
If iris went adventuring,
Or, on some morning, we should see
Heaven bright blue chicory
Come drifting by, we would forgive
Some little sins, and let them live!

Verlaine among the birds is he,
A creature of iniquity;
And yet what joy for one who sees
An orchid drifting through the trees!
The bluebell said a naughty word
In mischief, and there was a bird.
The blue sky laughed aloud, and we
Saw wings of lapis lazuli.
So fair a sinner surely wins
A little mercy for his sins.

LOUISE DRISCOLL

MY CANARY'S RHAPSODY

SWEET, sweet, sweet, sweet!
Sings my little lover yellow,
Who, who, who, who?—
Whistled monotone, and mellow.

Then in ecstasies of trills,
Silvery lilt and liquid rills,
Like a mountain brooklet's purling
As it ripples, softly swirling
Mid the cool and lilied hills,
Wandering where its spirit wills,—

Like the brook's prill yet not quite,
Carols he in wild delight,
Telling me in bursts of rapture
Which no words of mine may capture,
Telling me, with glance discreet,
Who is sweet, sweet, sweet.

Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet!
  Swinging in his cage of wicker:—
Who, who, who, who?
  Look you where the sunbeams flicker?

Is that linnet on yon tree
Rousing all this ecstasy?
She the object of this passion
Pouring forth in joyous fashion?
Would you fly with her if free?
Ah, I'm torn with jealousy!

There! ungrateful little sinner,
Cage I've opened, fly to win her.
May the choice you never rue.
I'll forgive your crass deceit.—
Not me but that linnet who,—
Who is sweet, sweet, sweet!

Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet!
  Chirps the little lover yellow.
Who, who, who, who?
  Cheer-up, cheer-up, cheer-up,—hello!

Here I perch upon your sill,
Listen to my low, soft trill!
Other birds may wish wild bowers,
Sunny fields with perfumed flowers,
Where the waters purl and prill.
I can't leave you tho' you will.
You must shelter me and cherish,
Or my song and I will perish.
See, I seek my caged retreat.

Not for linnet's love I sue,
But it's you who, who,
Who are sweet, sweet, sweet!
Cheer-up, cheer-up, sweet, sweet!

ZÖE ACKERMAN

A MOCKING BIRD

AN arrow, feathery, alive,
He darts and sings—
Then with a sudden skimming dive
Of striped wings
He finds a pine and, debonair,
Makes with his mate
All birds that ever rested there
Articulate.

The whisper of a multitude
Of happy wings
Is round him, a returning brood,
Each time he sings . . .
Though Heaven be not for them or him
Yet he is wise,
And tiptoes daily on the rim
Of Paradise.

WITTER BYNNER

NIGHTINGALES

BEAUTIFUL must be the mountains whence ye come,
And bright in the fruitful valleys the streams, wherefrom
Ye learn your song:
Where are those starry woods? O might I wander there,
Among the flowers, which in that heavenly air
Bloom the year long.

Nay, barren are those mountains and spent the streams:
Our song is the voice of desire, that haunts our dreams,
A throe of the heart,
Whose pining visions dim, forbidden hopes profound,
No dying cadence nor long sigh can sound
For all our art.

Alone, aloud in the raptured ear of men
We pour our dark nocturnal secret; and then,
As night is withdrawn
From these sweet-springing meads and bursting boughs of May
Dream, while the innumerable choir of day
Welcome the dawn.

ROBERT BRIDGES

THE NIGHTINGALE NEAR THE HOUSE

HERE is the soundless cypress on the lawn;
It listens, listens. Taller trees beyond
Listen. The moon at the unruffled pond
Stares. And you sing, you sing.

That star-enchanted song falls through the air
From lawn to lawn down terraces of sound,
Darts in white arrows on the shadowed ground;
And all the night you sing.

My dreams are flowers to which you are a bee,
As all night long I listen, and my brain
Receives your song; then loses it again
In moonlight on the lawn.

Now is your voice a marble high and white,
Then like a mist on fields of paradise,
Now is a raging fire, then is like ice
Then breaks, and it is dawn.

HAROLD MONRO

TO A PHOEBE-BIRD

UNDER the eaves, out of the wet,
You nest within my reach;
You never sing for me and yet
You have a golden speech.

You sit and quirk a rapid tail,
Wrinkle a ragged crest,
Then pirouette from tree to rail
And vault from rail to nest.

And when in frequent, dainty fright
You grayly slip and fade,
And when at hand you re-alight
Demure and unafraid,

And when you bring your brood its fill
Of iridescent wings
And green legs dewy in your bill,
Your silence is what sings.

Not of a feather that enjoys
To prate or praise or preach,
O phoebe, with so little noise,
What eloquence you teach!

WITTER BYNNER

TO A SPARROW

BECAUSE you have no fear to mingle
Wings with those of greater part
So like me, with song I single
Your sweet impudence of heart.

And when prouder feathers go where
Summer holds her leafy show,
You still come to us from nowhere,
Like grey leaves across the snow.

In back ways where odd and end go
To your meals you drop down sure
Knowing every broken window
Of the hospitable poor.

There is no bird half so harmless,
None so sweetly rude as you,
None so common and so charmless,
None of virtues nude as you.

But for all your faults I love you,
For you linger with us still,
Though the wintry winds reprove you,
And the snow is on the hill.

FRANCIS LEDWIDGE

FLOWERS

When daisies pied and violets blue
And lady-smocks all silver-white
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

SUNFLOWERS

MY tall sunflowers love the sun,
Love the burning August noons
When the locust tunes its viol,
And the cricket croons.

When the purple night draws on,
With its planets hung on high,
And the attared winds of slumber
Wander down the sky,

Still my sunflowers love the sun,
Keep their ward and watch and wait
Till the rosy key of morning
Opes the Eastern Gate.

Then, when they have deeply quaffed
From the brimming cups of dew,
You can hear their golden laughter
All the garden through!

CLINTON SCOLLARD

DAFFODILS

THERE flames the first gay daffodil
Where winter-long the snows have lain;
Who buried Love, all spent and still?
There flames the first gay daffodil.
Go, Love's alive on yonder hill,
And yours for asking, joy and pain,
There flames the first gay daffodil
Where winter-long the snows have lain!

RUTH GUTHRIE HARDING

MY GARDEN

A GARDEN is a lovesome thing, God wot!
Rose plot,
Fringed pool,
Ferned grot—
The veriest school
Of peace; and yet the fool
Contends that God is not—
Not God! in gardens! when the eve is cool?
Nay, but I have a sign;
'Tis very sure God walks in mine.

THOMAS EDWARD BROWN

BLUE SQUILLS [1]

HOW many million Aprils came
Before I ever knew
How white a cherry bough could be,
A bed of squills, how blue.

And many a dancing April
When life is done with me,
Will lift the blue flame of the flower
And the white flame of the tree.

Oh, burn me with your beauty, then,
Oh, hurt me, tree and flower,
Lest in the end death try to take
Even this glistening hour.

O shaken flowers, O shimmering trees,
O sunlit white and blue,
Wound me, that I through endless sleep
May bear the scar of you.

SARA TEASDALE

1 From *Flame and Shadow*. Used by special arrangement with the Macmillan Co., publishers.

A YELLOW PANSY

TO the wall of the old green garden
A butterfly quivering came;
His wings on the sombre lichens
Played like a yellow flame.

He looked at the gray geraniums,
And the sleepy four-o'-clocks;
He looked at the low lanes bordered
With the glossy-growing box.

He longed for the peace and the silence,
And the shadows that lengthened there,
And his wee wild heart was weary
Of skimming the endless air.

And now in the old green garden,—
I know not how it came,—
A single pansy is blooming,
Bright as a yellow flame.

And whenever a gay gust passes,
It quivers as if with pain,
For the butterfly-soul that is in it
Longs for the winds again!

HELEN GRAY CONE

A TULIP GARDEN

GUARDED within the old red wall's embrace,
Marshalled like soldiers in gay company,
The tulips stand arrayed. Here infantry
Wheels out into the sunlight. What bold grace
Sets off their tunics, white with crimson lace!
Here are platoons of gold-frocked cavalry,
With scarlet sabres tossing in the eye
Of purple batteries, every gun in place.

Forward they come, with flaunting colors spread,
With torches burning, stepping out in time
To some quick, unheard march. Our ears are dead,
We cannot catch the tune. In pantomime
Parades that army. With our utmost powers
We hear the wind stream through a bed of flowers.

AMY LOWELL

DAFFODILS

FATHERED by March, the daffodils are here,
First, all the air grew keen with yesterday,
And once a thrush from out some hollow gray
On a field's edge, where whitening stalks made cheer,
Fluted the last unto the budding year;
Now, that the wind lets loose from orchard spray
Plum bloom and peach bloom down the dripping way,
Their punctual gold through the wet blades they rear.
Oh, fleet and sweet! A light to all that pass
Below, in the cramped yard, close to the street,
Long-stemmed one flames behind the palings bare,
The whole of April in a tuft of grass.
Scarce here, soon will it be—oh, sweet and fleet!—
Gone like a snatch of song upon the stair.

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

THE GARDEN

OLD gardens have a language of their own,
And mine sweet speech to linger in the heart.
A goodly place it is and primly spaced,
With straight box-bordered paths and squares of bloom.
Bay-trees by rows of antique urns tell tales
Of one who loved the gardens Dante loved.
Magnolias edge the placid lily-pool,
And flank the sagging seat, whence vista leads
To blaze of rhododendrons banked in green.

Azaleas by the scarlet quince flame up
Against the lustrous grape-vines trellised high,
To pigeon-cote and old brick wall where hide
First snowdrops and the bravest violets.
A place of solitudes whose silences
Enfold the heart as an unquiet bird.

GERTRUDE HUNTINGTON MCGIFFERT

HILLS AND MOUNTAINS

I will lift up mine eyes to the hills
from whence cometh my help.

PSALM CXXI

HILLS

I NEVER loved your plains!—
Your gentle valleys,
Your drowsy country lanes
And pleached alleys.

I want my hills!—the trail
That scorns the hollow.
Up, up the ragged shale
Where few will follow.

Up, over wooded crest
And mossy boulder
With strong thigh, heaving chest,
And swinging shoulder.

So let me hold my way,
By nothing halted,
Until, at close of day,
I stand, exalted,

High on my hills of dream—
Dear hills that know me!
And then, how fair will seem
The lands below me.

How pure, at vesper-time,
The far bells chiming!
God, give me hills to climb,
And strength for climbing!

ARTHUR GUITERMAN

AFTER SUNSET

I HAVE an understanding with the hills
At evening when the slanted radiance fills
Their hollows, and the great winds let them be
And they are quiet and look down at me.
Oh, then I see the patience in their eyes
Out of the centuries that made them wise.
They lend me hoarded memory and I learn
Their thoughts of granite and their whims of fern,
And why a dream of forests must endure
Though every tree be slain: and how the pure
Invisible beauty has a word so brief,
A flower can say it or a shaken leaf,
But few may ever snare it in a song,
Though for the quest a life is not too long.
When the blue hills grow tender, when they pull
The twilight close with gesture beautiful,
And shadows are their garments, and the air
Deepens, and the wild veery is at prayer,
Their arms are strong around me: and I know
That somehow I shall follow when you go
To the still land beyond the evening star,
Where everlasting hills and valleys are,
And silence may not hurt us any more,
And terror shall be past, and grief and war.

GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

AFTERNOON ON A HILL

I WILL be the gladdest thing,
Under the sun!
I will touch a hundred flowers
And not pick one.

I will look at cliffs and clouds
With quiet eyes,
Watch the wind bow down the grass,
And the grass rise.

And when lights begin to show
Up from the town,
I will mark which must be mine,
And then start down.

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

HILL HUNGER

I WANT to stride the hills! My feet cry out
For hills! Oh, I am sick to death of streets:
The nausea of pavements and people always about;
The savagery of mortar and steel that beats
Me under, hedges me in; the iron shiver
Of traffic!—I want to stride the hills, I want
Hills toned frantic silver or a quiver
Of scarlet; hills that hunger and grow gaunt!
I am tired of steps and steps, and a thousand flights
Of stairs resounding, shuffling, quarreling
With shoes. I want a hill on windy nights,
When April pauses with me, clambering
Over the purple side to the top, until
We pull ourselves up by a star—the hill! the hill!

JOSEPH AUSLANDER

UP A HILL AND A HILL [1]

UP a hill and a hill there's a sudden orchard slope,
And a little tawny field in the sun,
There's a gray wall that coils like a twist of frayed-out rope,
And grasses nodding news one to one.

Up a hill and a hill there's a windy place to stand,
And between the apple-boughs to find the blue
Of the sleepy summer sea, past the cliffs of orange sand,
And the white charmed ships sliding through.

1 From *Myself and I.* Used by special arrangement with the Macmillan Co., publishers.

Up a hill and a hill there's a little house as gray
As a stone that the glaciers scored and stained;
With a red rose by the door, and a tangled garden way,
And a face at the window, checker-paned.

I could climb, I could climb, till the shoes fell off my feet,
Just to find that tawny field above the sea!
Up a hill and a hill,—oh, the honeysuckle's sweet!
And the eyes at the window watch for me!

FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS

THE MOUNTAINS ARE A LONELY FOLK

THE mountains they are silent folk,
They stand afar—alone,
And the clouds that kiss their brows at night
Hear neither sigh nor groan.
Each bears him in his ordered place
As soldiers do, and bold and high
They fold their forests round their feet
And bolster up the sky.

HAMLIN GARLAND

ON A HILL

SPRING on a wind-swept hill!
The grass at our feet
Sheered into waves of light!
Spring, and the woodbird's trill!
Spring, and the stars of night
Turned dewdrops glist'ning sweet
Earth chained we stand,
Thinking unearthly things,
Looking across the land,
Over the hills, beyond the sea,
Our souls on tireless wings
Soaring Eternity.

Spring! O the wind's rush
In the joyous trees!
O wide, free sky, and white
Laughing clouds! And the hush
When, as a musician's might,
God's Hand rests on His keys.

IRENE RUTHERFORD MCLEOD

MAGIC

WITHIN my hand I hold
A piece of lichen-spotted stone—
Each fleck red-gold—
And with closed eyes I hear the moan
Of solemn winds round naked crags
Of Colorado's mountains. The snow
Lies deep about me. Gray and old
Hags of cedars, gaunt and bare,
With streaming, tangled hair,
Snarl endlessly. White-winged and proud,
With stately step and queenly air,
A glittering, cool and silent cloud
Upon me sails.
The wind wails,
And from the cañon stern and steep
I hear the furious waters leap.

HAMLIN GARLAND

WATER

Was it a bird that sang?—Was it the plash
Of silvery water—that awakened me?—

THOMAS WALSH

FAREWELL

NOT soon shall I forget—a sheet
Of golden water, cold and sweet,
The young moon with her head in veils
Of silver, and the nightingales.

A wain of hay came up the lane—
O fields I shall not walk again,
And trees I shall not see, so still
Against a sky of daffodil!

Fields where my happy heart had rest,
And where my heart was heaviest,
I shall remember them at peace
Drenched in moon-silver like a fleece.

The golden water sweet and cold,
The moon of silver and of gold,
The dew upon the gray grass-spears,
I shall remember them with tears.

KATHERINE TYNAN

THE FOUNTAIN [1]

ALL through the deep blue night
The fountain sang alone;
It sang to the drowsy heart
Of the satyr carved in stone.

The fountain sang and sang
But the satyr never stirred—
Only the great white moon
In the empty heaven heard.

1 From *Rivers to the Sea.* Used by special arrangement with the Macmillan Co., publishers.

The fountain sang and sang
  While on the marble rim
The milk-white peacocks slept,
  Their dreams were strange and dim.

Bright dew was on the grass,
  And on the ilex dew,
The dreamy milk-white birds
  Were all a-glisten too.

The fountain sang and sang
  The things one cannot tell,
The dreaming peacocks stirred
  And the gleaming dew-drops fell.

SARA TEASDALE

RAIN IN THE HILLS

THE dawn, first gleaming ashy gold,
  Has flamed into a sullen red,
And the east wind blows thin and cold.
The sun, with ragged, misty beams
Peers from the cloud-capped mountain head
Through the loud calling of the streams.
Then the gray mist shuts down again,
Wrapping the long hills, fold on fold,
While through the woods, with whispering tread,
Steal the first footsteps of the rain.

CHARLES BUXTON GOING

A SOFT DAY

A SOFT day, thank God!
  A wind from the south
With a honeyed mouth;
A scent of drenching leaves.
Briar and beech and lime,
White elder-flower and thyme

And the soaking grass smells sweet,
Crushed by my two bare feet,
  While the rain drips
Drips, drip, drips from the eaves.

A soft day, thank God!
The hills wear a shroud
Of silver cloud;
The web the spider weaves
Is a glittering net;
The woodland path is wet
And the soaking earth smells sweet
Under my two bare feet
  And the rain drips,
Drips, drips, drips from the leaves.

WINIFRED LETTS

THE RIVER

WHAT is fairer than the river,
  What is sweeter than its flow,
Coming from the distant highlands
In whose ponds the lilies grow;
From their lakes and flowing streamlets,
Babbling brook and hidden spring,
From a thousand different sources,
Oh, it is a lovely thing!
Ever laughing, singing, flowing,
Through the crevice, over rocks,
Through the waving, grassy marshes,
Where the wild geese feed in flocks;
Here a pool, and there an eddy,
Here a bar where riffle bright
Flows and flows, forever flowing,
Ripples, ripples, day and night.
Here it widens, there it narrows,
Crowded in between the hills,
Till it bursts out on the meadows
In a thousand shining rills;

Then into its deeper channel
Where we wonder, long to know,
What is hidden, what is sleeping
Underneath the surface flow.
On its banks grow ferns and mosses,
On its edge shine strips of sand,
Out into the flowing current
Here and there slope points of land.
On its bosom sunbeams sparkle
In the early morning light,
And the moonbeams dance and quiver
On its bosom in the night;
And the night winds, as they kiss it,
Sip the moisture from its flow,
Which they fashion into dewdrops
For the flowers that near it grow.
In my dreams I drift upon it
From far highlands to the sea,
While its murmur and its ripple
Sing sweet lullabies to me.
But the river has its ending
When it meets the ocean's tide;
There its waters surge and mingle,
Making harbor deep and wide.
There great ships ride safe at anchor,
There great ships sail out to sea,—
To its beauty and its grandeur,
With its depths of mystery—
But the river, O the river,
'Tis a lovely thing to me!

ELLIS M. POTTER

THE SEA

I will go back to the great sweet mother,
Mother and lover of men, the sea.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

DAWN

A DRIFTING mist beyond the bar,
A light that is no light
A line of grey where breakers are,
And in the distance—night.

The watching lamps along the coasts
Shine wanly on the foam,
And silently like tired ghosts,
The fishing fleet comes home.

ISABEL BUTCHART

CARGOES [1]

QUINQUIREME of Nineveh from distant Ophir,
Rowing home to haven in sunny Palestine,
With a cargo of ivory,
And apes and peacocks,
Sandalwood, cedarwood, and sweet white wine.

Stately Spanish galleon coming from the Isthmus,
Dipping through the Tropics by the palm-green shores,
With a cargo of diamonds,
Emeralds, amethysts,
Topazes, and cinnamon, and gold moidores.

Dirty British coaster with a salt-caked smoke stack,
Butting through the Channel in the mad March days,
With a cargo of Tyne coal,
Road-rails, pig-lead,
Firewood, iron-ware, and cheap tin trays.

JOHN MASEFIELD

1 From *Poems and Plays of John Masefield.* Used by special arrangement with the Macmillan Co., publishers.

COROMANDEL FISHERS

RISE, brothers, rise, the wakening skies pray to the morning light,
The wind lies asleep in the arms of the dawn like a child that has cried all night.
Come, let us gather our nets from the shore, and set our catamarans free,
To capture the leaping wealth of the tide, for we are the sons of the sea.

No longer delay, let us hasten away in the track of the sea-gull's call,
The sea is our mother, the cloud is our brother, the waves are our comrades all.
What though we toss at the fall of the sun where the hand of the sea-god drives?
He who holds the storm by the hair, will hide in his breast our lives.

Sweet is the shade of the cocoanut glade, and the scent of the mango grove,
And sweet are the sands at the full o' the moon with the sound of the voices we love.
But sweeter, O brothers, the kiss of the spray and the dance of the wild foam's glee:
Row, brothers, row to the blue of the verge, where the low sky mates with the sea.

SAROJINI NAIDU

THE FISHING FLEET

BROWN sails of fishing boats
On a sea of jade,
Startled at early dawn,
Fleeing unafraid.
Far as the eye can see
Into the sun,

Count we their endless fleet
One by one.
Dun foreign hills in sight
There on the beam;
Voices now close aboard,
Like ghosts they seem.
Brown sails of fishing boats
On a sea of jade,
Leaving on either hand
The wake we made.
Yellow foam of breaking waves
On a jade-green sea;
Brown junks with brown sails
Windward and lee.

LINCOLN COLCORD

AS THE TIDE COMES IN

THE long-winged terns dart wild and dive,
As the tide comes tumbling in.
The calm rock-pools grow all alive,
With the tide tumbling in.
The crab that under the brown weed creeps,
And the snail who lies in his house and sleeps,
Awake and stir, as the plunging sweep
Of the tide come tumbling in.

The driftwood swishes along the sand,
As the tide comes tumbling in.
With wreck and wrack from many a land,
On the tide, tumbling in.
About my feet are a broken spar,
A pale anemone's torn sea-star
And scattered scum of the waves' old war,
As the tide comes tumbling in.

And, oh, there is a stir at the heart of me,
As the tide comes tumbling in.

All life once more is a part of me,
As the tide tumbles in.
New hopes awaken beneath despair
And thoughts slip free of the sloth of care,
While beauty and love are everywhere—
As the tide comes tumbling in.

CALE YOUNG RICE

LANDLOCKED

OH, for the dull and muffled roar
And the hiss of the breaking foam,
Where the green wave tumbles along the shore
With the sea-light in its comb!
Oh, for the breath of the tide-filled pond
Where the sea-weed sways and dips,
And the deep-blue spread of the sea beyond,
With its far-off sailing ships!

With its sailing ships on their far-off ways
Where they leave no track behind,
But the shore sinks down in the landward haze
As they run with the free sea-wind;
With their strange sea-folk that have lived alone
On the wide-rimmed deep swung free,
Till they seem in key with the undertone
Of the ceaseless changing sea.

Then sing me, wind, of the wild sea-songs
Till I scent the salt, salt spray,
For my soul is parched and athirst, and longs
For the sound of the surf today.
But I know I shall see, if I lift my eyes,
Close round upon every hand,
The glare of the brass-hued prairie skies
And the sun-scorched dead-grass land.

CHARLES BUXTON GOING

IN AN ORIENTAL HARBOUR

ALL the ships of the world come here,
Rest a little, then set to sea;
Some ride up to the waiting pier,
Some drop anchor beyond the quay.
Some have funnels of blue and black,
(Some come once but come not back!)
Some have funnels of red and yellow,
Some—O war! have funnels of gray.

All the ships of the world come here,
Ships from every billow's foam;
Fruiter and oiler, collier drear
Liner and lugger and tramp a-roam.
Some are scented of palm and pine,
(Some are fain for the Pole's far clime)
Some are scented of soy and senna,
Some—ah me! are scented of home.

All the ships of the world come here,
Day and night there is sound of bells,
Seeking the port they calmly steer,
Clearing the port they ring fare-wells
Under the sun or under the stars
(Under the light of swaying spars),
Under the moon or under morning
Murmur they, as the tide swells.

All the ships of the world come here,
Rest a little and then are gone,
Over the crystal planet-sphere
Swept, thro every season, on
Swept to every cape and isle
(Every coast of cloud or smile),
Swept till over them sweeps the sorrow
Of their last sea-dawn.

CALE YOUNG RICE

MARINERS

MEN who have loved the ships they took to sea,
Loved the tall masts, the prows that creamed with foam,
Have learned, deep in their hearts, how it might be
That there is yet a dearer thing than home.
The decks they walk, the rigging in the stars,
The clean boards counted in the watch they keep,—
These, and the sunlight on the slippery spars,
Will haunt them ever, waking and asleep.

Ashore, these men are not as other men;
They walk as strangers through the crowded street,
Or, brooding by their fires, they hear again
The drone astern, where gurgling waters meet,
Or see again a wide and blue lagoon,
And a lone ship that rides there with the moon.

DAVID MORTON

MY BLESSING BE ON WATERFORD

MY blessing be on Waterford, the town of ships,
For it's what I love to be streeling on the quay,
Watching while the boats go out, watching them come in,
And thinking of a one I know that's sailing far away.

It's well to be in Waterford, to see the ships,
The great big masts of them against the evening sky,
Seagulls flying round, and the men unloading them,
With quare strange talk among themselves the time you're passing by.

I love to be in Waterford, to see the ships come in,
Bringing in their cargoes from west, and east, and south.
Some day one I love will stand there upon the quay,
He'll take my two hands in his own, and stoop to kiss my mouth.

WINIFRED M. LETTS

ON THE BEACH

THE long coast curves and the cliffs rise up,
Red and white and green,
The surf slips in with a sucking din
Of shingle-wash between.
The light gulls float with their crimson bills
Set seaward—not one cries:
And we are alone, alone with them,
Under the aimless skies.

The tide slips in, of the moon released
Its rhythm gives us rest,
And in its pause there are hid sweet awes
That sink into the breast
With silent soothing—till the coast
Is lost in mystic gloam,
And till deep in my dreams I hear
Your voice that calls me home.

CALE YOUNG RICE

SEA-FEVER [1]

I MUST go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by,
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face and a grey dawn breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the seagulls crying.

1 From *Poems and Plays of John Masefield.* Used by special arrangement with the Macmillan Co., publishers.

I must go down to the seas again to the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's like a whetted knife;
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.

JOHN MASEFIELD

I KNOW YOUR HEART, O SEA!

I KNOW your heart, O Sea!
You are tossed with cold desire to flood earth utterly;
You run at the cliffs, you fling wild billows at beeches,
You reach at islands with fingers of foam to crumble them;
Yes, even at mountain tops you shout your purpose
Of making earth a shoreless circle of waters!

I know your surging heart!
Tides mighty and all-contemptuous rise within it,
Tides spurred by the wind to champ and charge and thunder—
Tho the sun and moon rein them,—
At the troubling land, the breeding place of mortals,
Of men who are ever transmuting life to spirit,
And ever taking your salt to savor their tears.

I know your tides, I know them!
"Down," they rage, "with the questing of men and crying!
With their continents—cradles of grief and despair!
Better entombing waters for them, better our deeps unfathomed
Where birth is soulless, life goalless, death toll-less for all,
And where dark ooze enshrouds past resurrection!"

Ah, yes, I know your heart!
I have heard it raving at coast lights set to reveal you,
I have watched it foam at ships that sought to defy you,
I have seen it straining at cables that cross you, bearing whispers hid to you,
Or heaving at waves of the air that tell your hurricanes.

I know, I know your heart!
Ships you will sink, and men will sink; but the shore shall be man's forever,
From whence his light-house soul shall signal the Infinite.
Whose fleets go by, star after star, bearing their unknown burden
To a Port which only eternity shall determine!

CALE YOUNG RICE

THE OLD SHIPS

I HAVE seen old ships sail like swans asleep
Beyond the village which men still call Tyre,
With leaden age o'ercargoed, dipping deep
For Famagusta and the hidden sun
That rings black Cyprus with a lake of fire;
And all those ships were certainly so old
Who knows how oft with squat and noisy gun,
Questing brown slaves or Syrian oranges,
The pirates Genoese
Hell raked them till they rolled
Blood, water, fruit and corpses up the hold.
But now through friendly seas they softly run,
Painted the mid-sea blue or shore-sea green,
Still patterned with the vine and grapes in gold.

But I have seen
Pointing her shapely shadows from the dawn
An image tumbled on a rose-swept bay
A drowsy ship of some yet older day;
And, wonder's breath indrawn,
Thought I—who knows—who knows—but in that same
(Fished up beyond Aeaea, patched up new
—Stern painted brighter blue—)
That talkative, bald-headed seaman came
(Twelve patient comrades sweating at the oar)
From Troy's doom-crimson shore,
And with great lies about his wooden horse
Set the crew laughing, and forgot his course.

It was so old a ship—who knows, who knows?
—And yet so beautiful, I watched in vain
To see the mast burst open with a rose,
And the whole deck put on its leaves again.

JAMES ELROY FLECKER

SHIPS IN HARBOUR

I HAVE not known a quieter thing than ships,
Nor any dreamers steeped in dreams as these;
For all that they have tracked disastrous seas,
And winds that left their sails in flagging strips;
Nothing disturbs them now, no stormy grips
That once had hurt their sides, no crash or swell;
Nor can the fretful harbour quite dispel
The quiet that they learned on lonely trips.

They have no part in all the noisy noons;
They are become as dreams of ships that go
Back to the secret waters that they know,
Each as she will, to unforgot lagoons,
Where nothing moves except her ghostly spars
That mark the patient watches on the stars.

DAVID MORTON

A SEA SPELL[1]

THE bay is bluer than all the sky;
The sky is bluer than sapphire-stone;
The wind and the wave, the wave and the wind,
Beat and dazzle me glad and blind,
Over the marshes blown.

Once I was a plover who ran, who ran,
A crying shadow along the foam.

1 From *Myself and I*. Used by special arrangement with the Macmillan Co., publishers.

Once I was a gull in the swing of the spray.
Over green shallows I hung all day,
Till sunset carried me home.

Once I was a ship with glorious sails
That leapt to the love of the wind.
Up over the edge of the world I fled,
Sun-followed and fleet-foam-heralded:—
The hidden tides knew my mind.

But now I am only a girl who runs,
A laughing pagan with tangled hair.
Plover and gull and ship was I—
Perchance when my body comes to die
My soul shall again fly fair?

FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS

THE CITY

But I could sing you a song,
Of the soul of a great town,
Whispers and dreams in her shadowy streets,
When the red sun sinketh down.

Give me the glamour of lights,
The tangle of browns and greys,
The thunder and dazzle of things alive
And the magic of misty ways.

T. P. Cameron Wilson

BROOKLYN BRIDGE AT DAWN

OUT of the cleansing night of stars and tides,
Building itself anew in the slow dawn,
The long sea-city rises: night is gone,
Day is not yet; still merciful, she hides
Her summoning brow, and still the night-car glides
Empty of faces; the night-watchmen yawn
One to the other, and shiver and pass on,
Nor yet a soul over the great bridge rides.

Frail as a gossamer, a thing of air,
A bow of shadow o'er the river flung,
Its sleepy masts and lonely lapping flood;
Who, seeing thus the bridge a-slumber there,
Would dream such softness, like a picture hung,
Is wrought of human thunder, iron and blood?

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

A CITY VOICE

OUTSIDE here in the city the burning pavements lie,
There's heat and grime and blown black dust to help the day go by,
There's the groaning of the city like a goaded, beaten beast;—
I know a place where God's great trees go up to meet His sky
Like an army green with banners, and a happy wind released,
Goes swinging like a merry child among the branches high.

Outside here in the city there's a poison in the air—
The fevered, heavy hand o' heat that smites and may not spare;

There's little comfort in the night—there's torment in the day;—
I know a place where cool and deep the quiet lake lies bare,
All day about its shaded brink the wild birds dart and play,
And willows dip their finger-tips like dainty ladies there.

O, the heart of me is hungering for my own, own place,
I'm tortured with the slaying heat, the dizzy headlong race.
O, for the soft, cold touch of grass about my tired feet
The breath of pine and cedar blown against my weary face;
The lip-lay of the water like a little song and sweet,
And God's green trees and God's blue skies above me for a space.

THEODOSIA GARRISON

ELLIS PARK

LITTLE park that I pass through,
I carry off a piece of you
Every morning hurrying down
To my work-day in the town;
Carry you for country there
To make the city ways more fair.
I take your trees,
And your breeze,
Your greenness,
Your cleanness,
Some of your shade, some of your sky,
Some of your calm as I go by;
Your flowers to trim
The pavements grim;
Your space for room in the jostled street
And grass for carpet to my feet.
Your fountains take and sweet bird calls
To sing me from my office walls.
All that I can see
I carry off with me.

But you never miss my theft,
So much treasure you have left.
As I find you, fresh at morning,
So I find you, home returning—
Nothing lacking from your grace.
All your riches wait in place
For me to borrow
On the morrow.

Do you hear this praise of you,
Little park that I pass through?

HELEN HOYT

LAVENDER [1]

LAVENDER, lavender
That makes your linen sweet;
The hawker brings his basket
Down the sooty street:
The dirty doors and pavements
Are simmering in the heat:
He brings a dream to London,
And drags his weary feet.

Lavender, lavender,
From where the bee hums,
To the loud roar of London,
With purple dreams he comes,
From raggéd lanes of wild-flowers
To raggéd London slums,
With a basket full of lavender
And purple dreams he comes.

Is it nought to you that hear him?
With the old strange cry
The weary hawker passes,
And some will come and buy,

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And some will let him pass away
  And only heave a sigh,
But most will neither heed nor hear
  When dreams go by.

Lavender, lavender!
  His songs were fair and sweet,
He brought us harvests out of heaven,
  Full sheaves of radiant wheat;
He brought us keys to Paradise,
  And hawked them thro' the street;
He brought his dreams to London,
  And dragged his weary feet.

Lavender, lavender!
  He is gone. The sunset glows;
But through the brain of London
  The mystic fragrance flows.
Each foggy cell remembers,
  Each raggéd alley knows,
The land he left behind him,
  The land to which he goes.

ALFRED NOYES

LONDON

OH! London town, you are grim and grey,
  Like a sad old monk in his sober gown,
Yet you touch, in your solemn surly way
The hearts of your children, London town!

You take them into your gaunt old hand,
And your stern eyes look with a darkening frown
At the cleanly air they bring from the land,
For it stirs up memories, London town!

You fling them into your squalid deeps
And whiten the faces that suns made brown,

You listen unmoved to the heart that weeps
For the quaint old homestead, London town!

You crush them into your moulds like clay
And you plaster and thump and knead them down,
Till they grow too weary with toil to pray
For the hand of death, oh! London town!

Your cold old heart is as hard as steel
While your pale lips smile—like a painted clown,
Yet deep beneath is a love that can feel
For your toiling children, London town!

Ah! London town, in your soiled old glove
Like a jewel set in an iron crown,
You hold the heart of a girl that I love—
Oh! keep it unharmed, dear London town!

T. P. Cameron Wilson

LONDON

THERE is no town but London town.
I go wandering up and down,
Round and round and round about,
Back and forth, and in and out,
From light to shade, from shade to light,
In the dawn, and through the night,
When sleep scours all her streets of men,
And morning pours them back agen,
I go wandering like a shade,
The loneliest creature God has made,
And yet akin with all the earth,
And all that flesh has brought to birth,
And all I touch and all I see,
Oh, I am that, and that is me!
I love the tramp of human feet,
To feel the world's great pulses beat;
I love the triumphant roar of strife,

The clashing armaments of life;
I do not hate the smoke and grime,
The dusky kiss of labouring Time,
For smoke and grime make London grey,
And London white, and London gay,
Would seem to me a painted whore,
And not my London any more.
Oh, when the fog falls like a shroud
And smothers up the human crowd,
And I can only sense and smell
The living things I love so well,
And Death lurks slyly within reach,
And springs to warn men with a screech
And a dull gleam of lampish eyes
That life is short and all flesh dies;
Then mystery walks at my right hand,
And leads me to a mystic land—
A land of wan and muffled sound,
A land of undiscovered ground,
Where I must walk with silent lips
Beside a river whose dim ships,
Ghost cargoed and faint jewelled, glide
With and against an unseen tide;
And yellow wasps be-star the air,
And angels stand with wild bright hair,
And men walk nearer to God's throne
Because they find themselves alone.
And when the rain comes silvering down,
Oh, then I love this London town!
When Day has closed her drowsed lids up,
And Night shades life like some dark cup
Whose wine is spilt in golden dreams,
Then are the streets like shining streams,
And I in my battleship of fire
Hiss my mad way, my heart a lyre;
With delving feet and soaring wings
I am quick to the searching touch of things.
The ruddy arms of men, that gleam
Out of the darkness like a dream
Of fateful power; the piteous moon,

A fearful spirit come too soon,
Affronted by the storm wind's breath,
Dying a mournful misty death;
The lamps, those spiders of the night,
Spinning their wavering threads of light
Seeking all heaven and earth to span,
From man to God, and God to man;
The thunder of a passing train,
Which belches out its hideous pain
Against the howling of the wind,
Streaming its Titan hair behind;
And then the quiet suburban streets,
Where still the mighty muffled beats
Of London's heart keep time with mine,
And London's distant lamps still shine
Reflected, hovering in the skies,
A burning moth with golden eyes.
Men say I love not London town,
Because I sing of hill and down,
Because I feel the insistent goad
Which drives me out upon the road
To seek the wide eternal green
That washes mind and spirit clean,
And leave the trodden streets behind,
And leap to meet the unfettered wind,
And dance because of budding trees,
And wing my longing to grey seas!
But oh, the dust beneath my feet
Is doubly dear and doubly sweet
That I shall tread it back agen
To London streets and London men!

IRENE RUTHERFORD MCLEOD

A LONDON THOROUGHFARE TWO A. M.

THEY have watered the street,
It shines in the glare of lamps,
Cold, white lamps,

And lies
Like a slow-moving river,
Barred with silver and black.
Cabs go down it,
One,
And then another.
Between them I hear the shuffling of feet,
Tramps doze on the window ledges,
Night walkers pass along the sidewalks.
The city is squalid and sinister,
With the silver-barred street in the midst,
Slow-moving,
A river leading nowhere.

Opposite my window,
The moon cuts,
Clear and round,
Through the plum-coloured night.
She cannot light the city;
It is too bright.
It has white lamps,
And glitters coldly.
I stand in the window and watch the moon.
She is thin and lustreless,
But I love her.
I know the moon,
And this is an alien city.

AMY LOWELL

MORNING IN THE MARKET

(*Williamsburg Bridge*)

ALOFT, the ponderous arches of the bridge
Shut out the sky and shed a gloom,
Deep as a Rembrandt background, o'er the scene.
Above is tumult;—sudden beat of hoofs, the whir of wheels,
Hoarse-throated whistles, bells that answering clang,—
And beneath all else, like roll of sea far-distant,

The ceaseless monotone of passing feet,
Restless, insurgent as a rising tide.
Dim figures, half perceived amid the haze,
Cross and re-cross, dart swiftly to and fro,
Like to the flotsam in an eddying pool,
While sulphurous flames, from cressets leaping high,
Brighten and darken, rise and fall again.
Booths flash to light, heaped high with humble wares,
Ranged and assorted with a jealous care,
Guarded and tended each by servitor devout,
Strong-beaked, swart-tinted, lean and eager-eyed.
Here shows the silvery sheen of dull-eyed fish,
In cool confusion on each other strewn;
There, the red cheeks of apples and the tawny brown
Of chestnuts, breathing of their forest home.
Here glows the molten gold of oranges, and there
The paler tones of lemons and of limes.
Here bloom the grapes, empurpled, and, beyond,
The cabbage flaunts her varying shades of green,
With lettuce, onions, and the savoury leek.
Choice of gay stuffs there lacks not here,—
Chintzes and cottons, gaudy cloths and scarves.
In this far corner, where the torch flares high,
A shimmering row of pots and pans is seen;
And there, above, a mimic garden grows,
Aglow with paper flowers of every hue.
O'er this rough counter, piled with odorous tea,
Weird characters, like magic signs, are writ,
And, weird as they, the merchant of the stall,
White-bearded, prophet-eyed, and gaberdined.
Women, with shawls loose-dropped from ebon locks,
Chaffer and bargain in the crowded mart,
And everywhere a strange rough tongue is heard,
Like to no other that our ears have known,
Kin to the speech that on the Shinar plain,
Confused was heard when Babel's tower arose.

NORA ARCHIBALD SMITH

NOVEMBER BLUE

O HEAVENLY colour, London town
Has blurred it from her skies;
And, hooded in an earthly brown,
Unheaven'd the city lies.
No longer standard-like this hue
Above the broad road flies;
Nor does the narrow street the blue
Wear, slender pennon-wise.

But when the gold and silver lamps
Colour the London dew,
And, misted by the winter damps,
The shops shine bright anew—
Blue comes to earth, it walks the street,
It dyes the wide air through;
A mimic sky about their feet,
The throng go crowned with blue.

ALICE MEYNELL

OLD NÜRNBERG

YOU mellow minstrel of a town,
So suave and weather-warmed and brown,
So red and blue and unafraid
Of colors Titian might have made,
Carmine and cobalt scarce belong
In sturdy staves of German song,
Which as you sing, you dare bedeck
With cadenced tints of peacock's neck!

You make and sing, as you have done
Through centuries of shade and sun,
A naïve music that beguiles,
Of porcelain spires and peach-bloom tiles,
And at your brownest you reveal
A message exquisitely real—

Dark topaz eaves of some old inn,
Or house-front like a violin.

Was amber most your mood, when he,
The Master [1], marked your minstrelsy,
Or did you dream in azure smoke
And hide your colors 'neath a cloak?
Had your least tower been less fair,
Less like a voice across the air,
Or any dome less gold and blue,
Would he have stayed for love of you?

To him whom you enthralled so long,
You were the singer and the song:
Within your streets the tawny tone
Of ancient houses, most your own,
Was like an Aria he heard,
Bold rhythm mated to proud word,
And balcony or carven door
Struck chords he may have missed before.

Can you recall what undertones
Of mirth along your cobblestones
Allured him, or what far-flung spells
From lanes of legendary bells?
Somehow your beauty let him hear
Forgotten voices singing clear:
Somehow you made your meaning plain,
That Herr Hans Sachs might live again.

The Master long ago has gone,
But like his music, you sing on,
In colors clear and magical—
Emerald, coral, cardinal.
. . . I pray you, guard your antique grace,
The fountain in your market-place,
Your doves, your bells—and belfries too—
And that brown-amber smile of you!

GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

1 Wagner

PLAZA SQUARE

(Late September Twilight)

NOW earth and sky melt into one
Great symphony of pearl and gray—
We bless the cool of dusk, the dun
Departure of the fevered day;
Happy that Summer on her flaming way
Has gone.

The trees, against the shifting light
Become fantastic; one may trace
A screen of stars, a net work bright
Where worlds and branches interlace:
A mystic veil across the cloudy face
Of night.

Now it is evening; in the park
The lights, like burning drops of dew,
Flame through the trees; and every spark
Falls in the lake to form anew
A web of tattered brilliance woven through
The dark.

And, like an army all awry,
With broken hopes and banners torn,
The people pass, and in each eye
I see the joy for which they mourn—
The unknown rapture stirs that is not born
To die.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER

SMOKE ROSE GOLD

THE dome of the capitol looks to the Potomac River.
Out of haze over the sunset.
Out of a smoke rose gold:
One star shines over the sunset.
Night takes the dome and the river,

the sun and the smoke rose gold,
The haze changes from sunset to star.
The pour of a thin silver struggles against the dark.
A star might call: It's a long way across.

CARL SANDBURG

SPRING IN OXFORD STREET

A DASH of rain on the pavement,
In the air a gleam of sun,
And the clouds are white, and rolling high
From Marble Arch all down the sky
—And that's the spring begun!

The sky is all a-shining
With sunniest blue and white,
The flags are streaming out full cry
As the crisp north wind comes bustling by,
And all the roofs are bright.

And all the shops and houses
Of sunlit Oxford Street,
—Pearl gray behind amber, gold by rose—
To grey the long perspective goes;
Till all the houses meet.

And there, in every gutter,
The glory of spring flowers.
The whole long street with colour fills
And across the yellow daffodils
Sharp sunshine and soft showers.

And among the drabs and greys and browns
Of folk going to and fro
Are trays of violets, darkly bright,
And yellow, like the spring moon's light,
Pale primrose bunches show.

There's blue in every puddle,
And every pane of glass
Has a thousand little dancing suns,
—And up and down the glad news runs,
That spring has come to pass.

JOHN PRESLAND

SKY-SIGNS

THIS is the hour when the city
puts off its glittering scales of sunlight
on a thousand panes,
and lays aside the rumbling shackles of its preoccupations
and draws about itself
veils and the quiet shimmer of mists.

The sinking sun
spreads upward through the darkening air
a fan of silver radiance.
And as the rumble and hum dies down
into the pearly row of lamps along the quay
and the gleam, here and there, of lighted windows,
sky-signs of silver gilt,
like pale fire-works threaded on a mesh of wire,
begin to ripple and fling,
over and over again,
kittens that play with skeins of stars
and eagles flapping flaming wings
across the soft subsiding plumes of steam
in the chimney pots.

I watch the sun sink
and the sky-signs turn their silver gilt to gold;
while higher than they,
higher than the teeth of the sky-scrapers even,
a fleet of swollen clouds blown out of the sea
steers into the West.

Like a file of sails laid trim for a secret harbour,
like a fleet of misty far-voyaging sails,
the billowy, darkly distended clouds
slide, filling and sagging
over the white and gold pulsation of the sky-signs.

* * * * *

FREDERICK MORTIMER CLAPP

SUNSET: ST. LOUIS

HUSHED in the smoky haze of summer sunset
When I came home again from far-off places,
How many times I saw my western city
Dream by her river.

Then for an hour the water wore a mantle
Of tawny gold and mauve and misted turquoise
Under the tall and darkened arches bearing
Gray, high-flung bridges.

Against the sunset, water-towers and steeples
Flickered with fire up the slope to westward,
And old warehouses poured their purple shadows
Across the levee.

High over them the black train swept with thunder
Cleaving the city, leaving far beneath it
Wharf-boats moored beside the old side-wheelers
Resting in twilight.

SARA TEASDALE

WHEN TULIPS BLOOM

WHEN tulips bloom in Union Square,
And timid breaths of vernal air
Go wandering down the dusty town,
Like children lost in Vanity Fair;

When every long, unlovely row
Of westward houses stands aglow,
And leads the eyes to sunset skies
Beyond the hills where green trees grow;

Then weary seems the street parade
And weary books, and weary trade:
I'm only wishing to go a-fishing;
For this the month of May was made.

I guess the pussy-willows now
Are creeping out on every bough
Along the brook; and robins look
For early worms behind the plough.

The thistle-birds have changed their dun,
For yellow coats, to match the sun;
And in the same array of flame
The Dandelion Show's begun.

The flocks of young anemones
Are dancing round the budding trees:
Who can help wishing to go a-fishing
In days as full of joy as these?

I think the meadow lark's clear sound
Leads upward slowly from the ground,
While on the wing the bluebirds ring
Their wedding-bells to woods around.
The flirting chewink calls his dear
Behind the bush; and very near,
Where water flows, where green grass grows
Song sparrows gently sing "Good cheer."

And, best of all, through twilight's calm
The hermit-thrush repeats his psalm.
How much I'm wishing to go a-fishing
In days so sweet with music's balm!

'Tis not a proud desire of mine;
I ask for nothing superfine;
No heavy weight, no salmon great,
To break the record, or my line.
Only an idle little stream
Whose amber waters softly gleam,
Where I may wade, through woodland shade,
And cast the fly, and loaf, and dream;
Only a trout or two, to dart
From foaming pools, and try my art!
'Tis all I'm wishing—old-fashioned fishing,
And just a day in Nature's heart.

HENRY VAN DYKE

STEAM

PATCHWORK of snowy roofs and sombre walls;
a golden dome;
an amber tower;
tracery of drifting ice in the drab-grey river,
a wavering whirlpool of swooping gulls.

And, as on the face of a mountain
full of hot springs
behind the river and over dome and tower,
from slim straight pipes and squat square chimneys,
rises a plumage of steam that flowers and fades,
snow-white, and dies from strange shape into shape—
unearthly melting peonies,
dissolving polar bears and filmy dragons,
fugitive genii, floating sleeves
of elves that lift a white arm to become
banners and cipher-scrawls and full-rigged ships
that billow down a running breeze.

And to me, as I watch it, this changling puff-puff-puff,
from the exhausts of hidden and unresting engines,
and from the shadows that fall

like unwound lengths of black cloth
in the shafts of slim sky-scrapers,
becomes the city's aspirations
made visible,
the fretful refuge of its defeated dreams,
the white pulse of its life-blood foaming up,
the frosted breathing of imprisoned forces,
and the frayed symbol and enigma of
faces that lean out of its windows,
and creep in millions through its million doors.

In it I see the city's ineffectual past
still faltering to
to-morrow—
a Cyclopean unsubstantial world
that streams away and slips into the invisible,
through a lattice of giant shadows where
the highest houses jut along the glint
and fading quiver of the setting sun.

FREDERICK MORTIMER CLAPP

PEOPLE

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

ANGELINA

WHEN de fiddle gets to singin' out a ol' Vahginny reel,
An' you mence to feel a ticklin' in yo' toe an' in yo' heel;
Ef you t'ink you got 'uligion an' you wants to keep it, too,
You jes' bettah tek a hint an' git yo'self clean out o' view.
Case de time is mighty temptin' when de chune is in de swing,
Fu' a darky, saint or sinner man, to cut de pigeon-wing.
An' you couldn't he'p f'om dancin' ef yo' feet was boun' wif twine
When Angelina Johnson comes a-swingin' down de line.

Don't you know Miss Angelina? She's de da'lin of de place.
W'y dey aint no high-toned lady wif sich mannahs an sich grace.
She kin move across de cabin, wif its planks all rough an' wo';
Jes de same's ef she was dancin' on old mistus' ball-room flo'.
Fact is, you do' see no cabin—evaht'ing you see look grand,
An' dat one ol' squeaky fiddle soun' to you jes lak a ban';
Cotton britches look lak broad clof an' a linsey dress look fine,
When Angelina Johnson comes a-swingin' down de line.

Some folks say dat dancin's sinful, an' de blessed Lawd, dey say,
Gwine to punish us fu' steppin' w'en we hyeah de music play.
But I tell you I don' b'lieve it, fu' de Lawd is wise and good,
An' he made de banjo's metal an' he made de fiddle's wood,
And he made de music in dem, so I don' quite t'ink he'll keer

Ef our feet keeps time a little to de melodies we hyeah.
W'y dey's somep'n' downright holy in de way our faces shine,
When Angelina Johnson comes a-swingin' down de line.

Angelina steps so gentle, Angelina bows so low,
An' she lif' huh sku't so dainty dat huh shoetop skacely show:
An' dem teef o' huh'n a-shinin' ez she tek you by de han'—
Go 'way, people, d'ain't anothah sich a lady in de lan'!
When she's movin' thoo de figgers er a-dancin' by huhse'f
Folks jes stan' stock-still a-sta'in, and dey mos' nigh hol's dey bref;
An' de young mens, dey's a sayin', "I's gwine mek dat damsel mine,"
When Angelina Johnson comes a-swingin' down de line.

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

BARBARA

BARBARA, child, with luminous face,
If you had lived in the daintier days
With your fine, frank ladyhood look of race,
In your decorous cap and sober grace,
Delicate bards would have penned your praise,

Tenderly sung with a sheltering smile
Of your "starry gaze" and your "brow of snow"
And prayed there should never a breath defile
From a world without that is sad and vile;
"Pure" and "secure" would have rhymed, I know.

But, Barbara, this is a sterner age.
We shall ask for your hands, to help and heal;
We shall call you soon in the war we wage;
We shall want your tears and your high white rage;
Your slim, strong shoulder against the wheel.

They'd have set your beauty within a bower,
But we cannot spare you. We need you so!
You are vital force; you are not a flower!
You are challenge and promise; peace and power—
Your starry gaze and your brow of snow!

RUTH COMFORT MITCHELL

THE COBBLER IN WILLOW STREET

UNLESS you knew just where to look
You couldn't find it out of a book,—
Willow Street . . . close-walled, steep and still,
Short and shadowed in every nook
And hour as day goes up the hill.

The dark shapes slant to west at nine
And creep at one up to a line
Measuring Eastern walls again,
And close the gloried morning vine
That they have touched enough to stain.

The cobbler's house is half the height
That pigeons measure in a flight
From bottom of the hill to top . . .
And where his one doorstep is white
The cobbler sings and keeps his shop.

Mornings, he makes a bluebird tune
For dreams and things that go too soon,
And in a song he's half forgot
Of Willow Street, in afternoon,
He sings of people who are not . . .

Of people who no longer care
About the houses in the square
Above the street and at its end,
Or do not see the willow bare
When rain drips from the boughs and bend.

He hums his quiet song about
The houses with their shutters out
Or folded in . . . of men who talked
Of plans and faith and hope and doubt,
And those that whispered while they walked . . .

Where houses kneel around the church
The pigeons flutter from their perch
Down to the narrow spotless street
To strut and stand and flash and lurch,
Crowding about the cobbler's feet.

Some day the cobbler's sound will beat
When evening threnody is sweet
With old bells shaking sprays of chimes—
A song of us and Willow Street,
Tapping a heel all out of time . . .

GEORGE O'NEIL

DISTANCE

TWO pale old men
Sit by a squalid window playing chess.
The heavy air and the shrill cries
Beyond the sheltering pane are less
To them than roof-blockaded skies.
Life flowing past them:
Women with gay eyes,
Resurgent voices, and the noise
Of pedlars showing urgent wares,
Leaves their dark peace unchanged.
They are innocent
Of the street clamor as young children bent
Absorbed over their toys.
The old heads nod;
A parchment-colored hand
Hovers above the intricate dim board.
And patient schemes are woven, where they sit,

So still,
And ravelled, and reknit with reverent skill,
And when a point is scored
A flickering jest
Brightens their eyes, a solemn head is raised
A moment, and then sunk on the thin chest.
Heedless as happy children, or maybe
Lovers creating their own solitude,
Or worn philosophers, content to brood
On an intangible reality.
Shut in an ideal universe,
Within their darkened window-frame
They ponder on their moves, rehearse
The old designs,
Two rusty skull-caps bowed
Above an endless game.

BABETTE DEUTSCH

THE GREAT MAN

I CANNOT always feel his greatness
Sometimes he walks beside me, step by step,
And paces slowly in the ways—
The simple, wingless ways
That my thought treads. He gossips with me then
And finds it good;
Not as an eagle might, his great wings folded, be content
To walk a little, knowing it his choice,
But as a simple man,
My friend.
And I forget.

Then suddenly a call floats down
From the clear airy spaces,
The great, keen lonely heights of being.
Then he who was my comrade hears the call
And rises from my side, and soars,
Deep-chanting to the heights.

Then I remember
And my upward gaze goes with him, and I see
Far off against the sky
The glint of golden sunlight on his wings.

EUNICE TIETJENS

"HER ALLOWANCE!"

'ER looked at me bunnet (I knows 'e aint noo!)
'Er turned up 'er nose at the patch on me shoe!
And 'er sez, pointed like, "Liza, what do 'e do
With yer 'llowance?"

'Er looked at the children (they'm clean and they'm neat
But their clothes be as plain as the victuals they eat):
And 'er sez, "Why not dress 'em up fine for a treat
With yer 'llowance?"

I secs 'er long feather and trimmy-up gown:
I sez, as I looks 'er quite square up and down,
"Do 'e think us keeps 'oliday 'ere in the town
With my 'llowance?"

"Not likely!" I sez. And I bids 'er "Good day!"
And I kneels on the shabby old canvas to pray
For Bill, who's out fightin' such brave miles away.
(And I puts back a foo o' they coins for 'e may
Be needin' a part—may my Bill—who can say?—
Of my 'llowance!)

LILLIAN GARD

ELLEN HANGING CLOTHES

THE maid is out in the clear April light
Our store of linen hanging up to dry;
On clump of box, on the small grass there lie
Bits of thin lace, and broidery blossom-white.

And something makes tall Ellen—gesture, look—
Or else but that most ancient, simple thing,
Hanging the clothes upon a day in spring,
A Greek girl cut out some old lovely book.
The wet white flaps; a tune just come in mind,
The sound brims the still house. Our flags are out,
Blue by the box, blue by the kitchen stair;
Betwixt the two she trips across the wind,
Her warm hair blown all cloudy-wise about,
Slim as the flags, and every whit as fair.

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

IN A RESTAURANT[1]

HE wears a red rose in his buttonhole,
A city-clerk on Sunday dining out:
And as the music surges over the din
The heady quavering of the violin
Sings through his blood, and puts old cares to rout,
And tingles, quickening, through his shrunken soul,
Till he forgets his ledgers, and the prim
Black, crabbed figures, and the qualmy smell
Of ink and musty leather and lead glaze
As, in eternities of Summer days,
He dives through shivering waves, or rides the swell
On rose-red seas of melody aswim.

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON

HESTER

My sprightly neighbor.—CHARLES LAMB.

DIMPLED of cheek and grave of gown,
A maid of whom this world has dearth,
She walks the streets of that old town,
And makes them mellow with her mirth.

1 From *Poems*. Used by permission of the author and the Macmillan Co., publishers.

The hoary roofs grow young with cheer,
The windows brighten pane by pane;
And haunted by her laughter dear,
To bud the shriveled boughs are fain.

The painted ladies of the age,
Flaunt past her over-sweet with musk;
But she trips on with scent of sage
Blown out some yard at fall of dusk.

These painted dames of Hester's time—
When they are laid by churchyard doors,
She will laugh on in English rhyme,
And she be known on alien shores.

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

IN SERVICE

LITTLE Nellie Cassidy has got a place in town,
She wears a fine white apron,
She wears a new black gown,
An' the quarest little cap at all with straymers hanging down.

I met her one fine evening stravagin' down the street,
A feathered hat upon her head,
And boots upon her feet.
"Och, Mick," says she, "may God be praised that you and I should meet.

"It's lonesome in the city with such a crowd," says she;
"I'm lost without the bog-land,
I'm lost without the sea,
An' the harbour an' the fishing-boats that sail out fine and free.

"I'd give a golden guinea to stand upon the shore,
To see the big waves lepping,

To hear them splash and roar,
To smell the tar and the drying nets, I'd not be asking more.

"To see the small white houses, their faces to the sea,
The childher in the doorway,
Or round my mother's knee;
For I'm strange and lonesome missing them, God keep them all," says she.

Little Nellie Cassidy earns fourteen pounds and more,
Waiting on the quality,
And answering the door—
But her heart is some place far away upon the Wexford shore.

WINIFRED LETTS

MARTIN

WHEN I am tired of earnest men,
Intense and keen and sharp and clever,
Pursuing fame with brush or pen,
Or counting metal disks forever,
Then from the halls of Shadowland,
Beyond the trackless purple sea,
Old Martin's ghost comes back to stand
Beside my desk and talk to me.

Still on his delicate pale face
A quizzical thin smile is showing,
His cheeks are wrinkled like fine lace,
His kind blue eyes are gay and glowing.
He wears a brilliant-hued cravat,
A suit to match his soft grey hair,
A rakish stick, a knowing hat,
A manner blithe and debonair.

How good that he who always knew
That being lovely was a duty,

Should have gold halls to wander through
And should himself inhabit beauty.
How like his old unselfish way
To leave those halls of splendid mirth
And comfort those condemned to stay
Upon the dull and sombre earth.

Some people ask: "What cruel chance
Made Martin's life so sad a story?"
Martin? Why, he exhaled romance,
And wore an overcoat of glory.
A fleck of sunlight in the street,
A horse, a book, a girl who smiled,
Such visions made each moment sweet
For this receptive ancient child.

Because it was old Martin's lot
To be, not make, a decoration,
Shall we then scorn him, having not
His genius of appreciation?
Rich joy and love he got and gave;
His heart was merry as his dress;
Pile laurel wreaths upon his grave
Who did not gain, but was, success!

JOYCE KILMER

MISS LOO

WHEN thin-strewn memory I look through,
I see most clearly poor Miss Loo,
Her tabby cat, her cage of birds,
Her nose, her hair—her muffled words,
And how she'd open her green eyes,
As if in some immense surprise,
Whenever as we sat at tea,
She made some small remark to me.

It's always drowsy summer when
From out the past she comes again;

The westering sunshine in a pool
Floats in her parlour still and cool;
While the slim bird its lean wire shakes,
As into piercing song it breaks;
Till Peter's pale-green eyes ajar
Dream, wake; wake, dream, in one brief bar,
And I am sitting, dull and shy,
And she with gaze of vacancy,
And large hands folded on the tray,
Musing the afternoon away;
Her satin bosom heaving slow
With sighs that softly ebb and flow,
And her plain face in such dismay,
It seems unkind to look her way:
Until all cheerful back will come
Her cheerful gleaming spirit home:
And one would think that poor Miss Loo
Asked nothing else, if she had you.

WALTER DE LA MARE

IN FISHERROW

A HARD north-easter fifty winters long
Has bronzed and shrivelled sere her face and neck;
Her locks are wild and gray, her teeth a wreck;
Her foot is vast, her bowed leg spare and strong.
A wide blue cloak, a squat and sturdy throng
Of curt blue coats, a mutch without a speck,
A white vest broidered black, her person deck,
Nor seems their picked, stern, old-world quaintness wrong.
Her great creel forehead-slung, she wanders nigh,
Easing the heavy strap with gnarled, brown fingers,
The spirit of traffic watchful in her eye,
Ever and anon imploring you to buy,
As looking down the street she onward lingers,
Reproachful, with a strange and doleful cry.

W. E. HENLEY

OLD SUSAN

WHEN Susan's work was done she'd sit,
With one fat guttering candle lit,
And window opened wide to win
The sweet night air to enter in;
There, with a thumb to keep her place
She'd read, with stern and wrinkled face,
Her mild eyes gliding very slow,
Across the letters to and fro,
While wagged the guttering candle flame
In the wind that through the window came.
And sometimes in the silence she
Would mumble a sentence audibly,
Or shake her head as if to say,
"You silly souls, to act this way!"

And never a sound from night I'd hear,
Unless some far-off cock crowed clear;
Or her old shuffling thumb should turn
Another page; and rapt and stern,
Through her great glasses bent on me
She'd glance into reality;
And shake her round old silvery head,
With—"You!—I thought you was in bed."
Only to tilt her book again,
And rolled in Romance remain.

WALTER DE LA MARE

THE OLD WOMAN OF THE ROADS [1]

OTO have a little house!
To own the hearth and stool and all!
The heaped up sods upon the fire
The pile of turf again' the wall!

To have a clock with weights and chains,
And pendulum swinging up and down!

1 From *Wild Earth and Other Poems*. Used by special arrangement with the Macmillan Co., publishers.

A dresser filled with shining delph,
Speckled with white and blue and brown!

I could be busy all the day
Cleaning and sweeping hearth and floor
And fixing on their shelf again
My white and blue and speckled store!

I could be quiet there at night
Beside the fire, and by myself,
Sure of a bed and loath to leave
The ticking clock and shining delph!

Och! but I'm weary of mist and dark,
And roads where there's never a house or bush,
And tired I am of bog and road,
And the crying wind and the lonesome hush!

And I'm praying to God on high
And I'm praying Him night and day,
For a little house—a house of my own,—
Out of the wind's and rain's way.

PADRAIC COLUM

THE PRINCESS

BRUSHING her hair by candlelight
She stands
Before an old cracked glass.
Her hands
Move silently; and palely bright
She sees her face reflected. Shadows pass,
The dark hair falls about her face,
Hiding her young neck's bending grace,
The candle flickers in a little breeze;
And deep within the glass she dimly sees
Another world shine, darkly rich and strange
With mystery and romance.

And she, a princess, walking there
In robe of silk that shimmering falls
On shining floors in pillared halls,
With pearls braided in her hair.
And should she dance,
She treads a measure, stately, slow,
To distant music's murmurous flow,
And then, ah then—

* * * * *

The candle wavers, burning low,
She sighs,
And from that over world withdraws
Her eyes.
Her little room is cold and bare,
Quickly she turns about,
And with deft fingers closely plaits
Her hair,
Then blows the candle out.

C. Ethel Evans

SCHOOL

HIS seat was by a window. So he dreamed.
How could he study while the sunlight gleamed
In small, sweet shapes, like wild things tame enough
To dart to him and touch his hands for love?
While there were profiles carved in every cloud
To mark as grim or ludicrous or proud,
And agile shadowings to writhe and crawl
Like ghostly spiders up and down the wall,
He could not help but turn their way to look.
His eyes, that would not follow down his book
The muddy trudgings of deliberate words,
Reflected blue and silver flights of birds.
You would not think there was so much to trace
Of wonderment on just a window space.

But once, when a frail scrap of paper moon
Enchanted him from ten o'clock till noon,
They moved him to the middle of the room.
He learned his lesson then for very gloom,
Until, came glowing to a nearby chair,
A little girl with sunset in her hair.
His soul recolored. The forlorn dreams came
To warm themselves once more at this new flame.
He pushed aside the dusty Greek. He had
A different way to read the Iliad.
While through cold ashes others groped to learn,
He lit the towers of Troy and saw them burn.

WINIFRED WELLES

THE SHEPHERDESS

SHE walks—the lady of my delight—
A shepherdess of sheep.
Her flocks are thoughts. She keeps them white;
She guards them from the steep;
She feeds them on the fragrant height,
And folds them in for sleep.

She roams maternal hills and bright,
Dark valleys safe and deep.
Into that tender breast at night
The chastest stars may peep.
She walks—the lady of my delight—
A shepherdess of sheep.

She holds her little thoughts in sight,
Tho gay they run and leap.
She is so circumspect and right:
She has her soul to keep.
She walks—the lady of my delight—
A shepherdess of sheep.

ALICE MEYNELL

A SONG TO BELINDA

BELINDA in her dimity,
Whereon are wrought pink roses,
Trips through the boxwood paths to me,
A-down the garden closes,
As though a hundred roses came,
('Twas so I thought) to meet me,
As though one rosebud said my name
And bent its head to greet me.

Belinda, in your rose-wrought dress
You seemed the garden's growing;
The tilt and toss o' you, no less
Than wind-swayed posy blowing.
'Twas so I watched in sweet dismay,
Lest in that happy hour,
Sudden you'd stop and thrill and sway
And turn into a flower.

THEODOSIA GARRISON

STREET MUSIC

I

THERE comes an old man to our street,
Dragging his knobby, lame old feet,
Once a week he comes and stands,
A concertina in his hands,
There in the gutter stops and plays,
No matter fine or rainy day
—Very humble and very old—
Pavements for them who make so bold!
Prim starched nurses, and ladies fair
With taffeta dresses and shining hair,
And gay little children, who break and run
To give him a penny—he seems to feel
(Out-at elbows and out-at heel)

That they've a right to the morning sun;
And so with gnarled old hands he'll play
For an hour, perhaps, then take his way,
Dragging his knobby, lame old feet
In the gutter of this quiet street.
There is no grudging in his eyes,
Nor anger, nor the least surprise
At the uneven scales of fate:
Glad of the sun, against the rain
Hunching his shoulders, age and pain
He takes as his appointed state,
And stands, like Lazarus, at the door
With the dread humility of the poor.

JOHN PRESLAND

THE STAY AT HOME

WHEREVER dark pines lift their plumes against a sunset sky,
Or blue hills watch through hemlock-dusk the small white roads creep by,
There you will find the heart of me that will not sit and bide,
But follows vagrant wisps o' dreams a-down the country side.

Wherever gray gulls slant and soar against the blowing spray,
Or white sails beat to open sea against a wind-whipped bay,
Wherever swirls the wake-churned weed behind the tramper ships,
There you will find the heart of me, with laughter on its lips.

A city-roof my vision holds, and one small strip of sky,
And beaten out by countless feet the toil-drugged hours pass by.

The dark trains cleave the station smoke, the great ships
quit the quay,
But none of all life's caravans may keep a place for me.

And yet, wherever down the world the dawn-light wakes to
gold
On tinted turrets of romance, down roadways far unrolled,
Wherever fields of dream are spread, dew-sweet beneath the
stars,
There fares the gipsy heart of me, unhindered by its
bars.

MARTHA HASKELL CLARK

THE TRAVEL BUREAU

ALL day she sits behind a bright brass rail
Planning proud journeyings in terms that bring,
Far places near; high-colored words that sing,
"The Taj Mahal at Agra," "Kashmir's Vale,"
Spanning wide spaces with her clear detail,
"Sevilla or Fiesole in spring,
Through the fiords in June." Her words take wing.
She is the minstrel of the great out-trail.

At half past five she puts her maps away,
Pins on a gray, meek hat, and braves the sleet,
A timid eye on traffic. Dully gray
The house that harbors her in a gray street,
The close, sequestered, colorless retreat
Where she was born, where she will always stay.

RUTH COMFORT MITCHELL

THE TAILOR

FEW footsteps stray when dusk droops o'er
The tailor's old stone-lintelled door:
There sits he stitching half asleep,
Beside his smoky tallow dip.

'Click, Click,' his needle hastes, and shrill
Cries back the cricket 'neath the sill.
Sometimes he stays, and o'er his thread
Leans sidelong his old tousled head;
Or stoops to peer with half-shut eye
When some strange footfall echoes by;
Till clearer gleams his candle's spark
Into the dusty summer dark.
Then from his crosslegs he gets down,
To find how dark the evening's grown;
And hunched-up in his door he'll hear
The cricket whistling crisp and clear;
And so beneath the starry grey
Will mutter half a seam away.

WALTER DE LA MARE

EXPERIENCE

Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
Stains the white radiance of Eternity.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

BARTER [1]

LIFE has loveliness to sell—
All beautiful and splendid things,
Blue waves whitened on a cliff,
Climbing fire that sways and sings,
And children's faces looking up
Holding wonder like a cup.

Life has loveliness to sell—
Music like a curve of gold,
Scent of pine trees in the rain,
Eyes that love you, arms that hold,
And for your spirit's still delight,
Holy thoughts that star the night.

Spend all you have for loveliness,
Buy it and never count the cost;
For one white singing hour of peace
Count many a year of strife well lost,
And for a breath of ecstasy
Give all you have been or could be.

SARA TEASDALE

A BELL

HAD I the power
To cast a bell that should from some grand tower,
At the first Christmas hour,
Out-ring,
And fling
A jubilant message wide,
The forgèd metals should be thus allied:—

1 From *Love Songs*. Used by special arrangement with the Macmillan Co., publishers.

No iron Pride,
But soft Humility, and rich-veined Hope
Cleft from a sunny slope;
And there should be
White Charity,
And silvery Love, that knows not Doubt nor Fear,
To make the peal more clear;
And then to firmly fix the fine alloy,
There should be Joy.

CLINTON SCOLLARD

ARRAIGNMENT

WHAT wage, what guerdon, Life, asked I of you?
Brooches; old houses; yellow trees in fall;
A gust of daffodils by a grey wall;
Books; small lads' laughter; song at drip of dew?
Or said I, "Make me April. I would go,
Night-long, day-long, down the gay little grass,
And therein see myself as in a glass;
There is none other weather I would know?"
Content was I to live like any flower,
Sweetly and humbly; dream each season round
The blossomy things that serve a girl for bread,
Inviolate against the bitter hour.
You poured my dreams like water on the ground:
I think it would be best if I were dead.

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

A CHRISTMAS FOLK-SONG

THE little Jesus came to town;
The wind blew up, the wind blew down;
Out in the street the wind was bold;
Now who would house Him from the cold?

Then opened wide a stable door,
Fair were the rushes on the floor;

The Ox put forth a horned head
"Come, little Lord, here make Thy bed."

Uprose the Sheep were folded near:
"Thou Lamb of God, come, enter here."
He entered there to rush and reed,
Who was the Lamb of God indeed.

The little Jesus came to town;
With ox and sheep He laid Him down;
Peace to the byre, peace to the fold,
For that they housed Him from the cold!

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

LIFETIME

I AM the river, I have been immense
With hope, great as the inner heart of Spring—
The reeds have huddled to my whimpering
Amid the noon-time's staleness and suspense.
Between the ruins of magnificence,
Stained and autumnal, mournfully I sing
And then among my white beards muttering
Grow old, and sleep into indifference.
I have no returning, onward is best,
Close to the dark, sweet earth in every place,
But with the sky's mark hidden in my breast,
And a star's shadow falling on my face.
Where shining spaces wait to fill with me,
Death is the beautiful and bitter sea.

WINIFRED WELLES

AFTERWARDS

WHEN the present has latched its postern behind my tremulous stay,
And the May month flaps its glad green leaves like wings,

Delicate-filmed as new-spun silk, will the people say,
"He was a man who used to notice such things"?

If it be in the dusk when, like an eyelid's soundless blink,
The dewfall-hawk comes crossing the shades to alight
Upon the wind-warped upland thorn, will a gazer think,
"To him this must have been a familiar sight?"

If I pass during some nocturnal blackness, mothy and warm,
When the hedgehog travels furtively over the lawn,
Will they say, "He strove that such innocent creatures should come to no harm,
"But he could do little for them; and now he is gone"?

If, when hearing that I have been stilled at last, they stand at the door,
Watching the full-starred heavens that winter sees,
Will this thought rise on those who will meet my face no more,
"He was one who had an eye for such mysteries"?

And will any say when my bell of quittance is heard in the gloom,
And a crossing breeze cuts a pause in its outrollings,
Till they rise again, as they were a new bell's boom,
"He hears it not now, but used to notice such things"?

THOMAS HARDY

THE CHRIST CANDLE

LITTLE taper set to-night,
Throw afar thy tiny light
Up and down the darksome street,
Guide the tender, wandering feet
Of the darling Christ-Child sweet.

He is coming in the snow,
As he came so long ago,
When the stars set o'er the hill,
When the town is dark and still,
Comes to do the Father's will.

Little taper, spread thy ray,
Make his pathway light as day;
Let some door be open wide
For this guest of Christmastide,
Dearer than all else beside.

Little Christ-Child, come to me,
Let my heart thy shelter be;
Such a home thou wilt not scorn.
So the bells on Christmas morn,
Glad shall ring, "A Christ is born!"

KATE LOUISE BROWN

CLIMB

MY shoes fall on the housetop that is so far beneath me,
I have hung my hat forever on the sharp church spire.
Now what shall seem the hill but a moment of surmounting,
The height but a place to dream of something higher.

Wings? Oh not for me, I need no other pinions
Than the beating of my heart within my breast;
Wings are for the dreamer with a bird-like longing,
Whose dreams come home at eventide to nest.

The timid folk beseech me, the wise ones warn me,
They say that I shall never grow to stand so high;
But I climb among the hills of cloud and follow vanished lightning,
I shall stand knee-deep in thunder with my head against the sky.

Tiptoe at last, upon a pinnacle of sunset,
I shall greet the death-like evening with laughter from afar,
Nor tremble in the darkness nor shun the windy midnight,
For by the evening I shall be a star.

WINIFRED WELLES

COME, CAPTAIN AGE!

COME, Captain Age,
With your great sea-chest full of treasure!
Under the yellow and wrinkled tarpaulin
Disclose the carved ivory
And the sandalwood inlaid with pearl;
Riches of wisdom and years.
Unfold the India shawl
With its border of emerald and orange and crimson and blue
Weave of a life time!
I shall be rich and splendid
With the spoils of the Indies of Age.

SARAH CLEGHORN

A CONSECRATION [1]

NOT of the princes and prelates with periwigged charioteers
Riding triumphantly laurelled to lap the fat of the years,—
Rather the scorned—the rejected—the men hemmed in with the spears;

The men of the tattered battalion which fights till it dies,
Dazed with the dust of battle, the din and the cries,
The men with the broken heads and the blood running into their eyes.

1 From *Poems and Plays of John Masefield.* Used by special arrangement with the Macmillan Co., publishers.

Not the be-medalled Commander, beloved of the throne,
Riding cock-horse to parade when the bugles are blown,
But the lads who carried the koppie and cannot be known.

Not the ruler for me, but the ranker, the tramp of the road,
The slave with the sack on his shoulders pricked on with the goad,
The man with too weighty a burden, too weary a load.

The sailor, the stoker of steamers, the man with the clout,
The chantyman bent at the halliards putting a tune to the shout,
The drowsy man at the wheel and the tired lookout.

Others may sing of the wine and the wealth and the mirth,
The portly presence of potentates goodly in girth;—
Mine be the dirt and the dross, the dust and scum of the earth!

THEIRS *be the music, the colour, the glory, the gold;*
Mine be a handful of ashes, a mouthful of mould.
Of the maimed, of the halt and the blind in the rain and the cold—
Of these shall my songs be fashioned, my tales be told.
AMEN.

JOHN MASEFIELD

CRICKET

CRICKET, chirring in the autumn twilight,
Little kinsman,
I, like you, the unknown path must follow
Into darkness,—
One day into darkness.
Would I might, with your ecstatic buoyance,
Fare forth singing!

CLINTON SCOLLARD

DIRGE

NEVER the nightingale,
Oh, my dear,
Never again the lark
Thou wilt hear;
Though dusk and the morning still
Tap at thy window-sill,
Though ever love call and call,
Thou wilt not hear at all,
My dear, my dear.

ADELAIDE CRAPSEY

THE DREAMERS

THE gypsies passed her little gate—
She stopped her wheel to see—
A brown-faced pair who walked the road,
Free as the wind is free;
And suddenly her tidy room
A prison seemed to be.

Her shining plates against the walls,
Her sunlit, sanded floor,
The brass-bound wedding chest that held
Her linen's snowy store,
The very wheel whose humming died,—
Seemed only chains she bore.

She watched the foot-free gypsies pass;
She never knew or guessed
The wistful dream that drew them close—
The longing in each breast
Some day to know a home like hers,
Wherein their hearts might rest.

THEODOSIA GARRISON

DREAM THE GREAT DREAM

DREAM the Great Dream, though you should dream—
you only,
And friendless follow in the lofty quest.
Though the dream lead you to a desert lonely,
Or drive you, like the tempest, without rest,
Yet, toiling upward to the highest altar,
There lay before the gods your gift supreme,—
A human heart whose courage did not falter
Though distant as Arcturus shone the Gleam.

The Gleam?—Ah, question not if others see it,
Who nor the yearning nor the passion share;
Grieve not if children of the earth decree it—
The earth, itself,—their goddess, only fair!
The soul has need of prophet and redeemer;
Her outstretched wings against her prisoning bars,
She waits for truth; and truth is with the dreamer,—
Persistent as the myriad light of stars!

FLORENCE EARLE COATES

FAITH

IF on this night of still, white cold,
I can remember May,
New green of tree and underbush,
A hillside orchard's mounting flush,
The scent of earth and noon's blue hush,
A robin's jaunty way;

If on this night of bitter frost,
I know such things can be,
That lovely May is true—ah, well,
I shall believe the tales men tell,
Wonders of bliss and asphodel
And immortality.

HORTENSE FLEXNER

FOR JOY

FOR each and every joyful thing,
For twilight swallows on the wing,
For all that nest and all that sing,—

For fountains cool that laugh and leap,
For rivers running to the deep,
For happy, care-forgetting sleep,—

For stars that pierce the sombre dark,
For morn, awaking with the lark,
For life new-stirring 'neath the bark,—

For sunshine and the blessed rain,
For budding grove and blossomy lane,
For the sweet silence of the plain,—

For bounty springing from the sod,
For every step by beauty trod,—
For each dear gift of joy, thank God!

FLORENCE EARLE COATES

THE GREAT LOVER

I HAVE been so great a lover: filled my days
So proudly with the splendour of Love's praise,
The pain, the calm, and the astonishment,
Desire illimitable, and still content,
And all dear names men use, to cheat despair,
For the perplexed and viewless streams that bear
Our hearts at random down the dark of life.
Now, ere the unthinking silence on that strife
Steals down, I would cheat drowsy Death so far,
My night shall be remembered for a star
That outshone all the suns of all men's days.
Shall I not crown them with immortal praise
Whom I have loved, who have given me, dared with me,

High secrets, and in darkness knelt to see
The inenarrable godhead of delight?
Love is a flame;—we have beaconed the world's night.
A city:—and we have built it, these and I.
An emperor:—we have taught the world to die.
So, for their sakes I loved, ere I go hence,
And the high cause of Love's magnificence,
And to keep loyalties young, I'll write those names
Golden for ever, eagles, crying flames,
And set them as a banner, that men may know,
To dare the generations, burn, and blow
Out on the wind of Time, shining and streaming. . . .

These I have loved:
White plates and cups, clean-gleaming,
Ringed with blue lines; and feathery, faery dust;
Wet roofs, beneath the lamp-light; the strong crust
Of friendly bread; and many-tasting food;
Rainbows; and the blue bitter smoke of wood;
And radiant raindrops couching in cool flowers;
And flowers themselves, that sway through sunny hours,
Dreaming of moths that drink them under the moon;
Then, the cool kindliness of sheets, that soon
Smooth away trouble; and the rough male kiss
Of blankets; grainy wood; live hair that is
Shining and free; blue-massing clouds; the keen
Unpassioned beauty of a great machine;
The benison of hot water; furs to touch;
The good smell of old clothes; and other such—
The comfortable smell of friendly fingers,
Hair's fragrance, and the musty reek that lingers
About dead leaves and last year's ferns. . . .
Dear names,
And thousand other throng to me! Royal flames;
Sweet water's dimpling laugh from tap or spring;
Holes in the ground; and voices that do sing;
Voices in laughter, too; and body's pain,
Soon turned to peace; and the deep-panting train;
Firm sands; the little dulling edge of foam
That browns and dwindles as the wave goes home;

And washes stones, gay for an hour; the cold
Graveness of iron; moist black earthen mould;
Sleep; and high places; footprints in the dew;
And oaks; and brown horse-chestnuts, glossy-new;
And new-peeled sticks; and shining pools on grass;—
All these have been my loves. And these shall pass,
Whatever passes not, in the great hour,
Nor all my passion, all my prayers, have power
To hold them with me though the gate of Death.
They'll play deserter, turn with the traitor breath,
Break the high bond we made, and sell Love's trust
And sacramented covenant to the dust.
—Oh, never a doubt but, somewhere, I shall wake,
And give what's left of love again, and make
New friends, now strangers. . . .
But the best I've known,
Stays here, and changes, breaks, grows old, is blown
About the winds of the world, and fades from brains
Of living men, and dies.
Nothing remains.
O dear my loves, O faithless, once again
This one last gift I give: that after men
Shall know, and later lovers, far-removed,
Praise you, "All these were lovely"; say, "He loved."

RUPERT BROOKE

THE DUST

THE dust blows up and down
Within the lonely town;
Vague, hurrying, dumb, aloof,
On sill and bough and roof.

What cloudy shapes do fleet
Along the parched street;
Clerks, bishops, kings go by—
Tomorrow so shall I!

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

EVOLUTION

OUT of the dusk a shadow,
Then, a spark;
Out of the cloud a silence,
Then, a lark;
Out of the heart a rapture,
Then, a pain;
Out of the dead, cold ashes,
Life again.

JOHN BANISTER TABB

THE GYPSYING

I WISH we might go gypsying one day the while we're young—
On a blue October morning
Beneath a cloudless sky,
When all the world's a vibrant harp
The winds o' God have strung,
And gay as tossing torches the maples light us by;
The rising sun before us—a golden bubble swung—
I wish we might go gypsying one day the while we're young.

I wish we might go gypsying one day before we're old—
To step it with the wild west wind
And sing the while we go,
Through far forgotten orchards
Hung with jewels red and gold;
Through cool and fragrant forests where never sun may show,
To stand upon a high hill and watch the mist unfold—
I wish we might go gypsying one day before we're old.

I wish we might go gypsying, dear lad, the while we care—
The while we've heart for hazarding,
The while we've will to sing,
The while we've wit to hear the call
And youth and mirth to spare,

Before a day may find us too sad for gypsying,
Before a day may find us too dull to dream and dare—
I wish we might go gypsying, dear lad, the while we care.

THEODOSIA GARRISON

THE HESITANT HEART

NO, I shall never climb above the hill,
But, wistful, pause halfway and take my fill
Of wondering—
Behind me lies the valley, hot and still,
A roof-scarred thing.

If like a lagging cloud with slow, white feet,
I should surmount the hill, would I there greet
The spray-wreathed sea?
And would the eager winds blow keen and sweet
Up, up to me?

Halfway, my craven heart shall ever bide,
Content in hoping that the other side
Shines on a silver shore
Yet fearful lest the high hills only hide
More vale—and nothing more.

WINIFRED WELLES

FINALE

(*Schizzando ma con sentimento*)

A SIGH sent wrong
A kiss that goes astray,
A sorrow the years endlong—
So they say.

So let it be—
Come the sorrow, the kiss, the sigh!
They are life, dear life, all three,
And we die.

W. E. HENLEY

HYMN

O L'IL' lamb out in de col'
De Mastah call you to de fol',
O l'il' lamb!
He hyeah you bleatin' on de hill;
Come hyeah an' keep you' mou'nin' still,
O l'il' lamb!
De Mastah sen' de Shepud fo'f;
He wandah souf, he wandah no'f,
O l'il' lamb!
He wandah eas', he wandah wes';
De win a-wrenchin' at his breas',
O l'il' lamb!
Oh, tell de Shepud whaih you hide;
He want you walkin' by his side,
O l'il' lamb!
He know you weak, he know you so';
But come, don' stay away no mo',
O l'il' lamb!
An' af'ah while de lamb he hyeah
De Shepud's voice a-callin' cleah—
Sweet l'il' lamb!
He answah f'om de brambles thick,
"O Shepud, I's a-comin' quick"—
O l'il' lamb!

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

"IN AFTER DAYS WHEN GRASSES HIGH"

IN after days when grasses high
O'er-top the stone where I shall lie,
Though ill or well the world adjust
My slender claim to honoured dust,
I shall not question or reply.

I shall not see the morning sky;
I shall not hear the night-wind sigh;

I shall be mute, as all men must
In after days!

But yet, now living fain were I
That some one then would testify,
Saying "He held his pen in trust
To Art, not serving shame or lust."
Will none?—Then let my memory die
In after days!

AUSTIN DOBSON

IN THE HOSPITAL

BECAUSE on the branch that is tapping my pane
A sun-wakened leaf-bud uncurled,
Is bursting its rusty brown sheathing in twain,
I known there is Spring in the world.

Because through the sky-patch whose azure and white
My window frames all the day long
A yellow-bird dips for an instant of flight,
I know there is Song.

Because even here in this Mansion of Woe
Where creep the dull hours, leaden-shod,
Compassion and Tenderness aid me, I know
There is God.

ARTHUR GUITERMAN

IF I WERE THE LORD GOD

IF I were the Lord God,
Of the beauty that lies in my heart,
I would make a tree,
And give it to man as a gift;
A slender young tree, with the tender green leaves

To hang like lace from the branches—
If I were the Lord God.

If I were the Lord God,
Of the wonder that lies in my eyes,
I would make a lake,
A tiny little lake like a jewel,
With the pearly blue sky
Turned down like a cup on a saucer—
If I were the Lord God.

And as I am not, shall the beauty that lies in my heart,
My gift, go ungiven forever?
And as I am not, shall my wonder
Die out like a ring on the water?

CLAUDIA CRANSTON

I. M.

MARGARITAE SORORIS

(1886)

A LATE lark twitters from the quiet skies;
And from the west,
Where the sun, his day's work ended,
Lingers as in content,
There falls on the old, gray city
An influence luminous and serene,
A shining peace.

The smoke ascends
In a rosy-and-golden haze. The spires
Shine, and are changed. In the valley
Shadows rise. The lark sings on. The sun,
Closing his benediction,
Sinks, and the darkening air
Thrills with a sense of the triumphing night—
Night with her train of stars
And her great gift of sleep.

So be my passing!
My task accomplished and the long day done,
My wages taken, and in my heart
Some late lark singing,
Let me be gathered to the quiet west,
The sundown splendid and serene,
Death.

W. E. Henley

IN TRINITY CHURCH-YARD

HOW still they sleep within the city moil
In their old church-yard with its sighing trees,
Where sometimes through the din a twilight breeze
Makes one forget the busy streets of toil;
But they have little thought of worldly spoil
Or the great gain of mortal victories,
Their hopes, their dreams, are cold and dead as these
Quaint, time-worn gravestones crumbling on the soil.

Yet they once lived and struggled years ago;
Their hearts beat madly as these hearts of ours—
And now is all undone in dreamless rest?
See, a great city stands against the glow—
Their city, they who here beneath the flowers
Have known so long God's gift of peace, most blest!

Thomas S. Jones Jr.

INVICTUS

OUT of the night that covers me,
Black as the Pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.

Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the Horror of the Shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds, and shall find, me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul.

W. E. Henley

JOURNEY

AH, could I lay me down in this long grass
And close my eyes, and let the quiet wind
Blow over me,—I am so tired, so tired
Of passing pleasant places! All my life,
Following Care along the dusty road,
Have I looked back at loveliness and sighed;
Yet at my hand an unrelenting hand
Tugged ever, and I passed. All my life long
Over my shoulder have I looked at peace;
And now I fain would lie in this long grass
And close my eyes,
Yet onward!

Cat birds call
Through the long afternoon, and creeks at dusk
Are guttural. Whip-poor-wills wake and cry,
Drawing the twilight close about their throats.
Only my heart makes answer. Eager vines
Go up the rocks and wait; flushed apple-trees
Pause in their dance and break the ring for me;
Dim, shady wood-roads, redolent of fern

And bayberry, that through sweet bevies thread
Of round-faced roses, pink and petulant,
Look back and beckon ere they disappear.
Only my heart, only my heart responds,
Yet, ah my path is sweet on either side
All through the dragging day,—sharp underfoot,
And hot, and like dead mist the dry dust hangs—
But far, oh, far as passionate eye can reach,
And long, ah, long as rapturous eye can cling,
The world is mine; blue hill, still silver lake,
Broad field, bright flower, and the long white road.
A gateless garden, and an open path;
My feet to follow, and my heart to hold.

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

LIFE

WHAT is life?
Is it a faded rose and a kiss
And a starlit past?
Is it a sob and a laugh of bliss with a grave at last?
Is it goodbye and a turn of the road
To worlds beyond sight?
Is it dragging uphill a weary load
In a scorching light?

It is magic of *morning* when mist is afield,
And the drowsy sea croons to the beach,
It is bracing of muscles and breasting of waves
With the strong hand of God within reach.

It is splendour of *noonday* when hills are at rest,
And calm valleys sleep in the sun,
It is silence unbroken that sings with a lilt
"There are strenuous wars to be won."

It is glamour of *evening* when hedges grow dim
And the angels' hands colour the West.

It is sadness of dreaming and glory of love
And a tired child's longing for rest.

It is wonder of *night-time* when stars are awake,
And the misty world mutters in fear,
It is silently closing the door of the soul,
That none other but God may be near.

It is *morning*, and *evening*, and *noonday* and *night*
With their shadowy paths to be trod.
It is climbing up from the valleys of man
To the wind-swept mountains of God.

T. P. Cameron Wilson

THE LAST SLEEP

SOME shining April I shall be asleep,
And over me the ancient joy shall pass;
I shall not see young Spring dance down the world
With ribbons of green grass.

But I shall dream of all that I have lost—
Breath of the wind, immortal loveliness,
Wild beauty of the sunlight on the hills,
Now mine no less

Because I slumber. Nay, but more than mine,
Since I a part of them shall strangely be.
Only I ask, when the pink hawthorn breaks,
That one shall think of me.

Charles Hanson Towne

THE JOURNEY

IT'S a wild night for a soul to go.
Stars shine, but winds blow
And the flood tides flow.

It's a long road to the nearest star
Where the band of well-beloved are,
But I shall reach it, near or far.

A wild night for a naked soul
To cast aside the broken bowl
And start for the distant goal.

A wild night and a lonely way,
And Death is terrible, they say,
Yet methinks I like his looks today.

And glad I'll lay my garments by
And fling me forth to the windy sky
When Death rides by.

A long road to the nearest star,
Where the band of well-beloved are,
But I shall reach it, near or far.

L. Le Mesurier

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

THE Christ-Child lay on Mary's lap,
His hair was like a light.
(O weary, weary were the world,
But here is all aright.)

The Christ-Child lay on Mary's breast,
His hair was like a star.
(O stern and cunning are the kings,
But here the true hearts are.)

The Christ-Child lay on Mary's heart,
His hair was like a fire.
(O weary, weary is the world,
But here the world's desire.)

The Christ-Child stood at Mary's knee,
His hair was like a crown,
And all the flowers looked up at him,
And all the stars looked down.

G. K. CHESTERTON

LITTLE JESUS

Ex ore infantium Deus et lactentium perfecisti laudem

LITTLE JESUS, wast Thou shy
Once, and just so small as I?
And what did it feel like to be
Out of Heaven and just like me?
Didst Thou sometimes think of there,
And ask where all the angels were?
I should think that I would cry
For my house all made of sky:
I would look about the air,
And wonder where my angels were;
And at waking 'twould distress me—
Not an angel there to dress me!
Hadst Thou ever any toys,
Like us little girls and boys?
And didst Thou play in Heaven with all
The angels that were not too tall,
With stars for marbles? Did the things
Play *Can you see me?* through their wings?
And did Thy mother let Thee spoil
Thy robes, with playing on *our* soil?
How nice to have them always new
In Heaven, because 'twas quite clean blue!

Didst Thou kneel at night to pray,
And didst Thou join Thy hands, this way?
And did they tire sometimes, being young,
And make the prayer seem very long?
And dost Thou like it best, that we
Should join our hands to pray to Thee?

I used to think, before I knew,
The prayer not said unless we do.
And did Thy mother at the night
Kiss Thee and fold the clothes in right?
And didst thou feel quite good in bed,
Kissed, and sweet, and thy prayers said?

Thou canst not have forgotten all
That it feels like to be small:
And Thou know'st I cannot pray
To Thee in my father's way—
When Thou wast so little, say,
Couldst Thou talk Thy Father's way?—

So, a little Child, come down
And hear a child's tongue like Thy own;
Take me by the hand and walk,
And listen to my baby-talk.
To Thy Father show my prayer
(He will look, Thou art so fair),
And say: "O Father, I, Thy Son
Bring the prayer of a little one."
And he will smile, that children's tongue
Has not changed since Thou wast young!

FRANCIS THOMPSON

THE MAN WITH THE HOE

God created man in His own image, in the image of God created He him.

(Written after seeing Millet's world-famous painting)

BOWED by the weight of centuries he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of the world.
Who made him dead to rapture and despair,
A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?
Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?

Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?
Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?

Is this the thing the Lord God made and gave
To have dominion over sea and land;
To trace the stars and search the heavens for power;
To feel the passion of Eternity?
Is this the dream He dreamed who shaped the suns
And markt their ways upon the ancient deep?
Down all the caverns of Hell to their last gulf
There is no shape more terrible than this—
More tongued with censure of the world's blind greed—
More filled with signs and portents for the soil—
More packt with danger to the universe.

What gulfs between him and the seraphim!
Slave of the wheel of labor, what to him
Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?
What the long reaches of the peaks of song,
The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose?
Through this dread shape the suffering ages look;
Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop;
Through this dread shape humanity betrayed,
Plundered, profaned, and disinherited,
Cries protest to the Judges of the World,
A protest that is also prophecy.

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
Is this the handwork you give to God,
This monstrous thing distorted and soul-quenched?
How will you ever straighten up this shape;
Touch it again with immortality;
Give back the upward looking and the light;
Rebuild in it the music and the dream;
Make right the immemorial infamies,
Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes?

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
How will the Future reckon with this Man?
How answer his brute question in that hour

When whirlwinds of rebellion shake all shores?
How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—
With those who shaped him to the thing he is—.
When this dumb Terror shall rise to judge the world,
After the silence of the centuries?

EDWIN MARKHAM

MARY SHEPHERDESS

WHEN the heron's in the high wood and the last long furrow's sown,
With the herded cloud before her and her sea-sweet raiment blown,
Comes Mary, Mary Shepherdess, a-seeking for her own.

Saint James he calls the righteous folk, St. John he calls the kind,
Saint Peter seeks the valiant men all to loose or bind,
But Mary seeks the little souls that are so hard to find.

All the little sighing souls born of dust's despair,
They who fed on bitter bread when the world was bare,—
Frighted of the glory gates and the starry stair.

All about the windy down, housing in the ling,
Underneath the alder-bough, linnet-light they cling,
Frighted of the shining house where the martyrs sing.

Crying in the ivy bloom, fingering at the pane,
Grieving in the hollow dark, lone along the rain,—
Mary, Mary Shepherdess, gather them again.

And O, the wandering women know, in workhouse and in shed,
They dream on Mary Shepherdess with doves about her head,
And pleasant posies in her hand, and sorrow comforted.

Sighing: There's my little lass, faring fine and free,
There's the little lad I laid by the holly tree,

Dreaming: There's my nameless bairn laughing at her knee.

When the bracken harvest's gathered, and the frost is on the loam,
When the dream goes out in silence and the ebb runs out in foam,
Mary, Mary Shepherdess, she bids the lost lambs home.

If I had a little maid to turn my tears away,
If I had a little lad to lead me when I'm grey,
All to Mary Shepherdess they'd fold their hands and pray.

MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL

ON GROWING OLD[1]

BE with me, Beauty, for the fire is dying;
My dog and I are old, too old for roving.
Man, whose young passion sets the spindrift flying,
Is soon too lame to march, too cold for loving.
I take the book and gather to the fire,
Turning old yellow leaves; minute by minute
The clock ticks to my heart. A withered wire,
Moves a thin ghost of music in the spinet.
I cannot sail your seas, I cannot wander
Your cornland, nor your hill-land, nor your valleys
Ever again, nor share the battle yonder
Where the young knight the broken squadron rallies.
Only stay quiet while my mind remembers
The beauty of fire from the beauty of embers.

Beauty, have pity! for the strong have power,
The rich their wealth, the beautiful their grace,
Summer of man its sunlight and its flower,
Spring-time of man all April in a face.
Only, as in the jostling in the Strand,
Where the mob thrusts or loiters or is loud,

[1] From *Enslaved and Other Poems.* Used by special arrangement with the Macmillan Co., publishers.

The beggar with the saucer in his hand
Asks only a penny from the passing crowd,
So, from this glittering world with all its fashion,
Its fire, and play of men, its stir, its march,
Let me have wisdom, Beauty, Wisdom and passion,
Bread to the soul, rain where the summers parch.
Give me but these, and, though the darkness close,
Even the night will blossom as the rose.

JOHN MASEFIELD

THE NEW LIFE

PERHAPS they laughed at Dante in his youth,
Told him that truth
Had unappealably been said
In the great masterpieces of the dead.
Perhaps he listened and but bowed his head
In acquiescent honor, while his heart
Held natal tidings that a new life is the part
Of every man that's born,
A new life and a new expectant 'art.
It is the variations of the morn
That are forever, more and more,
The single dawning of the single truth . . .
So answers Dante to the heart of youth.

WITTER BYNNER

PAX BEATA

I'VE closed my door and I am all alone,
Here in my room, all fragrant with my better self.
Here are my pictures that have waited long for me:
Erasmus with his studious calm;
My laughing children and my laughing girl,
My quaint stiff angels and my meek St. John—
They greet me as I come to them for rest.
Upon my shelves my other friends

Are waiting, too, for me: my friends
That take me far beyond my tiny room
And make its sunny space
A gleaming entrance into other lands.
There is my little bed, where all the night
My body lies asleep
And leaves my soul quite free
To wander with the winds.
There is my window where I say my prayers
And look straight out upon the solid hills
And listen for the rustle of the angels' wings.
My room, all sweet with flowers I love
That grow for me because I love them;
All fragrant, too, with ghosts of flowers
That bloomed and drooped with me;
My room, so still and quiet, yet astir
With all the souls of those that love and trust me.
Outside, the strife and struggle and the strain;
In here there's peace and quietude and strength.

I've closed my door and I am all alone.

MARY RACHEL NORRIS

PRAYER [1]

WHEN the last sea is sailed, and the last shallow charted,
When the last field is reaped, and the last harvest stored,
When the last fire is out and the last guest departed,
Grant the last prayer that I shall pray, Be good to me, O Lord.

And let me pass in a night at sea, a night of storm and thunder,
In the loud crying of the wind through sail and rope and spar,

[1] From *Poems and Plays of John Masefield.* Used by special arrangement with the Macmillan Co., publishers.

Send me a ninth great peaceful wave to drown and roll
me under
To the cold tunny-fishes' home where the drowned galleons
are.

And in the dim green quiet place far out of sight and hear-
ing,
Grant I may hear at whiles the wash and thresh of the
sea-foam
About the fine keen bows of the stately clippers steering
Toward the lone northern star and the fair ports of home.

JOHN MASEFIELD

PER ASPERA

THANK God, a man can grow!
He is not bound
With earthward gaze to creep along the ground:
Though his beginnings be but poor and low,
Thank God, a man can grow!
The fire upon his altars may burn dim,
The torch he lighted may in darkness fail,
And nothing to rekindle it avail,—
Yet high beyond his dull horizon's rim,
Arcturus and the Pleiads beckon him.

FLORENCE EARLE COATES

PRAYER

GOD, though this life is but a wraith,
Although we know not what we use,
Although we grope with little faith,
Give me the heart to fight—and lose.

Ever insurgent let me be,
Make me more daring than devout;

From sleek contentment keep me free,
And fill me with a buoyant doubt.

Open my eyes to visions girt
With beauty, and with wonder lit—
But let me always see the dirt,
And all that spawn and die in it.

Open my ears to music; let
Me thrill with Spring's first flutes and drums—
But never let me dare forget
The bitter ballads of the slums.

From compromise and things half done,
Keep me, with storm and stubborn pride;
And when, at last, the fight is won
God, keep me still unsatisfied.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER

THE QUEST

I AM the small gray memory-mother;
I shake my gray locks in the sun,
I shake them out as I run, run.
What are you seeking, weary other?

Sometimes I almost overtake it,
The dream I lost one day, and then
The dream will slip away again.
The quest is long. Shall I forsake it?

Follow the trail on, hourly, yearly,
Over the dark in the willow-brook,
Over the dawn; and look, and look,
And close your eyes, to see more clearly.

AGNES LEE

¿QUIÉN SABE?

IN Cordóba within the drowsing Plaza,
Beyond the sleepy, sun-drenched market-place,
Vacant and bare, denuded of its statue,
There stands a scarred and mournful marble base.
The hours are tinkled from the old Cathedral,
Gray-grim against the brilliance of the sky,
And swooping downward in their clumsy circles
The ugly, dun-winged buzzards slowly fly.

They light and struggle fiercely for a foothold;
Their quarrels, shrill, discordant, pierce the air;
The sluggish stream of life within the city
Flows ever onward, calmly unaware.
You ask in vain whose statue used to stand there,—
A sun-drunk *peon*, dozing out his day,
A grave eyed priest, a woman with *tortillas*,—
The same regretful, velvet "*Yo no sé!*"

There was a scene here once to fit the setting,
If we could pierce the shrouding of the years;
There was a day for reverent unveiling . . .
And swelling hearts, and brimming eyes, and cheers . . .
What patriot, red-blooded, gave it reason?
What martyr marked it with his placid smile?
Who set the pulses leaping for a season,
And held the lime-light for a little while?

Who dares believe his laurel is immortal?
Who thinks the marble proof against the years?—
Or dreams the memory of his deed will linger
When stilled the hearts, and dried away the tears?
A fluttered flag, a sudden blare of trumpets,
A path of flowers, a little burst of song . . .
Then withering and fading and the silence . . .
Time dims all luster, and the years are long.

And now, within the hushed and drowsing Plaza,
Beyond the sleepy, sun-drenched market-place,

Stained with the years and weathered with the seasons,
There stands a scarred and mournful marble base.
Unheeding round its story flows forever
The lazy current of the dozing town,
And on it, hurtling in their clumsy circles,
The ugly, dun-winged buzzards settle down.

RUTH COMFORT MITCHELL

THE VISION ON THE BRINK

TO-NIGHT when you sit in the deep hours alone,
And from the sleeps you snatch wake quick and feel
You hear my step upon the threshold-stone,
My hand upon the doorway latchward steal,
Be sure 'tis but the white winds of the snow,
For I shall come no more.

And when the candle in the pane is wore,
And moonbeams down the hill long shadows throw,
When night's white eyes are in the chinky door,
Think of a long road in a valley low,
Think of a wanderer in the distance far,
Lost like a voice among the scattered hills.

And when the moon has gone and ocean spills
Its waters backward from the trysting bar,
And in dark furrows of the night there tills
A jewelled plough, and many a falling star
Moves you to prayer, then will you think of me
On the long road that will not ever end.

Jonah is hoarse in Nineveh—I'd lend
My voice to save the town—and hurriedly
Goes Abraham with murdering knife, and Ruth
Is weary in the corn. . . . Yet will I stay,
For one flower blooms upon the rocks of truth,
God is in all our hurry and delay.

FRANCIS LEDWIDGE

RED GERANIUMS

LIFE did not bring me silken gowns,
Nor jewels for my hair,
Nor sight of gabled, foreign towns
In distant countries fair,
But I can glimpse, beyond my pane, a green and friendly hill,
And red geraniums aflame upon my window-sill.

The brambled cares of every day,
The tiny hundrum things,
May bind my feet when they would stray,
But still my heart has wings
While red geraniums are bloomed against my window-glass,
And low above my green-sweet hill the gypsy wind-clouds pass.

And if my dreamings ne'er come true
The brightest and the best,
But leave me lone my journey through
I'll set my heart at rest,
And thank thee, God, for home-sweet things, a green and friendly hill,
And red geraniums aflame upon my window-sill.

MARTHA HASKELL CLARK

THE ROAD[1]

BECAUSE our lives are cowardly and sly,
Because we do not dare to take or give,
Because we scowl and pass each other by,
We do not live; we do not dare to live.

We dive, each man, into his secret house,
And bolt the door, and listen in affright,

[1] From *Songs from the Clay*. Used by permission of the author and the Macmillan Co., publishers.

Each timid man beside a timid spouse,
With timid children huddled out of sight.

Kissing in secret, fighting secretly!
We crawl and hide like vermin in a hole,
Under the bravery of sun and sky,
We flash our meannesses of face and soul.

Let us go out and walk upon the road,
And quit for evermore the brick-built den,
And lock and key, the hidden, shy abode
That separates us from our fellow-men.

And by contagion of the sun we may,
Catch at a spark from that primeval fire,
And learn that we are better than our clay,
And equal to the peaks of our desire.

JAMES STEPHENS

ROOFS

THE road is wide and the stars are out and the breath of the night is sweet,
And this is the time when wanderlust should seize upon my feet.
But I'm glad to turn from the open road and the starlight on my face,
And to leave the splendour of out of doors for a human dwelling place.

I never have seen a vagabond who really liked to roam
All up and down the streets of the world and not to have a home:
The tramp who slept in your barn last night and left at break of day
Will wander only until he finds another place to stay.

A gypsy-man will sleep in his cart with canvas overhead;
Or else he'll go into his tent when it is time for bed.
He'll sit on the grass and take his ease so long as the sun
is high,
But when it is dark he wants a roof to keep away the sky.

If you call a gypsy a vagabond, I think you do him wrong,
For he never goes a-traveling but he takes his home along.
And the only reason a road is good, as every wanderer
knows,
Is just because of the homes, the homes, the homes to which
it goes.

They say that life is a highway and its milestones are the
years,
And now and then there's a toll-gate where you buy your
way with tears.
It's a rough road and a steep road and it stretches broad
and far,
But at last it leads to a golden town where golden houses
are.

JOYCE KILMER

THE SERVICE

I WAS the third man running in a race,
And memory still must run it o'er and o'er:
The pounding heart that beat against my frame;
The wind that dried the sweat upon my face
And turned my throat to paper creased and sore;
The jabbing pain that sharply went and came.

My eyes saw nothing save a strip of road
That flaunted there behind the second man;
It swam and blurred, yet still it lay before.
My legs seemed none of mine, but rhythmic strode
Unconscious of my will that urged, "You can!"
And cried at them to make one effort more.

Then suddenly there broke a wave of sound,—
Crowds shouting when the first man struck the tape;
And then the second roused that friendly din;
While I—I stumbled forward and the ground
All wavered 'neath my feet, while men agape,
But silent, saw me as I staggered in.

As sick in heart and flesh I bent my head,
Two seized me and embraced me, and one cried,
"Your thudding footsteps held me to the grind."
And then the winner, smiling wanly, said,
"No dream of records kept me to my stride—
I dreaded you two thundering behind!"

BURGES JOHNSON

THE SLAVE

THEY set the slave free, striking off his chains—
Then he was as much of a slave as ever.
He was still chained to servility
He was still manacled to indolence and sloth,
He was still bound by fear and superstition,
By ignorance, suspicion, and savagery—
His slavery was not in the chains,
But in himself—
They can only set free men free
And there is no need of that.
Free men set themselves free.

JAMES OPPENHEIM

REQUIEM

UNDER the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be,
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

STAR OF MY HEART[1]

Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea, in the days of Herod the king, behold there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem, saying, where is he that is born King of the Jews? For we have seen His star in the east. and are come to worship Him. . . . . When they had heard the king they departed, and lo, the star which they saw in the east went before them till it came and stood over where the young child was.

STAR of my heart, I follow from afar.
Sweet love on high, lead on where shepherds are,
Where Time is not, and only dreamers are.
Star from of old, the Magi-Kings are dead
And a foolish Saxon seeks the manger-bed.
O lead me to Jehova's child
Across this dreamland lone and wild,
There will I speak this prayer unsaid,
And kiss his little haloed head—
"My star and I, we love thee, little child."

Except the Christ be born again tonight
In dreams of all men, saints and sons of shame,
The world will never see his kingdom bright.
Star of all hearts, lead onward through the night
Past death-black deserts; doubts without a name
Past hills of pain and mountains of new sin
To that far sky where mystic births begin
Where dreaming ears the angel song shall win.

[1] From *General William Booth Enters Into Heaven.* Used by special arrangement with the Macmillan Co., publishers.

Our Christmas shall be rare at dawning there,
And each shall find his brother fair,
Like a little child within:
All hearts of the earth shall find new birth
And wake, no more to sin.

VACHEL LINDSAY

SYMBOL

MY faith is all a doubtful thing,
Wove on a doubtful loom,—
Until there comes, each showery spring,
A cherry-tree in bloom;

And Christ who died upon a tree
That death had stricken bare
Comes beautifully back to me
In blossoms, everywhere.

DAVID MORTON

TEARS

WHEN I consider Life and its few years—
A wisp of fog betwixt us and the sun;
A call to battle, and the battle done
Ere the last echo dies within our ears;
A rose choked in the grass; an hour of fears;
The gusts that past a darkening shore do beat;
The burst of music down an unlistening street—
I wonder at the idleness of tears.
Ye old, old dead, and ye of yesternight,
Chieftains, and bards, and keepers of the sheep,
By every cup of sorrow that you had,
Loose me from tears, and make me see aright
How each hath back what once he stayed to weep;
Homer his sight, David his little lad!

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

SONG OF THE GRAIL SEEKERS

ON, on, on, with never a doubt nor a turning,
We ride, we ride!
On, on, on, striving and aching and learning,
We ride, we ride!
With ever the light on our brows, in our hearts the unquenchable yearning,
And the grail afar
Like a golden star
Burning and burning and burning!
We ride!

HERMANN HAGEDORN

WHISTLE—FANTASY

OUT in the dark the train passes
And the whistle calls to the child,
Desolate, piercing, wild,
From the track in the meadow-grasses. . . .
"*Far, far away,*" it screams,
"*Far, far away,*
Out in the distance are dreams
Dreams you shall follow some day
Far through the endless wild. . . ."
Distance . . . dreams . . .
Backward the faint call streams:
Far in the dark the train passes,
And the whistle calls to the child.

MARGARET WIDDEMER

TIME

TIME is as feather footed as the snow;
So light he treads we never hear him go,
Save when we list the clock's untiring beat
Marking the swift iambics of his feet.

CLINTON SCOLLARD

RECESSIONAL

GOD of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the kings depart:
Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away;
On dune and headland sinks the fire:
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not thee in awe,
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word—
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord! Amen.

RUDYARD KIPLING

MEMORIES

Four ducks on a pond,
A grass-bank beyond,
A blue sky of spring
White clouds on the wing:
What a little thing
To remember for years.
To remember with tears!

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM

THE CHIMNEY-SWEEPS OF CHELTENHAM[1]

WHEN hawthorn buds are creaming white,
And the red foolscap all stuck with may,
Then lasses walk with eyes alight,
And it's chimney-sweepers' dancing day.

For the chimney-sweeps of Cheltenham town,
Sooty of face as a swallow of wing,
Come whistling, singing, dancing down
With white teeth flashing as they sing.

And Jack-in-the green, by a clown in blue,
Walks like a two-legged bush of may,
With the little wee lads that wriggled up the flue
Ere Cheltenham town cried "dancing day."

For brooms were short and the chimneys tall,
And the gypsies caught 'em these black-birds cheap,
So Cheltenham bought them, spry and small,
And shoved them up in the dark to sweep.

For Cheltenham town was cruel of old,
But she has been gathering garlands gay,
And the little wee lads are in green and gold,
For it's chimney-sweepers' dancing day.

And red as a rose, and blue as the sky,
With teeth as white as their faces are black,
The master-sweeps go dancing by,
With a gridiron painted on every back.

But when they are ranged in the market-place,
The clown's wife comes with an iron spoon,

1 Reprinted by permission from *Collected Poems*, Vol. III. Copyright, 1920, by Frederick A. Stokes Co.

And cozens a penny for her sweet face
To keep their golden throats in tune.

Then, hushing the riot of that mad throng,
And sweet as the voice of a long-dead May,
A wandering pedlar lifts 'em a song,
Of chimney-sweepers' dancing day;

And the sooty faces, they try to recall . . .
As they gather around in their spell-struck rings . . .
But nobody knows that singer at all
Or the curious old-time air he sings:—

Why are you dancing, O chimney-sweeps of Cheltenham,
And where did you win you these may-coats so fine;
For some are red as roses, and some are gold as daffodils,
But who, ah, who remembers, now, a little lad of mine?

Lady, we are dancing, as we danced in old England,
When the may was more than may, very long ago:
As for our may-coats, it was your white hands, lady,
Filled our sooty hearts and minds with blossoms, white as snow.

It was a beautiful face we saw, wandering through Cheltenham.
It was a beautiful song we heard, very far away,
Weeping for a little lad stolen by the gipsies,
Broke our hearts and filled 'em with the glory of may.

Many a little lad had we, chirruping in the chimney-tops,
Twirling out a sooty broom, a blot against the blue.
Ah, but when we called to him, and when he saw and ran to her,
All our winter ended, and our world was made anew.

Then she gave us may-coats of gold and green and crimson,
Then, with a long garland, she led our hearts away,

Whispering, "Remember, though the boughs forget the hawthorn,
Yet shall I return to you, that was your lady May,"—

But why are you dancing now, O chimney-sweeps of Cheltenham,
And why are you singing of a May that is fled?—
O, there's music to be born, though we pluck the old fiddle-strings,
And a world's May awakening where the fields lay dead.

And we dance, dance, dreaming of a lady most beautiful
That shall walk the green valleys of this dark earth one day,
And call to us gently, "O chimney-sweeps of Cheltenham,
I am looking for my children. Awake, and come away."

ALFRED NOYES

DUNA

WHEN I was a little lad
With folly on my lips,
Fain was I for journeying
All the seas in ships.
But now across the southern swell,
Every dawn I hear
The little streams of Duna
Running clear.

When I was a young man,
Before my beard was grey,
All to ships and sailormen
I gave my heart away,
But I'm weary of the sea-wind,
I'm weary of the foam,
And the little stars of Duna
Call me home.

MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL

AS IN A ROSE-JAR

AS in a rose-jar filled with petals sweet
Blown long ago in some old garden place
Mayhap, where you and I, a little space
Drank deep of love and knew that love was fleet;
Or leaves once gathered from a lost retreat
By one who never will again retrace
Her silent footsteps—one whose gentle face
Was fairer than the roses at her feet;

So, deep within the vase of memory
I keep my dust of roses fresh and dear
As in the days before I knew the smart
Of time and death. Nor aught can take from me
The haunting fragrance that still lingers here—
As in a rose-jar, so within my heart.

THOMAS S. JONES JR.

THE ANCESTRAL DWELLINGS

DEAR to my heart are the ancestral dwellings of America,
Dearer than if they were haunted by ghosts of royal splendor;
They are simple enough to be great in their friendly dignity,—
Homes that were built by the brave beginners of a nation.

I love the old white farmhouses nestled in New England valleys,
Ample and long and low, with elm-trees feathering over them:
Borders of box in the yard, and lilacs, and old-fashioned roses,
A fan-light above the door, and little square panes in the windows,
The wood-shed piled with maple and birch and hickory ready for winter,

The gambrel-roof with its garret crowded with household relics,—
All the tokens of prudent thrift and the spirit of self-reliance.

I love the weather-beaten, shingled houses that front the ocean;
They seem to grow out of the rocks, there is something indomitable about them:
Their backs are bowed, their sides are covered with lichens;
Soft in their colour as grey pearls, they are full of a patient courage.
Facing the briny wind on a lonely shore they stand undaunted,
While the thin blue pennant of smoke from the square-built chimney
Tells of a haven for man, with room for a hearth and a cradle.

I love the stately southern mansions with their tall white columns,
They look through avenues of trees, over fields where the cotton is growing;
I can see the flutter of white frocks along their shady porches,
Music and laughter float from the windows, the yards are full of hounds and horses.
Long since the riders have ridden away, yet the houses have not forgotten,
They are proud of their name and place, and their doors are always open,
For the thing they remember best is the pride of their ancient hospitality.

In the towns I love the discreet and tranquil Quaker dwellings,
With their demure brick faces and immaculate marble door steps;
And the gabled houses of the Dutch, with their high stoops and iron railings,

(I can see their little brass knobs shining in the morning sunlight);
And the solid self-contained houses of the descendants of the Puritans
Frowning on the street with their narrow doors and dormer-windows;
And the triple-galleried, many pillared mansions of Charleston,
Standing open sideways in their gardens of roses and magnolias.
Yes, they are all dear to my heart, and in my eyes they are beautiful;
For under their roofs were nourished the thoughts that have made the nation;
The glory and strength of America come from her ancestral dwellings.

HENRY VAN DYKE

COLORS

I AM so glad of the colors of things
Night, of course, is blue,
And morning red and yellow, like a tulip.
Babies are blue, flecked with white,
Because of their eyes.
A voice I know is the green of a breaking wave.
Callers that outstay their time
Get shiny brown.
Church-going is purple.
The dull, flat purple of a prayer-book marker.
There is another purple, though,
Radiant, rosy.
I have only seen it once, in northern lights,
I think it must be Religion.
Adventure is golden,
Because of the sun on brass helmets.
Love is white, glowing.
I know what I'll do!

I'll gather them all together
And make a stained glass window of them
Inscribing it thus:

To the Glory of God
In loving Memory
of
My Days on Earth.

PHOEBE CROSBY ALLNUT

A BREAD AND BUTTER LETTER

THERE is a willow grows beside a pool,
Its long gray branches sweep the marble rim
And from those waters shadowy and cool,
The stars shine large and dim.

From open valleys filled with little lakes
All through the night a hundred breezes blow
All through the night the little willow makes
A whispering soft and low.

Here in the dusty street there are no trees
To whisper and the sky is dark and gray,
And yet I see the stars, I feel the breeze
So far, so far away.

ALICE DUER MILLER

CLONARD

THE river meads of vanished Clonard hold
Forgotten dreams, white memories pure as dew,
Of fragrant days when scholars wandered through
The marshy grass and hearts had not grown old;
Beneath her purple hills a saint once told
A starry tale, a story strange and new,

Brought from the dawn-lands,—and all Eiré drew
Around his moat to hear the words of gold.

There stands no cross, or tower, or ancient wall
Mellow with simple peace men used to know
And from the fields no courtly town has sprung:
Only along green banks the blackbirds call,
Just as they did a thousand years ago
In the morning meadows when the world was young.

THOMAS S. JONES, JR.

HERITAGE

THE little Saxon words, they say,
"Cradle" or "hearth" or "mother,"
Can sing a magic in your heart
Unlike to any other;
They say that thatched and clustered eaves,
And wallflowers turning in the sun,
And little dooryard gardens
Where the tipping pigeons run;
A sleepy finch in a wicker cage,
Pale sunlight on a curtained pane,
Sweet new milk in an earthen bowl,
A kettle apurr on a crane;
The stir of bees in hollyhocks,
The smell of clover in the rain—
These are the things that find the heart
Like the swell of an old refrain;
For these are the things men lived for,
And they beckon us home again.

And yet no poplar's spired shade
Is flung me from on high,
But I can hear, in cadenced thresh,
The fountains of Versailles;
Blue candle flames shall never stir
Like peacock feathers blown awry

But comes the glint of jeweled heels,
The elfin grief of harps acry,
But throbs the high noblesse oblige
Beneath the courtly, stately play—
And from the crimson scaffold stairs
The gallant "Je suis prêt."
"Beauty," "courage," "courtesy,"
Younger words are they,
Yet they pluck the heart awake
To-day as yesterday;
For these are the things men died for
In an older, bolder day.

DOROTHY PAUL

THE HARBOUR

I THINK if I lay dying in some land
Where Ireland is no more than just a name,
My soul would travel back to find that strand
From whence it came.

I'd see the harbour in the evening light,
The old men staring at some distant ship,
The fishing-boats they fasten left and right
Beside the slip.

The sea-wrack lying on the wind-swept shore,
The grey thorn bushes growing in the sand
Our Wexford coast from Arklow to Cahore—
My native land.

The little houses climbing up the hill,
Sea daisies growing in the sandy grass,
The tethered goats that wait large-eyed and still
To watch you pass.

The women at the well with dripping pails,
Their men colloguing by the harbour wall,

The coils of rope, the nets, the old brown sails,
I'd know them all.

And then the Angelus—I'd surely see
The swaying bell against a golden sky,
So God, who kept the love of home in me,
Would let me die.

WINIFRED M. LETTS

HANDS [1]

TEMPEST without: within the mellow glow
Of mingling lamp and firelight over all—
Etchings and water-colors on the wall,
Cushions and curtains of clear indigo,
Rugs, damask-red, and blue as Tyrian seas,
Deep chairs, black oaken settles, hammered brass,
Translucent porcelain and sea-green glass—
Color and warmth and light and dreamy ease:

And I sit wondering where are now the hands
That wrought at anvil, easel, wheel, and loom—
Hands, slender, swart, red, gnarled—in foreign lands
Or English shops to furnish this seemly room:
And all the while, without, the windy rain
Drums like dead fingers tapping at the pane.

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON

GHOSTS OF INDIANS

INDIAN-FOOTED move the mists
From the corner of the lake,
Silent, sinuous and bent;
And their trailing feathers shake,
Tremble to forgotten leapings,

[1] From *Neighbors*. Used by permission of the author and the Macmillan Co., publishers.

While with lingerings and creepings
Down they lean again to slake
The dead thirst of parching mouths,
Lean their pale mouths in the lake.

Indian-footed move the mists
That were hiding in the pine,
But upon the oval lake
In a bent and ghostly line
Lean and drink for better sleeping. . . .
Then they turn again and—creeping
Gliding as with fur and fins—
Disappear through woods and water
On a thousand moccasins.

WITTER BYNNER

IN AN OLD NURSERY

A PRIM old room where memories stir
Through faded chintz and wall-paper,
Like bees along the lavender
Of some dim border;
Bay-windowed, whence at close of day
You see the roosty starlings sway
High on the elm-tree's topmost spray
In gossip order.

In its quaint realm how soon one slips
Back to the edge of treasure-ships,
The atmosphere of cowboy-trips
And boundless prairies;
And when the red logs fret and fume
(They're lit to-night to air the room)
Here comes a tip-toe in the gloom
Old nursery fairies.

Here come dear ghosts to him who sees—
Fat ghosts of long digested teas,

Thin little ghosts of "saying please,"
Big ghosts of birthdays,
And sundry honourable sprites
To whisper those foredone delights
Of hallowe'ens and stocking-nights
And other mirth-days.

Its walls are full of musics drawn
From twitterings in the eaves at dawn,
From swish of scythe on summer lawn,
From Shetlands pawing
The gravel by the front-door yew,
And, wind-tossed from the avenue,
Fugues of first February blue
And rooks a-cawing.

Old room, the years have galloped on,
The days that danced, the hours that shone
Have turned their backs on you and gone
By ways that harden;
But you—in you their gold and myrrh
And frankincense of dreams still stir
Like bees that haunt the lavender
Of some walled garden!

PATRICK CHALMERS

THE LISTENERS

"IS there anybody there?" said the Traveller,
Knocking on the moonlit door;
And his horse in the silence champed the grasses
Of the forest's ferny floor;
And a bird flew up out of the turret,
Above the Traveller's head:
And he smote upon the door again a second time;
"Is there anybody there?" he said.
But no one descended to the Traveller;
No head from the leaf-fringed sill

Leaned over and looked into his grey eyes,
Where he stood perplexed and still.
But only a host of phantom listeners
That dwelt in the lone house then
Stood listening in the quiet of the moonlight
To that voice from the world of men:
Stood thronging the faint moonbeams on the dark stair,
That goes down to the empty hall,
Hearkening in an air stirred and shaken
By the lonely Traveller's call.
And he felt in his heart their strangeness,
Their stillness answering his cry,
While his horse moved, cropping the dark turf,
'Neath the starred and leafy sky;
For he suddenly smote on the door, even
Louder, and lifted his head:—
"Tell them I came, and no one answered,
That I kept my word," he said.
Never the least stir made the listeners,
Though every word he spake,
Fell echoing through the shadowiness of the still house
From the one man left awake:
Ay, they heard his foot upon the stirrup,
And the sound of iron on stone,
And how the silence surged softly backward,
When the plunging hoofs were gone.

WALTER DE LA MARE

MAY FLOWERS

MAY flowers on the city street—
A keen-faced vendor sells, with eyes
Fitted for coarser merchandise
Than these pathetic bits of sweet
That breathe of vague simplicities.

May flowers on the city street—
Here where the tide of traffic roars

Against its narrow, crowded shores
Where men go by with hurrying feet
And barter swings its thousand doors.

May flowers on the city street—
Why, 'tis as though the young-eyed Spring
Herself had come—an artless thing,
A country lass, demure and neat—
To smile upon us wondering.

May flowers on the city street—
Pink and white poetry abloom
Here in this clamor, crush and gloom—
A home-thought in the battle's heat,
A love-song in a sunless room.

May flowers on the city street—
For one poor coin behold I buy
Springtime and youth and poetry,
E'en in this sordid mart unmeet
So many miles from Arcady.

THEODOSIA GARRISON

THE MINUET

A SONNET'S like a measured minuet
That poets step in, statelily and slow.
Forward and backward its powdered couplets go;
Its quatrains keep their own appointed set.

With formal grace the company is met,
In periwig, frisette, and furbelow,
Scented with ambergris and bergamot,
And no more free than finches in a net.

So when it's done, I like to fling my stiff,
High heels away and run outdoors to find
Adventure far from candled halls; and if

A thorn should prick me or a pebble hurt
Or bramble-bushes tear my silken skirt,
At least I'm going where I have a mind.

DOROTHY LEONARD

NOON-TIDE

AS in some old and simple village street
Where all day long the lazy shadows lean,
And the soft sunshine sifting in between
Makes golden all the road-side at my feet;
Where overhead the arching branches meet
Holding me close with walls of cloistered green,
Where scents come homeward clover-lade and keen,
And ways are homely and the long hours sweet.

So ever at a moment's thought of you
Amid this moil, I seem again to stand
In an old lane where we were wont to pass—
Afar the hum of bees is wafted through,
The sleepy pastures smile on either hand,
And life lies dreaming in the tangled grass.

THOMAS S. JONES, JR.

NOVEMBER EVES

NOVEMBER evenings! Damp and still
They used to cloak Leckhampton hill,
And lie down close on the grey plain,
And dim the dripping window-pane,
And send queer winds like Harlequins
That seized our elms for violins
And struck a note so sharp and low
Even a child could feel the woe.

Now fire chased shadow round the room;
Tables and chairs grew vast in gloom:

We crept about like mice, while Nurse
Sat mending, solemn as a hearse,
And even our unlearned eyes
Half closed with choking memories.

Is it the mist or the dead leaves,
Or the dead men—November eves

JAMES ELROY FLECKER

THE OLD HOUSES OF FLANDERS

I

THE old houses of Flanders,
They watch by the high cathedrals;
They over-top the high town-halls;
They have eyes, mournful, tolerant and sardonic, for the ways of men
In the high, white, tiled gables.

II

The rain and the night have settled down on Flanders;
It is all wet darkness; you can see nothing.

III

Then those old eyes, mournful, tolerant and sardonic,
Look at great, sudden, red lights,
Look upon the shades of the cathedrals;
And the golden rods of the illuminated rain,
For a second . . .

IV

And those old eyes,
Very old eyes that have watched the ways of men for generations,
Close forever.

The high, white shoulders of the gables
Slouch together for a consultation,
Slant drunkenly over in the lea of the flaming cathedrals.
They are no more, the old houses of Flanders.

FORD MADOX HUEFFER

THE PAISLEY SHAWL[1]

WHAT were his dreams who wove this coloured shawl—
The grey, hard-bitten weaver, gaunt and dour
Out of whose grizzled memory, even as a flower
Out of bleak winter at young April's call
In the old tradition of flowers breaks into bloom,
Blossomed the ancient intricate design
Of softly-glowing hues and exquisite line—
What were his dreams, crouched at his cottage loom?

What were her dreams, the laughing April lass
Who first, in the flowering of young delight,
With parted lips and eager tilted head
And shining eyes, about her shoulders white
Drew the soft fabric of kindling green and red,
Standing before the candle-lighted glass?

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON

POSSESSIONS

AN old and quiet house set down
A windy field or two from town.

And a great clump of lavender,
All day with cross, small bees astir.

Larkspur, hot-blue as with a sting;
And mint, so brief and sharp a thing.

[1] From *Neighbors*. Used by permission of the author and the Macmillan Co., publishers.

Tall, well-thumbed books upon a shelf;
A green, white-flowered jug of delf.

Old friends, who from the village walk
On Sunday afternoons, to talk

Of the new shop; the guests from town;
The wind that blew the apples down.

They go; the dusk comes from afar,
Like music blown from out a star.

Those others drift across the dew;
My early love—and you—and you!

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

PIRATES [1]

COME to me, you with the laughing face, in the night as I lie
Dreaming of days that are dead and of joys gone by;
Come to me, comrade, come through the slow-dropping rain,
Come from your grave in the darkness and let us be pirates again.

Let us be boys together to-night, and pretend as of old
We are pirates at rest in a cave among huge heaps of gold,
Red Spanish doubloons and great pieces of eight, and muskets and swords,
And a smoky red camp-fire to glint, you know how, on our ill-gotten hoards.

The old cave in the fir-wood that slopes down the hills to the sea
Still is haunted, perhaps, by young pirates as wicked as we:

[1] Reprinted by permission from *Collected Poems*, Vol. I. Copyright, 1913, by Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Though the fir with the magpie's big mud-plastered nest
used to hide it so well,
And the boys in the gang had to swear that they never
would tell.

Ah, that tree; I have sat in its boughs and looked seaward
for hours.
I remember the creak of its branches, the scent of the
flowers
That climbed round the mouth of the cave. It is odd I
recall
Those little things best, that I scarcely took heed of at all.

I remember how brightly the brass on the butt of my
spy-glass gleamed
As I climbed through the purple heather and thyme to our
eyrie and dreamed;
I remember the smooth glossy sun-burn that darkened our
faces and hands
As we gazed at the merchantmen sailing away to those
wonderful lands.

I remember the long, slow sigh of the sea as we raced in
the sun,
To dry ourselves after our swimming; and how we would
run
With a cry and a crash through the foam as it creamed
on the shore,
Then back to bask in the warm dry gold of the sand once
more.

Come to me, you with the laughing face, in the gloom as
I lie
Dreaming of days that are dead and of joys gone by;
Let us be boys together to-night and pretend as of old
We are pirates at rest in a cave among great heaps of gold.

Come; you shall be chief. We'll not quarrel, the time flies
so fast.

There are ships to be grappled, there's blood to be shed, ere our playtime be past.
No; perhaps we *will* quarrel, just once, or it scarcely will seem
So like the old days that have flown from us both like a dream.

Still; you shall be chief in the end; and then we'll go home
To the hearth and the tea and the books that we loved: ah, but come,
Come to me, come through the night and the slow-dropping rain;
Come, old friend, come thro' the darkness and let us be playmates again.

ALFRED NOYES

THE PRAYER RUG

AS supple as a tiger's skin
With wine hues and ochre blent,
It lies upon my polished floor—
Four square feet of the orient
No more than that, yet space enough
On which to build a wonder-dream
Of that far town which, half asleep
And half a myth
Lies 'neath the crescent's golden gleam.

I see Bokhara's minarets
Like sentries o'er the house-tops stand,
And far away the dropping sky
Melt in the desert's rippled sand.
Through silence born of noonday heat
And swooning radiance of the air
I hear, from high muezzin tower
Like conscience-cry
The moslem's solemn call to prayer.

And quick unrolling this bright rug
I see its owner spread it down

Where'er he stands—in porch or street—
And turn his face toward Mecca's town.
On this straight line of woven flame
His knees by Allah's law must rest;
His feet and hands these squares must touch,
And in this niche
Of softened hues his brow he pressed.

And prostrate thus, he makes his plea
To Allah five time e'er the sun
A flaming chariot through the sky
Its course from dawn to dusk has run.
This much I see with half-shut eyes,
Caught in the weird rug's thralling snare,
But ah! I cannot catch the drift of mystic signs
That fashioned forth the Moslem's prayer.

Prayed he that to his aged woes
The prophet's helping hand be lent,
As answering the muezzin's call
His wing-ed words to Allah went?
Or yet—or yet, not old, but young—
Young with his pagan blood on fire
With life and love's eternal quest,
Prayed he instead
To gain the port of Heart's Desire?

The while, his face set toward the East
He wore the rug smooth with his knees,
Did he recall some harem girl
Whose eyes flashed him love's dear decrees?
I cannot tell; the rug gives back
No faintest whisper of his prayer;
He may have asked his rival's blood
On whetted blade,
Or yielded him to love's despair.

I only know that o'er the leagues
Of sand that's gold, and sea that's brown

A subtle thread spins in my brain
To far Bokhara's sunlit town.
And visions haunt me like dim dreams
Whose baffling veil may ne'er be rent
I only know, or rich or poor, I hold in fief
Four square feet of the Orient.

SARA BEAUMONT KENNEDY

THE PRECINCT—ROCHESTER

THE tall yellow hollyhocks stand,
Still and straight,
With their round blossoms spread open,
In the quiet sunshine.
And still is the old Roman wall,
Rough with jagged bits of flint,
And jutting stones,
Old and cragged,
Quite still in its antiquity.
The pear-trees press their branches against it,
And feeling it warm and kindly,
The little pears ripen to yellow and red.
They hang heavy, bursting with juice,
Against the wall.
So old, so still!
The sky is still.
The clouds make no sound
As they slide away
Beyond the Cathedral Tower,
To the river,
And the sea.
It is very quiet
Very sunny.
The myrtle flowers stretch themselves in the sunshine,
But make no sound.
The roses push their little tendrils up,
And climb higher and higher.
In spots they have climbed over the wall.

But they are very still,
They do not seem to move.
And the old wall carries them
Without effort, and quietly
Ripens and shields the vines and blossoms.

A bird in a plane-tree
Sings a few notes,
Cadenced and perfect
They weave into the silence.
The Cathedral bell knocks,
One, two, three, and again,
And then again.
It is a quiet sound,
Calling to prayer,
Hardly scattering the stillness,
Only making it close in more densely.
The gardener picks ripe gooseberries
For the Dean's supper tonight.
It is very quiet
Very regulated and mellow.
But the wall is old.
It has known many days.
It is a Roman wall,
Left-over and forgotten.

Beyond the Cathedral Close
Yelp and mutter the discontents of people not mellow,
Not well-regulated.
People who care more for bread than for beauty,
Who would break the tombs of saints,
And give the painted windows of churches
To their children for toys.
People who say:
"They are dead, we live!
The world is for the living."

Fools! It is always the dead who breed,
Crush the ripe fruit, and cast it aside
Yet its seeds shall fructify,

And trees rise where your huts were standing.
But the little people are ignorant,
They chaffer, and swarm.
They gnaw like rats,
And the foundations of the Cathedral are honey-combed.

The Dean is in the Chapter House;
He is reading the architect's bill
For the completed restoration of the Cathedral.
He will have ripe gooseberries for supper,
And then he will walk up and down the path
By the wall,
And admire the snapdragons and dahlias,
Thinking how quiet and peaceful
The garden is.
The old wall will watch him,
Very quietly and patiently it will watch.
For the wall is old,
It is a Roman wall.

AMY LOWELL

SNUFF-BOXES

(*Morgan Collection, Metropolitan Museum*)

THESE gay snuff-boxes will be whispering still
Of fragrant satin pockets that are dust,
Of iron wrists beneath a lacy frill,
Or candles long burnt-out, or swords that rust;
Here is dim gossip told in merry gems,
A dallying glance, a hand too hotly kissed;
And here are crests for pride, and diadems,
Deep set in sapphire or pale amethyst.
Trinkets—perhaps? Or dainty souls that went
Enameled too, in colors frail and rare,
So idly living and so lightly spent,
They make a music still upon the air,
A tinkling tune for bow and stately tread,
That will play on, though all who danced are dead.

HORTENSE FLEXNER

QUOD SEMPER

Child

WHAT wind is this across the roofs so softly makes his way,
That hardly makes the wires to sing or soaring smokes to sway?

Wind

I am a weary southern wind that blows the live long day
Over the stones of Babylon,
Babylon, Babylon,
The ruined walls of Babylon, all fallen in decay.
Oh, I have blown o'er Babylon when royal was her state,
When fifty men in gold and steel kept watch at every gate,
When merchant-men and boys and maids thronged early by and late
Under the gates of Babylon,
Babylon, Babylon,
The marble gates of Babylon, when Babylon was great.

Child

Good weary wind, a little while pray let your course be stayed
And tell me of the talk they held and what the people said,
The funny folk of Babylon before that they were dead,
That walked abroad in Babylon,
Babylon, Babylon,
Before the towers of Babylon along the ground were laid.

Wind

The folks that walked in Babylon, they talked of wind and rain,
Of ladies' looks, of learned books, of merchants' loss and gain,
How such-an-one loved such-a-maid that loved him not again
(For maids were fair in Babylon.)

Babylon, Babylon,
Also the poor in Babylon of hunger did complain.

Child

But this is what the people say as on their way they go,
Under my window in the street I heard them down below.

Wind

What other should men talk about five thousand years ago?
For men they were in Babylon,
Babylon, Babylon,
That now are dust in Babylon, I scatter to and fro.

LUCY LYTTLETON

SING ME A SONG

SING me a song of a lad that is gone
Say, could that lad be I?
Merry of soul he sailed on a day
Over the sea to Skye.

Mull was astern, Rum on the port,
Egg on the starboard bow;
Glory of youth glowed in his soul:
Where is that glory now?

Sing me a song of a lad that is gone,
Say, could that lad be I?
Merry of soul he sailed on a day
Over the sea to Skye.

Give me again all that was there,
Give me the sun that shone!
Give me the eyes, give me the soul,
Give me the lad that's gone!

Sing me a song of a lad that is gone,
Say, could that lad be I?

Merry of soul he sailed on a day
Over the sea to Skye.

Billow and breeze, islands and seas,
Mountains of rain and sun,
All that was good, all that was fair,
All that was me is gone.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

A STREET SCENE

THE east is a clear violet mass
Behind the houses high;
The laborers with their kettles pass;
The carts are creaking by.

Carved out against the tender sky,
The convent gables lift;
Half way below the old boughs lie
Heaped in a great white drift.

They tremble in the passionate air;
They part, and clean and sweet
The cherry flakes fall here, fall there;
A handful stirs the street.

The workmen look up as they go;
And one, remembering plain
How white the Irish orchards blow,
Turns back, and looks again.

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

THE TREASURE

WHEN colour goes home into the eyes,
And lights that shine are shut again,
With dancing girls and sweet birds' cries
Behind the gateways of the brain;

And that no-place which gave them birth, shall close
The rainbow and the rose:—

Still may Time hold some golden space
  Where I'll unpack that scented store
Of song and flower and sky and face,
  And count, and touch, and turn them o'er,
Musing upon them; as a mother, who
Has watched her children all the rich day through,
Sits, quiet-handed, in the fading light,
When children sleep, ere night.

RUPERT BROOKE

WORDS

WORDS with the freesia's wounded scent I know,
  And those that suck the slow irresolute gold
Out of the daffodil's heart; cool words that hold
The crushed gray light of rain, or liquidly blow
The wild bee droning home across the glow
Of rippled wind-silver; or, uncontrolled,
Toss the bruised aroma of pine; and words as cold
As water torturing through frozen snow.

And there are words that strain like April hedges
Upward; lonely words with tears on them;
And syllables whose haunting crimson edges
Bleed: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem!"
And that long star-drift of bright agony:
"Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani!"

JOSEPH AUSLANDER

MELODY

From you, Beethoven, Bach, Mozart,
The substance of my dreams took fire.
You built cathedrals in my heart,
And lit my pinnacled desire.
You were the ardour and the bright
Procession of my thoughts toward prayer.
You were the wrath of storm, the light
On distant citadels aflare.

SIEGFRIED SASSOON

THE BARREL ORGAN[1]

THERE'S a barrel-organ carolling across a golden street
In the City as the sun sinks low;
And the music's not immortal; but the world has made it sweet
And fulfilled it with the sunset glow;
And it pulses through the pleasures of the City and the pain
That surround the singing organ like a large eternal light;
And they've given it a glory and a part to play again
In the Symphony that rules the day and night.

And now it's marching onward through the realms of old romance,
And trolling out a fond familiar tune,
And now it's roaring cannon down to fight the King of France,
And now it's prattling softly to the moon,
And all around the organ there's a sea without a shore
Of human joys and wonders and regrets;
To remember and to recompense the music evermore
For what the cold machinery forgets. . . .

Yes; as the music changes,
Like a prismatic glass,
It takes the light and ranges
Through all the moods that pass;
Dissects the common carnival
Of passions and regrets,
And gives the world a glimpse of all
The colours it forgets.

And there *La Traviata* sighs
Another sadder song;

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And there *Il Trovatore cries*
A tale of deeper wrong;
And bolder knights to battle go
With sword and shield and lance,
Than ever here on earth below
Have whirled into—*a dance!*—

Go down to Kew in lilac-time, in lilac-time, in lilac-time;
Go down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London!)
And you shall wander hand in hand with love in summer's wonderland;
Go down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London!)

The cherry-trees are seas of bloom and soft perfume and sweet perfume,
The cherry-trees are seas of bloom (and oh, so near to London!)
And there they say, when dawn is high and all the world's a blaze of sky
The cuckoo, though he's very shy, will sing a song for London.

The Dorian nightingale is rare and yet they say you'll hear him there
At Kew, at Kew in lilac-time (and oh, so near to London!)
The linnet and the throstle, too, and after dark the long halloo
And the golden-eyed *tu-whit, tu-whoo* of owls that ogle London.

For Noah hardly knew a bird of any kind that isn't heard
At Kew, at Kew in lilac-time (and oh, so near to London.)
And when the rose begins to pout and all the chestnut spires are out
You'll hear the rest without a doubt, all chorusing for London:—

Come down to Kew in lilac-time, in lilac-time, in lilac-time
Come down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London!)
And you shall wander hand in hand with love in summer's wonderland,
Come down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London!)

And then the troubadour begins to thrill the golden street,
In the City as the sun sinks low;
And in all the gaudy busses there are scores of weary feet
Marking time, sweet time, with a dull mechanic beat,
And a thousand hearts are plunging to a love they'll never meet,
Through the meadows of the sunset, through the poppies and the wheat,
In the land where the dead dreams go.

Verdi, Verdi, when you wrote *Il Trovatore* did you dream
Of the City when the sun sinks low,
Of the organ and the monkey and the many-coloured stream
On the Piccadilly pavement, of the myriad eyes that seem
To be litten for a moment with a wild Italian gleam
As *A che la morte* parodies the world's eternal theme
And pulses with the sunset-glow.

There's a thief, perhaps, that listens with a face of frozen stone
In the City as the sun sinks low;
There's a portly man of business with a balance of his own,
There's a clerk and there's a butcher of soft reposeful tone.
And they're all of them returning to the heavens they have known:
They are crammed and jammed in busses and—they're each of them alone
In the land where the dead dreams go.

There's a very modish woman and her smile is very bland
In the City as the sun sinks low;

And her hansom jingles onward, but her little jewelled hand
Is clenched a little tighter and she cannot understand
What she wants or why she wanders to that undiscovered land,
For the parties there are not at all the sort of thing she planned,
In the land where the dead dreams go.

There's a rowing man that listens and his heart is crying out
In the city as the sun sinks low;
For the barge, the eight, the Isis, and the coach's whoop and shout,
For the minute-gun, the counting and the long dishevelled rout,
For the howl along the tow-path and a fate that's still in doubt,
For a roughened oar to handle and a race to think about
In the land where the dead dreams go.

There's a labourer that listens to the voices of the dead
In the City as the sun sinks low;
And his hand begins to tremble and his face to smoulder red
As he sees a loafer watching him and—there he turns his head
And stares into the sunset where his April love is fled,
For he hears her softly singing and his lonely soul is led
Through the land where the dead dreams go.

There's an old and haggard demi-rep, it's ringing in her ears,
In the City as the sun sinks low;
With the wild and empty sorrow of the love that blights and sears,
Oh, and if she hurries onward, then be sure, be sure she hears,
Hears and bears the bitter burden of the unforgotten years,
And her laugh's a little harsher and her eyes are brimmed with tears
For the land where the dead dreams go.

There's a barrel-organ carolling across a golden street
In the City as the sun sinks low;
Though the music's only Verdi there's a world to make it sweet
Just as yonder yellow sunset where the earth and heaven meet
Mellows all the sooty City! Hark, a hundred thousand feet
Are marching on to glory through the poppies and the wheat
In the land where the dead dreams go.

So it's Jeremiah, Jeremiah,
What have you to say
When you meet the garland girls
Tripping on their way?

All around my gala hat
I wear a wreath of roses
(A long and lonely year it is
I've waited for the May!)

If any one should ask you,
The reason why I wear it is—
My own love, my true love
Is coming home to-day.

And it's buy a bunch of violets for the lady
(*It's lilac-time in London; it's lilac time in London!*)
Buy a bunch of violets for the lady
While the sky burns blue above:

On the other side the street you'll find it shady
(*It's lilac-time in London; it's lilac time in London!*)
And it's buy a bunch of violets for the lady
And tell her she's your own true love.

There's a barrel-organ carolling across a golden street
In the City as the sun sinks glittering and slow;

And the music's not immortal; but the world has made it sweet
And enriched it with the harmonies that make a song complete
In the deeper heavens of music where the night and morning meet,
As it dies into the sunset-glow;
And it pulses through the pleasures of the City and the pain
That surround the singing organ like a large eternal light,
And they've given it a glory and a part to play again
In the Symphony that rules the day and night.

And there, as the music changes,
The song runs round again.
Once more it turns and ranges
Through all its joy and pain,
Dissects the common carnival
Of passions and regrets;
And the wheeling world remembers all
The wheeling song forgets.

Once more *La Traviata* sighs
Another sadder song:
Once more *Il Trovatore* cries
A tale of deeper wrong;
Once more the knights to battle go
With sword and shield and lance
Till once, once more, the shattered foe
Has whirled into—a dance!

Come down to Kew in lilac-time, in lilac-time, in lilac-time;
Come down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London!)
And you shall wander hand in hand with love in summer's wonderland;
Come down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London!)

ALFRED NOYES

MUSIC

WHEN music sounds, gone is the earth I know,
And all her lovely things even lovelier grow;
Her flowers in vision flame, her forest trees
Lift burdened branches, stilled with ecstasies.

When music sounds, out of the water rise
Naiads whose beauty dims my waking eyes,
Rapt in strange dream burns each enchanted face,
With solemn echoing stirs their dwelling-place.

When music sounds, all that I was I am
Ere to this haunt of brooding dust I came;
And from Time's woods break into distant song
The swift-winged hours, as I hasten along.

WALTER DE LA MARE

SYMPHONY PATHÉTIQUE

THAT woman with the somber eyes
Had come to write and criticize,
But see her now with ardent face
Transfigured for a little space,
Leaning far forward in her seat,
Wrapt in the rhythm and the beat—
The volume and the surge of it,
The lovely lilt and swell of it;
The vigor and the urge of it;
The rapture . . . and the knell of it;
The rose and gold, the warmth and glow,
The mauve and gray, the ice and snow.
Trembling, swaying,
Pleading, praying,
Spurning, lashing,
Climbing, crashing—
Titanic rage . . . and tenderness. . .
To hurt, to heal; to curse, to bless . . .

And now the year's at June again,
And now the day's at noon again!
She settles back, and with a sigh
She puts her stubby pencil by.
She will not try to shape and frame,
To pack sensations in a name,—
To harness up the cyclone's march;
To reinforce the rainbow's arch;
Stab Pegasus with iron spur:
Use symbols for a tool
To chisel to a granite word
The subtleties she felt and heard,
Nor wind a web of gossamer
Upon a wooden spool.

RUTH COMFORT MITCHELL

WHEN MALINDY SINGS

G'WAY an' quit dat noise, Miss Lucy—
Put dat music book away;
What's de use to keep on tryin'?
Ef you practise twell you're gray,
You cain't sta't no notes a-flyin'
Lak de ones dat rants and rings
F'om de kitchen to de big woods
When Malindy sings.

You ain't got de nachel organs
Fu' to make de soun' come right,
You ain't got de tu'ns an' twistin's
Fu' to make it sweet an' light.
Tell you one thing now, Miss Lucy,
An' I'm tellin' you fu' true,
When hit comes to raal right singin',
'Tain't no easy thing to do.

Easy 'nough fu' folks to hollah
Lookin' at de lines an' dots

When dey ain't no one kin sence it,
An de chune comes in, in spots;
But fu' real melojous music,
Dat jes' strikes yo' hea't and clings,
Jes' you stan' an' listen wif me
When Malindy sings.

Ain't you nevah hyeahd Malindy?
Blessed soul, tek up de cross!
Look hyeah, ain't you jokin', honey?
Well, you don't know whut you los',
Y'ought to hyeah dat gal a'wa'blin',
Robins, la'ks, an all dem things,
Heish dey moufs an' hides dey faces
When Malindy sings.

Fiddlin, man jes' stop his fiddlin'
Lay his fiddle on de she'f;
Mockin bird quit tryin' to whistle,
'Cause he jes' so shamed hisse'f.
Folks a-playin' on de banjo
Draps dey fingahs on de strings—
Bless yo' soul—fu'gits to move 'em
When Malindy sings.

She jes' spreads huh mouf and hollahs,
"Come to Jesus," twell you hyeah
Sinnahs' tremblin' steps and voices,
Timud-lak a-drawin' neah;
Den she tu'ns to "Rock of Ages,"
Simply to de cross she clings,
An' you fin' yo' teahs adroppin'
When Malindy sings.

Who dat says dat humble praises
Wif de Master nevah counts?
Heish yo' mouf, I hyeah dat music,
Ez hit rises up an' mounts—
Floatin' by de hills an' valleys,
Way above dis buryin' sod,

Ez hit makes its way in glory
To de very gates of God!

Oh, hit's sweetah dan de music
Of an edicated band;
An' hit's dearah dan de battle's
Song o' triumph in de lan'.
It seems holier dan evenin'
When de solemn chu'ch bell rings,
Ez I sit an' ca'mly listen
When Malindy sings.

Towsah, stop dat ba'kin', hyeah me!
Mandy, mek dat chile keep still;
Don't you hyeah de echoes callin'
F'om de valley to de hill?
Let me listen, I can hyeah it,
Th'oo de bresh of angels' wings,
Sof' an' sweet, "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot,"
Ez Malindy sings.

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

TO A SCARLATTI PASSEPIED

STRANGE little tune so thin and rare,
Like scents of roses of long ago,
Quavering lightly upon the strings
Of a violin, and dying there
With a dancing flutter of delicate wings;
Thy courtly joy and thy gentle woe,
Thy gracious gladness and plaintive fears,
Are lost in the clamorous age we know,
And pale like a moon in a garish day;
A phantom of music, strangely fled
From the princely halls of the quiet dead,
Down the long lanes of the vanished years,
Echoing frailly and far away.

ROBERT SILLIMAN HILLYER

WRITTEN IN A SONG BOOK

A SONG is such a curious thing,
To last beyond a day in spring;
It comes from low; it comes from high;
Is all of earth, and all of sky.

From Laughter set at tavern door,
Round, rosy, with his cranks of yore;
From Grief, struck down upon the clod,
Crying his wild heart out to God.

Like hawthorn whitening in the grass,
To haunt the folk that by it pass;
Like sheep-bells tinkling small and clear
In star-lit fields at end of year;
Like dusk-pink silks; like Tyrian gold,
A little verse remembered, old.

And while you polish line by line—
For though so frail, it must be fine—
Ere it turns lovely, as it must,
A hundred towns tumble to dust!

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

TO SONG

HERE shall remain all tears for lovely things
And here enshrined the longing of great hearts,
Caught on a lyre whence waking wonder starts,
To mount afar upon immortal wings;
Here shall be treasured tender wonderings,
The faintest whisper that the soul imparts,
All silent secrets and all gracious arts
Where nature murmurs of her hidden springs.

O magic of a song! here loveliness
May sleep unhindered of life's mortal toll,

And noble things stand towering o'er the tide;
Here mid the years, untouched by time or stress,
Shall sweep on every wind that stirs the soul
The music of a voice that never died!

THOMAS S. JONES, JR.

TRIBUTE

Ah, did you once see Shelley plain,
And did he stop and speak to you,
And did you speak to him again?
How strange it seems and new!

ROBERT BROWNING

RUPERT BROOKE[1]

ONCE in my garret—you being far away,
Tramping the hills and breathing upland air,
Or so I fancied—brooding in my chair,
I watched the London sunshine feeble and gray
Dapple my desk, too tired to labor more,
When, looking up, I saw you standing there
Although I'd caught no footsteps on the stair,
Like sudden April at my open door.

Though now beyond earth's farthest hills you fare,
Song-crowned, immortal, sometimes it seems to me
That, if I listen very quietly,
Perhaps I'll hear a light foot on the stair
And see you, standing with your angel air,
Fresh from the uplands of eternity.

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON

SHELLEY

KNIGHT-ERRANT of the Never-ending Quest,
And minstrel of the Unfulfilled Desire;
Forever tuning thy frail earthly lyre
To some unearthly music, and possessed
With painful passionate longing to invest
The golden dream of Love's immortal fire
With mortal robes of beautiful attire,
And fold perfection to thy throbbing breast!
What wonder, Shelley, that the restless wave
Should claim thee and the leaping flame consume

1 From *Poems* (1904–1917). Used by permission of the author and the Macmillan Co., publishers.

Thy drifted form on Viareggio's beach?
These were thine elements,—thy fitting grave.
But still thy soul rides on with fiery plume,
Thy wild song rings in ocean's yearning speech!

HENRY VAN DYKE

ELEGY FOR THE IRISH POET FRANCIS LEDWIDGE

(Killed in action—July 31, 1917)

NEVER more singing
Will you go now,
Wearing wild moonlight
On your brow.
The moon's white mood
In your silver mind
Is all forgotten.
Words of wind
From off the hedgerow
After rain,
You do not hear them;
They are vain.
There is a linnet
Craves a song,
And you returning
Before long.
Now who will tell her,
Who can say
On what great errand
You are away?
You whose kindred
Were hills of Meath,
Who sang the lane-rose
From her sheath,
What voice will cry them
The grief at dawn
Or say to the blackbird
You are gone?

GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

AVE ATQUE VALE

IN MEMORIAM ARTHUR UPSON

I

YOU found the green before the Spring was sweet
And in the boughs the color of a rose,
The haunting fragrance that the south-wind knows
When May has wandered far on questing feet;
And in your heart—a wild note, full and fleet,
The first cry of a gladdened bird that goes
North to the fields of winter-laden snows,
Joyous against the blast and stinging sleet.

And now the Spring is here, the snows are gone,
The apple-blossoms fall from every tree
And all the branches throb with love and Spring;
But never comes one note to greet the dawn,
Never again a wild-glad melody—
God speed, great soul, your valiant wandering!

THOMAS S. JONES, JR.

THE QUIET SINGER

(*Ave Francis Thompson*)

HE had been singing—but I had not heard his voice;
He had been weaving lovely dreams of song,
On many a morning long.
But I, remote and far,
Under an alien star,
Listened to other singers, other birds,
And other silver words.
But does the sky-lark, singing sweet and clear,
Beg the cold world to hear?
Rather he sings for very rapture of singing,
At dawn, or in the blue, mild summer noon,
Knowing that, late or soon,
His wealth of beauty, and his high notes, ringing
Above the earth, will make some heart rejoice.

He sings, albeit alone,
Spendthrift of each pure tone,
Hoarding no single song,
No cadence wild and strong.
But one day, from a friend far overseas,
As if upon the breeze,
There came the teeming wonder of his words—
A golden troop of birds,
Caged in a little volume made to love;
Singing, singing,
Flinging, flinging
Their breaking hearts on mine, and swiftly bringing
Tears, and the peace thereof.

How the world woke anew!
How the days broke anew!
Before my tear-blind eyes a tapestry
I seemed to see,
Woven of all the dreams dead or to be.
Hills, hills of song, Springs of eternal bloom,
Autumns of golden pomp and purple gloom
Were hung upon his loom,
Winters of pain, roses with awful thorns.
Yet wondrous faith in God's dew-drenchèd morns—
These, all these I saw,
With what ecstatic awe
Wherewith one looks into Eternity.

And then I knew that, though I had not heard
His voice before,
His quiet singing, like some quiet bird
At some one's distant door,
Had made my own more sweet; had made it more
Lovely, in one of God's miraculous ways.
I knew then why the days
Had seemed more perfect to me when the Spring
Came with old burgeoning;
For somewhere in the world his voice was raised,
And somewhere in the world his heart was breaking;
And never a flower but knew it, sweetly taking

Beauty more high and noble for his sake,
As a whole wood grows lovelier for the wail
Of one sad nightingale.

Yet, if the Springs long past
Seemed wonderful before I heard his voice,
I tremble at the beauty I shall see
In seasons still to be,
Now that his songs are mine while Life shall last.
O now for me
New floods of visions open suddenly. . . .
Rejoice, my heart! Rejoice
That you have heard the Quiet Singer's voice!

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

TO THE SCHOONER CASCO

DEAR TO R. L. S.

(Remodeled for the fishing-trade of the Pacific Coast)

HAS he forsaken heaven quite
Where is no sail nor any sea,
And for the sake of lost delight
Evaded immortality,
To feel the wind that sets you free,
And tempt you to a wide blue flight
Where any trailing dawn may be
Deep-fringed with breakers bursting white?

Would he exchange all Paradise
For islands arabesqued with morn,
In your slim shape the magic lies,
And to such honor were you born.
For him shall peace grow less forlorn,
Who has the sea-light in his eyes,
And hears Orion's hunting-horn
Cry challenge down the blazing skies?

Now men forget what dawns you knew,
What painted sunsets flaring far:

For these calm coasts they destine you,
  Nor think whose Silver Ship you are.
Oh leaping bow and thrilling spar
  And canvas bright against the blue,
Your Skipper steers you for a star!
  Obey him as you used to do.

So shall you tread again the floor
  Uncharted you were wont to roam,
And flee in ecstasy before
  The squalls that fail to drive you home:
Shall hear his laughter as of yore,
  When the cloud breaks, the green waves comb
And make his spirit glad once more
  With flagons of enchanted foam!

But when the ocean's azure swoon
  Glasses some isle of memories,
Steal thither softly, to maroon
  Your wilful master, if he please!
Slip in by night behind the trees
  Of its star-paven deep lagoon,
And drift across the Pleiades
  To anchor in the floating moon.

GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

TO R. L. S.

A CHILD,
  Curious and innocent
Slips from his Nurse, and rejoicing,
Loses himself in the Fair.

Thro' the jostle and din
Wandering, he revels,
Dreaming, desiring, possessing;
Till, of a sudden
Tired and afraid, he beholds

The sordid assemblage
Just as it is; and he runs
With a sob to his Nurse
(Lighting at last on him),
And in her motherly bosom
Cries him to sleep!

Thus thro' the World,
Seeing and feeling and knowing,
Goes Man: till at last,
Tired of experience, he turns
To the friendly and comforting breast
Of the old nurse, Death.

W. E. Henley

TUSITALA

WE spoke of a rest in a fairy knowe of the North, but he,
Far from the firths of the East, and the racing tides of the West,
Sleeps in the sight and the sound of the infinite Southern Sea,
Weary and well content in his grave in the Vaëa crest.

Tusitala, the lover of children, the teller of tales,
Giver of counsel and dreams, a wonder, a world's delight,
Looks o'er the labours of men in the plain and the hill; and the sails
Pass and repass on the sea that he loved, in the day and the night.

Winds of the West and the East in the rainy season blow
Heavy with perfume, and all his fragrant woods are wet,
Winds of the East and the West as they wander to and fro,
Bear him the love of the land he loved, and the long regret.

Once we were kindest, he said, when leagues of the limitless sea
Flowed between us, but now that no wash of the wandering tides
Sunders us each from each, yet nearer we seem to be,
Whom only the unbridged stream of the river of Death divides.

ANDREW LANG

HERITAGE

While the eternal ages watch and wait.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

PAN-PIPES

PAN—did you say he was dead, that he'd gone, and for good—
Gone with the Dryads and all of the shy forest faces?
Who is it then plucked your sleeve as you came through the wood,
What of the whisper that waits in the oddest of places?

Pan of the garden, the fold,
Pan of the bird and the beast,
Kindly, he lives as of old,
He isn't dead in the least!

Yes, you may find him to-day (how the reeds twitter on,
Tuneful, as once when he followed young Bacchus's leopards);
Stiffer he may be, perhaps, since our moonlight has shone
Centuries long on his goat-horns—old Pan of the shepherds!

Brown are his tatters, his tan
Roughened from tillage and toil,
Pagan and homely, but Pan—
Pan of the sap and the soil!

Find him, in fact, in the park when the first crocus cowers;
Cockney is he when it suits him, I know that he knocks his
Crook at my window at times o'er sixpenn'orth of flowers,
Gives me his blessing anew with my fresh window-boxes!

Piping the leaf on the larch,
Piping the nymphs (in the Row),
Piping a magic of March,
Just as he did long ago.

PATRICK CHALMERS

APRIL

THROUGHOUT the vale again Narcissus cries
And Echo answers from her dark retreat,
While Zephyr, heavy laden with the sweet,
Fresh scent of blooms, across the pasture hies;
Above the blueness of the April skies,
Matched by the lure unto the wandering feet
That e'er must go ere Spring could be complete
To the green wood where laughing Eros lies.

O April lover, hear the pipes that call,
The pipes of Pan a-blowing lustily;
They call to you and me, and he who hears
Must ever after be young April's thrall—
So faring thus together we shall see
The Islands of the Blest between the Spheres!

THOMAS S. JONES, JR.

MARATHON

AND this is Marathon—this sweep of plain
Austere and treeless! yet 'tis glorious ground
Albeit naught save one unfeatured mound
Stands monument to the undaunted slain;
But at the sight the old heroic strain
Moves in the breast as at some martial sound;
Again the victor Greeks are glory-crowned,
The Persian hordes back-driven to the main!

E'en gnawing Time, with his insatiate greed,
Wears not the splendor of some names away,
But, star-like, they endure, undimmed and fair:
'Tis so with Marathon, though the spot today
Is but a wilderness of grass and reed
Lying at peace beneath the Attic air.

CLINTON SCOLLARD

THE ODYSSEY

AS one that for a weary space has lain
Lulled by the song of Circe and her wine
In gardens near the pale of Proserpine,
Where that Æan isle forgets the Main,
And only the low lutes of love complain,
And only shadows of wan lovers pine,
As such an one were glad to know the brine
Salt on his lips, and the large air again,—
So gladly, from the songs of modern speech
Men turn, and see the stars, and feel the free
Shrill wind beyond the close of heavy flowers,
And through the music of the languid hours,
They hear like ocean on a western beach
The surge and thunder of the Odyssey.

ANDREW LANG

A SONG OF SHERWOOD[1]

SHERWOOD in the twilight, is Robin Hood awake?
Grey and ghostly shadows are gliding through the brake,
Shadows of the dappled deer, dreaming of the morn,
Dreaming of a shadowy man that winds a shadowy horn.

Robin Hood is here again: all his merry thieves
Hear a ghostly bugle-note shivering though the leaves,
Calling as he used to call, faint and far away,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Merry, merry England has kissed the lips of June:
All the wings of fairyland were here beneath the moon,
Like a flight of rose-leaves fluttering in a mist
Of opal and ruby and pearl and amethyst.

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Merry, merry England is waking as of old,
With eyes of blither hazel and hair of brighter gold:
For Robin Hood is here again beneath the bursting spray
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Love is in the greenwood building him a house
Of wild rose and hawthorn and honeysuckle boughs:
Love is in the greenwood, dawn is in the skies,
And Marian is waiting with a glory in her eyes.

Hark! The dazzled laverock climbs the golden steep!
Marian is waiting; is Robin Hood asleep?
Round the fairy grass-rings frolic elf and fay,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Oberon, Oberon, rake away the gold,
Rake away the red leaves, roll away the mould,
Rake away the gold leaves, roll away the red,
And wake Will Scarlet from his leafy forest bed.

Friar Tuck and Little John are riding down together
With quarter-staff and drinking-can and grey goose-feather.
The dead are coming back again, the years are rolled away
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Softly over Sherwood the south wind blows,
All the heart of England hid in every rose
Hears across the greenwood the sunny whisper leap,
Sherwood in the red dawn, is Robin Hood asleep?

Hark, the voice of England wakes him as of old
And, shattering the silence with a cry of brighter gold
Bugles in the greenwood echo from the steep,
Sherwood in the red dawn, is Robin Hood asleep?

Where the deer are gliding down the shadowy glen
All across the glades of fern he calls his merry men—
Doublets of the Lincoln green gleaming through the May
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Calls them and they answer; from aisles of oak and ash
Rings the *Follow! Follow!* and the boughs begin to crash,
The ferns begin to flutter and the flowers begin to fly,
And through the crimson dawning the robber band goes by.

Robin! Robin! Robin! All his merry thieves
Answer as the bugle-note shivers through the leaves,
Calling as he used to call, faint and far away,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

ALFRED NOYES

DAPHNE

DO you not hear her song
When rosy showers fall
And forest whispers call
Along?

Do you not hear her feet
Now faint among the leaves—
Or is't the wind that grieves
So sweet?

Do you her face not see
Mid laurels of a glade
Where sunbeams pass—half maid
Half tree?

THOMAS S. JONES, JR.

REVEILLE

SILENT is Ida, with great Jove asleep;
No more a garlanded soft-footed throng
Thrills the wild aisles with laughter, dance and song
Naiad and faun their dreaming vigils keep.
Dried are thy dews, Olympus; dust is deep
On Enna's fields, and where the gods so long

Held their young sway—how jubilant and strong!
Vague shapes and ghostly, alien shadows creep.

The deities have slumbered long, yet still
Their old power holds us in compelling thrall.
For hearken well! From some far Delphic hill
Floats a faint strain, a reedy, flute-like call,
Breathing upon the pulseless world until
A radiant fantasy repeoples all.

ADA FOSTER MURRAY

WINGED MAN

THE moon, a sweeping scimitar, dipped in the stormy straits;
The dawn, a crimson cataract, burst through the eastern gates,
The cliffs were robed in scarlet, the sands were cinnabar,
Where first two men spread wings for flight and dared the hawk afar.

There stands the cunning workman, the crafty past all praise,
The man who chained the Minotaur, the man who built the Maze;
His young son is beside him, and the boy's face is a light
A light of dawn and wonder and of valor infinite.

Their great vans beat the cloven air, like eagles they mount up,
Motes in the wine of morning, specks in a crystal cup,
And lest his wings should melt apace, old Dædalus flies low,
But Icarus beats up, beats up—he goes where lightnings go.

He cares no more for warnings, he rushes through the sky,
Braving the crags of ether, daring the gods on high,
Black 'gainst the crimson sunset, golden o'er cloudy snows,
With all Adventure in his heart, the first winged man arose.

Dropping gold, dropping gold, where the mists of morning
rolled,
On he kept his way undaunted, though his breaths were
stabs of cold,
Through the mystery of dawning that no mortal may be-
hold.

Now he shouts, now he sings in the rapture of his wings,
And his great heart burns intenser with the strength of his
desire,
As he circles like a swallow, wheeling, flaming, gyre on
gyre.

Gazing straight at the sun, half his pilgrimage is done,
And he staggers for a moment, hurries on, reels backward,
swerves
In a rain of scattered feathers as he falls in broken curves!

Icarus, Icarus, though the end is piteous,
Yet forever, yea, forever we shall see thee rising thus,
See the first supernal glory, not the ruin hideous.

You were man: you who ran farther than our eyes can scan
Man, absurd, gigantic, eager for impossible romance,
Overthrowing all Hell's legions with one warped and broken
lance!

On the highest steeps of space he will have his dwelling
place;
In those far, terrific regions where the cold comes down
like Death
Gleams the red glint of his pinions, smoke, the vapor of his
breath.
Floating downward very clear, still the echoes reach the ear
Of a little tune he whistles and a little song he sings,
Mounting, mounting still, triumphant, on his torn and
broken wings!

STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

Many waters cannot quench love,
neither can the floods drown it:

SONG OF SOLOMON

AFTER ALL

HOW, after all, the ways that lie between,
The roads that were for you and not for me—
A Summer pasture-land, a bloom-bent tree,
And twilight through a mist of amber sheen;
For oft times are my footprints scarcely seen
But on steep crags above a stormy sea,
Yet always in my vision tenderly,
A little branch of blossoms and of green.

And if I only could that you might go
Ever upon a road-side where the lands
Are sheltered, and the ways hold no regret;
I see you down a lane where lilacs blow,
The sunlight on your head and in your hands . . .
While I remember, dear—and you forget.

THOMAS S. JONES, JR.

TWO SONGS IN SPRING

I

O LITTLE buds all bourgeoning with Spring,
You hold my winter in forgetfulness;
Without my window lilac branches swing,
Within my gate I hear a robin sing—
O little laughing blooms that lift and bless!

So blow the breezes in a soft caress,
Blowing my dreams upon a swallow's wing;
O little merry buds in dappled dress,
You fill my heart with very wantonness—
O little buds all bourgeoning with Spring!

II

At hint of Spring I have you back again—
The blush of apple-blossoms on the bough,
A scent of buds, far sweeter for the rain . . .
At hint of Spring I have you back again—
And all of time is lost since then and now.

Your voice is hidden in the thrush's song,
And in the south-wind's slumbering refrain;
You needs must come, love is so very strong,
And we who found each other waited long—
At hint of Spring I have you back again!

THOMAS S. JONES, JR.

BETWEEN TWO LOVES

I GOTTA lov' for Angela,
I lov' Carlotta, too.
I no can marry both o' dem,
So w'at I gona do?

O! Angela ees pretta girl,
She gotta hair so black, so curl,
An' teeth so white as anytheeng.
An' O! she gotta voice to seeng,
Dat mak' your hearta feel eet must
Jump up an' dance or eet weel bust.
An' alla time she seeng, her eyes
Dey smila like Italia's skies,
An' makin' flirtin' looks at you—
But dat ees all w'at she can do.

Carlotta ees no gotta song,
But she ees twice so big an' strong
As Angela, an' she no look
So beautiful—but she can cook.
You oughta see her carry wood!
I tal you w'at, eet do you good.

When she ees be som'body's wife
She worka hard, you bat my life!
She never gattin' tired, too—
But dat ees all w'at she can do.

O! my! I weesh dat Angela
Was strong for carry wood,
Or else Carlotta gotta song
An' looka pretta good.
I gotta lov' for Angela,
I lov' Carlotta, too.
I no can marry both o' dem,
So w'at I gona do?

T. A. Daly

CANDLES

JOY lights the candles in my heart
When you come in, until it seems
The racing flames must fill the room
With Marathons of gleams.

The place where we are met is gay
And glowing with the darting rout,
Till going, you swing wide the door,
And blow them out.

Babette Deutsch

CANDLE-LIGHT

AS in old days of mellow candle-light,
A little flame of gold beside the pane
Where icy branches blowing in the rain
Seem spectre fingers of a ghostly night;
Yet on the hearth the fire is warm and bright,
The homely kettle steams a soft refrain,

And to one's mind old things rush back again,
Sweet tender things still young in death's despite.

So, when the winter blasts across life's sea
Do beat about my door and shake the walls
Until the house must sink upon the sand,
Then on some magic wind of memory,
Borne swiftly to my heart a whisper falls,—
And on my arm the pressure of your hand!

THOMAS S. JONES, JR.

DREAMIN' TOWN

COME away to dreamin' town
Mandy Lou, Mandy Lou,
Whaih de skies don nevah frown,
Mandy Lou;
Whaih de streets is paved with gol',
Whaih de days is nevah col',
An' no sheep strays f'om de fol'
Mandy Lou.

An't you tiahed of every day,
Mandy Lou, Mandy Lou,
Tek my han' an' come away,
Mandy Lou,
To the place whaih dreams is King,
Whaih my heart hol's everything,
An' my soul can allus sing,
Mandy Lou.

Come away to dream wid me,
Mandy Lou, Mandy Lou,
Whaih our hands an' hea'ts are free,
Mandy Lou;
Whaih de sands is shinin' white,
Whaih de rivahs glistens bright,
Mandy Lou.

Come away to dreamland town,
Mandy Lou, Mandy Lou,
Whaih de fruit is bendin' down,
Des fu' you.
Smooth your brow of lovin' brown,
An' my love will be its crown;
Come away to dreamin' town,
Mandy Lou.

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

FROM A CAR WINDOW

PINES, and a blur of lithe young grasses;
Gold in a pool, from the western glow;
Spread of wings where the last thrush passes—
And thoughts of you as the sun dips low.

Quiet lane, and an irised meadow . . .
(*How many summers have died since then?*) . . .
I wish you knew how the deep'ning shadow
Lies on the blue and green again!

Dusk, and the curve of field and hollow
Etched in gray when a star appears:
Sunset, . . . twilight, and dark to follow
And thoughts of you through a mist of tears.

RUTH GUTHRIE HARDING

HE LIVES! HE LIVES!

HE lives! He lives! Now swing wide every gate
Upon thy kingdom, earth! O, take me in!
Now have I eyes to see thy beauty! Now
The sun rolls from his long eclipse, and hate,
Attempting worst, has failed, and terror's din
Sinks from the peace of Love's hand on my brow.

So long, so long have I in exile lain
Crouched in the dark, nor moved in any light
Save memory's. I saw no flowers but those
Of last year's blossoming, and they, for rain
Of dewy peace, dropped thirstily. Now white
And thornless springs this summer's crowning rose!

Now lift up your cups, you little flowers;
Smile, smile upon my joy! O fields,
Bow all your grasses to my laughter! Sing,
Sing, my lark, my blackbird, for Death cowers
To Love triumphant! Sing, for now he yields,
He dwindles in the shade of Love's bright wing!

O, all you hearts whom sorrow has not killed,
Share, share my joy! O, passing eyes
Of strangers, rest on my sweet peace, and you,
Less happy, hate me not for envy; stilled
To utter gentleness, my new heart hears your cries,
Steels to resolve . . . this shall men no more do.

Since Love has spared me on fair earth to live,
Given me joy to make me more than clay,
Given me my beloved, from whom streams
My light, my life; for all Love's gifts I give
My life in his, to bring men's night to day,
My brain, heart, hands, to serve men's nobler dreams.

IRENE RUTHERFORD MCLEOD

HAD I A GOLDEN POUND

(After the Irish)

HAD I a golden pound to spend,
My love should mend and sew no more.
And I would buy her a little quern,
Easy to turn on the kitchen floor.

And for her windows curtains white,
With birds in flight and flowers in bloom,

To face with pride the road to town,
And mellow down her sunlit room.

And with the silver change we'd prove
The truth of Love to life's own end,
With hearts the years could but embolden,
Had I a golden pound to spend.

FRANCIS LEDWIDGE

I KNOW

OH! I know why the alder trees
Lean over the reflecting stream;
And I know what the wandering bees
Heard in the woods of dream.

I know how the uneasy tide
Answers the signal of the moon,
And why the morning-glories hide
Their eyes in the forenoon.

And I know all the wild delight
That quivers in the sea-bird's wings,
For in one little hour last night
Love told me all these things.

ELSA BARKER

I KNOW A QUIET VALE

I KNOW a quiet vale where faint winds blow
The silver poplar-branches all awry,
And ne'er another sound comes drifting by
Save where the stream's cool waters softly flow,
Only wild-roses riot there and throw
Their perfume recklessly, the while on high
Great snowy clouds pillow the smiling sky
And cast frail shadows on the grass below.

All is the same, the summer stillness dreams
In idleness across the sunny leas,
Until for very drowsiness it seems
The wind has gone to sleep within the trees—
Yet we once laughed at what the years might bring,
And now I am alone, remembering.

THOMAS S. JONES, JR.

IN THE DUSK

DAY hangs its light between two dusks, my heart,
Always beyond the dark there is the blue.
Sometime we'll leave the dark, myself and you,
And revel in the light for evermore.
But the deep pain of you is aching smart,
And a long calling weighs upon you sore.

Day hangs its light between two dusks, and song
Is there at the beginning and the end.
You, in the singing dusk, how could you wend
The songless way Contentment fleetly wings?
But in the dark your beauty shall be strong,
Tho' only one should listen how it sings.

FRANCIS LEDWIDGE

THE INN

I

FRIENDSHIP'S an inn the roads of life afford.
—I'll speak to you in metaphor, my friend—
And there a tired man his way may wend,
And coming in, sit down beside the board,
Out of the dust and glare, and boldly send
For drink and victuals; haply cross his knees
And in the cool dark parlour take his ease,
And gossip of his journey and its end.
That's friendship; there is neither right of place

Nor landlord duties, just the short hour's stay
From the sun and weariness between those kind
And quiet walls; and when the road's to face
Stony and long again, we take our way
Keeping that respite gratefully in mind.

JOHN PRESLAND

I SHALL NOT BE AFRAID

I SHALL not be afraid any more,
Either by night or day;
What would it profit me to be afraid
With you away?

Now I am brave. In the dark night alone
All through the house I go,
Locking the doors and making windows fast
When sharp winds blow.

For there is only sorrow in my heart;
There is no room for fear,
But how I wish I were afraid again,
My dear, my dear!

ALINE KILMER

LIGHTS

YOU used to love the shining light
From some old farmhouse in the night,
Set far and lone beyond the lane,
With all its eaves adrip with rain,
And weary winds that tossed the bare
Gaunt elms and maples watching there.

You used to wonder if some breath
Of life were passing; or if death,
The pale, pale horseman rode the wind

With all the eternal years behind;
Or if the miracle of birth
Had blessed once more the sad old earth.

Sometimes you'd hear in passing by
Insistent sounds of revelry;
The rhythm of feet, while high and thin,
The sobbing, laughing violin
Sang to young hearts that measure writ
To snare dear youth and prison it.

You loved those lights, you used to say,
So bright and lone and far away,
Because they were as beacons lit
To cheer some soul and comfort it;
Some heart whose misery bare and stark
Sought refuge wandering in the dark.

And now I never see a light
In some lone window in the night
But that the old dear dream returns,
And hope awakes while memory yearns
And whispers that it yet may be
Your love may set a light for me!

MARY LANIER MAGRUDER

LILAC DUSK

WHAT ghost of an old room comes, goes at will,
Shaped there before you to your tired sight?
Is it kind-ceilinged, drenched with yellow light,
A jug of flowering herbs upon the sill?
What part of me drifts thinly back to you,
Like scent of rainy grass blown to and fro?
A succory-colored gown praised long ago?
A turn of head? A wistful word or two?
This lilac dusk, when you unlock your door—
How sad a sound the little business makes—

All these and more! To a far loveliness grown,
Your town below seems like a jewelled shore,
The sky a lustrous sea that on it breaks.
An ache comes to the room. You are alone.

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

LOVE PLANTED A ROSE

LOVE planted a rose,
And the world turned sweet,
Where the wheat-field blows
Love planted a rose.
Up the mill-wheel's prose
Ran a music-beat.
Love planted a rose,
And the world turned sweet.

KATHERINE LEE BATES

MY DEAR COMES DOWN TO MEET ME

MY dear comes down to meet me,
Comes down the little way
Where clover cops are gay,
And smiles from far to greet me
At twilight time of day.

And sun is on his laughter,
And light is on his hands,
Like dust from stranger lands,
And shining birds trail after,
Where my beloved stands.

My dear comes down to find me
Beyond the bolted door,
But we shall touch no more,
And sunset dies behind me,
And life is stretched before.

Yet still he comes to meet me,
Comes down the little way
Where clover cops are gay,
And still he smiles to greet me
At twilight time of day.

IRENE RUTHERFORD MCLEOD

A LONDON IDYLL

A HEAVY sky, and a drizzling rain
And the lamps in rigid rows;
Long smears of light all down the street
Where a lean cat stalking goes;
Blank, save a glimmer here and there
The gaunt dark houses stand—
And a man and a girl against the gate
Whispering hand in hand.

There is a little dripping sound
Of rain from off the roof;
And gleaming like black armour goes
The policeman's waterproof.
He crosses the road to give them room
As he takes his evening beat;
He also knows that heaven may look
Like a rainy London street.

JOHN PRESLAND

MARGOT

DEAR One, I cannot tell you in a word
How sweet I think you are, for you are gone;
Gone like a lovely song that I have heard,
But never learned, from new-leaved woods at dawn. . . .
I think of fluting from a distant hill
Blown in the Spring by some light shepherd boy,
Startling the winds and making birds be still;
And in my soul awakes a sudden joy,

A joy that rising to my lips must die
With such pain as the night feels when afar
Day's silver fingers slip along the sky,
And tremble up to take a fainting star.
You are the strange sweet music of my days,
And I am troubled by your strange sweet ways. . . .

GEORGE O'NEIL

SONG

LOVE'S on the highroad,
Love's in the byroad—
Love's on the meadow, and
Love's in the mart!
And down every byway
Where I've taken my way
I've met Love a-smiling—for
Love's in my heart.

DANA BURNET

SWALLOWS

IN a room that we love,
Under a lamp,
Whose soft glow falls around,
We sit each night and you read to me,
Through the silence soul-profound
And black on the yellow frieze of the walls
The swallows fly unchanging;
Round, round,—yet never around,
Ranging,—yet never ranging.

We sit and you read, your face aglow,
While amid dreams that start
I watch the swallows
As each follows

The other, swift, apart.
Till oft it seems that your words are birds
Flying into my heart,
And, singing there, and bringing there,
Love's more than artless art.

So never, in lands however far,
Or seas that wash them round,
Shall I see wings along the sky,
But instantly the sound
Of your voice shall come
And the sky, changing,
Shall be the room we love,
With its lamp-glow and time-flow-
And happy swallows ranging.

CALE YOUNG RICE

RED MAY

OUT of the window the trees in the Square
Are covered with crimson May—
You, that were all of my love and my care,
Have broken my heart today.

But though I have lost you and though I despair
Till even the past looks gray—
Out of the window the trees in the Square
Are covered with crimson May.

A. MARY F. ROBINSON

THE OLD INN

THE air is keen; Yule-tide is at the door;
And like an old inn is this heart of mine,
Where once between the holly and the pine
Mine host himself brought in the bay-decked boar;

And while the Yule-log made the rafters roar,
Old beaux and wits made merry o'er their wine.
Its glory is departed; 'neath its sign
The gayer guests regale themselves no more,
Mine host, long since grown tottering and grey,
Makes feeble cheer about the chimney vast;
Bids wine and feasting in the good old way,
Welcomes his humbler guests to their repast;
Then sits unheeding 'mid the mirth and games
And watches the old faces in the flames.

KARLE WILSON BAKER

ONE VOICE

YOU were the princess of the fairy-tale
Who spoke in emeralds instead of words,
Whose laughter left an exquisite, bright trail
Of sounds as winged and visible as birds.

I never knew until yours went from me
That any voice could love my name so much,
That just to speak it made it seem to be
A fragrance and a color and a touch.

My days are gestures of bewilderment,
My nights are attitudes of listening,
For fear you may have whispered as you went,
And I shall lose the star-like echoing.

WINIFRED WELLES

SPRING

(*After Meleager*)

NOW the bright crocus flames, and now
The slim narcissus takes the rain,
And, straying o'er the mountain's brow,
The daffodilies bud again.

The thousand blossoms wax and wane
On wold, and heath, and fragrant bough,
But fairer than the flowers art thou,
Than any growth of hill or plain.

Ye gardens, cast your leafy crown,
That my Love's feet tread it down,
Like lilies on the lilies set;
My love, whose lips are softer far
Than drowsy poppy petals are,
And sweeter than the violet!

ANDREW LANG

MY SOUL IS LIKE A GARDEN-CLOSE

MY soul is like a garden-close
Where marjoram and lilac grow,
Where soft the scent of long ago
Over the border lightly blows.

Where sometimes homing winds at play
Bear the faint fragrance of a rose—
My soul is like a garden-close
Because you chanced to pass my way.

THOMAS S. JONES, JR.

SONG

FOR me the jasmine buds unfold
And silver daisies star the lea,
The crocus hoards the sunset gold,
And the wild rose breathes for me.
I feel the sap through the bough returning,
I share the skylark's transport fine,
I know the fountain's wayward yearning,
I love, and the world is mine!

I love, and thoughts that sometime grieved,
Still well remembered, grieve not me;
From all that darkened and deceived
Upsoars my spirit free.
For soft the hours repeat one story.
Sings the sea one strain divine;
My clouds arise all flushed with glory—
I love, and the world is mine!

FLORENCE EARLE COATES

SONG

HOW do I love you?
I do not know.
Only because of you
Gladly I go.

Only because of you
Labour is sweet,
And all the song of you
Sings in my feet.

Only the thought of you
Trembles and lies
Just where the world begins—
Under my eyes.

IRENE RUTHERFORD MCLEOD

PRIME

YOUR voice is like bells over roofs at dawn
When a bird flies
And the sky changes to a fresher color.

Speak, speak, Beloved.
Say little things
For my ears to catch
And run with them to my heart.

AMY LOWELL

TO A. D.

THE nightingale has a lyre of gold,
The lark's is a clarion call,
And the blackbird plays but a boxwood flute,
But I love him best of all.

For his song is all of the joy of life,
And we in the mad, spring weather,
We two have listened till he sang
Our hearts and lips together.

W. E. HENLEY

UNITY [1]

HEART of my heart, the world is young:
Love lies hidden in every rose!
Every song that the skylark sung
Once, we thought, must come to a close:
Now we know that the spirit of song,
Song that is merged in the chant of the whole,
Hand in hand as we wander along,
What should we doubt of the years that roll?

Heart of my heart, we can not die!
Love triumphant in flower and tree,
Every life that laughs at the sky
Tells us nothing can cease to be;
One, we are one with a song to-day,
One with the clover that scents the wold,
One with the Unknown, far away,
One with the stars, when earth grows old.

Heart of my heart, we are one with the wind,
One with the clouds that are whirled o'er the lea,
One in many, O broken and blind,
One as the waves are at one with the sea!

[1] Reprinted by permission from *Collected Poems*, Vol. II. Copyright, 1913, by Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Ay! when life seems scattered apart,
Darkens, ends as a tale that is told,
One, we are one, O heart of my heart,
One, still one, while the world grows old.

ALFRED NOYES

THE WAY BACK

NO more the road shall turn,
And sudden through the trees, the hills,
The gleam of water, and the winding road.
Never at sunset the low lying clouds,
The scent of all the loveliness of Spring,
And then the moon and silence and your hand.

But I shall ever turn
Back on that road
In memory, and stand
With you at sunset, while the clouds
Lie golden on those well-loved hills. . . .
So shall I ever come to you and Spring.

THOMAS S. JONES, JR.

APOLOGY

BE not angry with me that I bear
Your colors everywhere,
All through each crowded street,
And meet
The wonder-light in every eye,
As I go by.

Each plodding wayfarer looks up to gaze
Blinded by rainbow-haze,
The stuff of happiness,
No less,
Which wraps me in its glad-hued folds
Of peacock golds.

Before my feet the dusty, rough-paved way
Flushes beneath its gray.
My steps fall ringed with light,
  So bright
It seems a myriad suns are strown
About the town.

Around me is the sound of steepled bells,
And rich perfuméd smells
Hang like a wind-forgotten cloud,
  And shroud
Me from close contact with the world.
I dwell impearled.

You blazen me with jewelled insignia.
A flaming nebula
Rims in my life. And yet
  You set
The word upon me, unconfessed,
To go unguessed.

AMY LOWELL

WEALTH

For Aline

FROM what old ballad or from what rich frame
  Did you descend to glorify the earth?
Was it from Chaucer's singing-book you came?
Or did Watteau's small brushes give you birth?

Nothing more exquisite than that slim hand
Did Raffael or Leonardo trace,
Nor could the poets learn in Fairyland
To write the lyric wonder of your face.

I would possess a store of lovely things
But I am poor and so this may not be.
Yet God, who lifts the poor and humbles kings
Sent loveliness itself to dwell with me.

JOYCE KILMER

WAR AND PATRIOTISM

Allons! after the great companions and to belong
to them! . . .
They go! they go! I know that they go, but
I know not where they go,
But I know that they go toward the best—
toward something great.

WALT WHITMAN

ABRAHAM LINCOLN WALKS AT MIDNIGHT[1]

(In Springfield, Illinois)

IT is portentous, and a thing of state
That here at midnight, in our little town
A mourning figure walks, and will not rest,
Near the old court-house pacing up and down.

Or by his homestead, or in shadowed yards
He lingers where his children used to play,
Or through the market, on the well-worn stones
He stalks until the dawn-stars burn away.

A bronzed, lank man! His suit of ancient black,
A famous high top-hat and plain worn shawl
Make him the quaint great figure that men love,
The prairie-lawyer, master of us all,

He cannot sleep upon his hillside now.
He is among us:—as in times before!
And we who toss and lie awake for long
Breathe deep, and start, to see him pass the door.

His head is bowed. He thinks on men and kings.
Yea, when the sick world cries, how can he sleep?
Too many peasants fight, they know not why,
Too many homesteads in black terror weep.

The sins of all the war-lords burn his heart.
He sees the dreadnaughts scouring every main.
He carries on his shawl-wrapped shoulders now
The bitterness, the folly and the pain.

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1 From *The Congo*. Used by special arrangement with the Macmillan Co., publishers.

He cannot rest until a spirit-dawn
Shall come; the shining hope of Europe free;
The league of sober folk, the Workers' Earth,
Bringing long peace to Cornland, Alp and Sea.

It breaks his heart that kings must murder still,
That all his hours of travail here for men
Seem yet in vain. And who will bring white peace
That he may sleep upon his hill again?

VACHEL LINDSAY

BEFORE ACTION[1]

I SIT beside the brazier's glow,
And, drowsing in the heat,
I dream of daffodils that blow
And lambs that frisk and bleat—

White lambs that frolic in the snow
Among the daffodils,
In a far orchard that I know
Beneath the Malvern hills.

Next year the daffodils will blow,
And lambs will frisk and bleat;
But I'll not feel the brazier's glow,
Nor any cold or heat.

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON

BATTLE SLEEP

SOMEWHERE, O sun, some corner there must be
Thou visitest, where down the strand
Quietly, still, the waves go out to sea
From the green fringes of a pastoral land.

[1] From *Poems*. Used by permission of the author and the Macmillan Co., publishers.

Deep in the orchard-bloom the roof-trees stand,
The brown sheep graze along the bay,
And through the apple-boughs above the sand
The bees' hum sounds no fainter than the spray.

There through uncounted hours declines the day
To the low arch of twilight's close,
And, just as night about the moon grows gray,
One sail leans westward to the fading rose.

Giver of dreams, O thou with scatheless wing
Forever moving through the fiery hail,
To flame-seared lids the cooling vision bring,
And let some soul go seaward with that sail.

EDITH WHARTON

CASUALTIES [1]

ANGUS ARMSTRONG

GHOSTLY through the drifting mist the lingering snow-wreaths glimmer,
And ghostly comes the lych-owl's haunting cry,
And ghostly with wet fleeces in the watery moon ashimmer,
One by one the grey sheep slowly pass me by.

One by one through bent and heather, disappearing in the hollow,
Ghostly shadows down the grassy track they steal:
And I dread to see them passing, lest a ghost behind them follow—
A ghost from Flanders follow, dog at heel.

RALPH STRAKER

SOFTLY out of the dove-grey sky
Drift the snow-flakes fine and dry
Till braeside and bottom are all heaped high.

1 From *Neighbors*. Used by permission of the author and the Macmillan Co., publishers.

Remembering how he would love to go
Over the crisp and the creaking snow,
I wonder that now he can lie below.

If softly out of the Flanders sky
Drift the snow-flakes fine and dry
Till crater and shell-hole are all heaped high.

PHILIP DAGG

IT pricked like needles slashed into his face,
The unceasing rustling smother of dry snow
That stormed the ridge on that hell-raking blast:

And then he knew the end had come at last,
And stumbled blindly, muttering "Cheerio!"
Into eternity and left no trace.

NOEL DARK

SHE sleeps in bronze, the Helen of his dream,
Within the quiet of my little room,
Touched by a kindling birch-log's flickering gleam
To tenderer beauty in the rosy gloom.

She sleeps in bronze: and he who fashioned her,
Shaping the wet clay with such eager joy,
Slumbers as soundly where the cold winds stir
The withered tussocks on the plains of Troy.

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON

ANNE RUTLEDGE[1]

OUT of me unworthy and unknown
The vibrations of deathless music;
"With malice toward none, with charity for all."
Out of me the forgiveness of millions toward millions,

[1] From *Spoon River Anthology*. Used by permission of the author and the Macmillan Co., publishers.

And the beneficent face of a nation
Shining with justice and truth.
I am Anne Rutledge who sleep beneath these weeds,
Beloved in life of Abraham Lincoln,
Wedded to him, not through union,
But through separation.
Bloom forever, O Republic,
From the dust of my bosom!

EDGAR LEE MASTERS

THE ANTHEM FOR DOOMED YOUTH

WHAT passing bells for those who died as cattle?
Only the monstrous anger of the guns.
Only the stuttering rifle's rapid rattle
Can patter out their hasty orisons.
No mockeries for them, no prayers nor bells,
Nor any voice of mourning save the choirs—
The shrill demented choirs of wailing shells;
And bugles calling for them from sad shires.

What candles may be held to speed them all?
Not in the hands of boys, but in their eyes
Shall shine the holy glimmers of good-bys.
The pallor of girls' brows shall be their pall
Their flowers, the tenderness of patient minds,
And each slow dusk a drawing-down of blinds.

WILFRED OWEN

COLUMBUS

THE night air brings strange whisperings—vague scents—
Over the unknown ocean, which his dreams
Had spanned with visions of new continents;
Fragrance of clove and cedar, and the balms
With which the heavy tropic forest teems,
With murmur as of wind among the palms.

They breathe across the high deck where he stands
With far-set eyes, as one who dreams awake
Waiting sure dawn of undiscovered lands;
Till on the slow lift of the purple swells,
The golden radiances of morning break
Lighting the emblazoned sails of Caravels.

Then from the foremost sounds a sudden cry—
The Old World's startled greeting to the New—
For lo! the land, across the western sky!
The exultant land! Oh long-starved hopes, black fears,
Gibings of courtiers, mutinies of crew—
Answered forever, as that shore appears!

Great Master Dreamer! Grander than Cathay,
Richer than India, that new Western World
Shall flourish when Castile has passed away.
Not even thy gigantic vision spanned
Its future, as with cross and flag unfurled,
Thy deep Te Deum sounded on the strand.

By this small outpost of the unbounded shore—
This small, bright island, slumbering in the sea,—
A long, resistless tide of life shall pour;
Loosed from its long-worn fetters, joyous, free,
Leaping to heights none ever touched before
And hurrying on to greater things to be.

The end is larger than thy largest plan;
Nobler than golden fleets of argosies
The land and life new-opening to man.
Within the womb of this mysterious morn
Quicken vast cities, mighty destinies,
Ideals and empires, waiting to be born.

But—yet there are but three small caravels,
Wrapped in the magic radiance of the seas,
Slow-moved, slow heaving on low bosomed swells.

CHARLES BUXTON GOING

THE DEAD

BLOW out, you bugles, over the rich Dead!
There's none of these so lonely and poor of old,
But, dying, has made us rarer gifts than gold.
These laid the world away; poured out the red
Sweet wine of youth; gave up the years to be
Of work and joy, and that unhoped serene,
That men call age; and those who would have been,
Their sons, they gave, their immortality.

Blow, bugles, blow! They brought us, for our dearth,
Holiness, lacked so long, and Love, and Pain.
Honour has come back, as a king, to earth.
And paid his subjects with a royal wage;
And Nobleness walks in our ways again;
And we have come into our heritage.

RUPERT BROOKE

A CHANT OF LOVE FOR ENGLAND

A SONG of hate is a song of Hell;
Some there be that sing it well.
Let them sing it loud and long,
We lift our hearts in a loftier song;
We lift our hearts to Heaven above,
Singing the glory of her we love,—
England!

Glory of thought and glory of deed,
Glory of Hampden and Runnymede;
Glory of ships that sought far goals,
Glory of swords and glory of souls!
Glory of songs mounting as birds,
Glory immortal of magical words;
Glory of Milton, glory of Nelson,
Tragical glory of Gordon and Scott;
Glory of Shelley, glory of Sidney,

Glory transcendent that perishes not,—
Hers is the story, hers be the glory,
England!

Shatter her beauteous breast ye may:
The Spirit of England none can slay!
Dash the bomb on the dome of Paul's
Deem ye the fame of the Admiral falls?
Pry the stone from the chancel floor,—
Dream ye that Shakespeare shall live no more?
Where is the giant shot that kills
Wordsworth walking the old green hills?
Trample the red rose on the ground,—
Keats is Beauty while Earth spins round!
Bind her, grind her, burn her with fire,
Cast her ashes into the sea,—
She shall escape, she shall aspire,
She shall rise to make men free:
She shall rise in a sacred scorn,
Lighting the lives that are yet unborn;
Spirit supernal, splendor eternal,
England!

HELEN GRAY CONE

THE DEAD

THESE hearts were woven of human joys and cares,
Washed marvellously with sorrow, swift to mirth,
The years had given them kindness. Dawn was theirs,
And sunset, and the colours of the earth.
These had seen movement, and heard music; known
Slumber and waking; loved; gone proudly friended;
Felt the quick stir of wonder; sat alone;
Touched flowers and furs and cheeks. All this is ended.

There are waters blown by changing winds to laughter
And lit by the rich skies, all day. And after,

Frost, with a gesture, stays the waves that dance
And wandering loveliness. He leaves a white
Unbroken glory, a gathered radiance,
A width, a shining peace, under the night.

RUPERT BROOKE

DREAMERS

SOLDIERS are citizens of death's grey land,
Drawing no dividend from time's to-morrows.
In the great hour of destiny they stand,
Each with his feuds, and jealousies, and sorrows.
Soldiers are sworn to action; they must win
Some flaming, fatal climax with their lives.
Soldiers are dreamers; when the guns begin
They think of firelit homes, clean beds, and wives.

I see them in foul dug-outs, gnawed by rats,
And in the ruined trenches, lashed with rain,
Dreaming of things they did with balls and bats,
And mocked by hopeless longing to regain
Bank-holidays, and picture shows, and spats,
And going to the office in the train.

SIEGFRIED SASSOON

DULCE ET DECORUM

O YOUNG and brave, it is not sweet to die,
To fall and leave no record of the race,
A little dust trod by the passers-by,
Swift feet that press your lonely resting-place;
Your dreams unfinished, and your song unheard—
Who wronged your youth by such a careless word?

All life was sweet—veiled mystery in its smile;
High in your hands you held the brimming cup;
Love waited at your bidding for a while,

Not yet the time to take its challenge up;
Across the sunshine came no faintest breath
To whisper of the tragedy of death.

And then, beneath the soft and shining blue,
Faintly you heard the drum's insistent beat;
The echo of its urgent note you knew,
The shaken earth that told of marching feet;
With quickened breath you heard your country's call,
And from your hands you let the goblet fall.

You snatched the sword, and answered as you went,
For fear your eager feet should be outrun,
And with the flame of your bright youth unspent
Went shouting up the pathway to the sun.
O valiant dead, take comfort where you lie.
So sweet to live? Magnificent to die!

T. P. Cameron Wilson

THE DREAMERS

BLUE and buff; and the tramp of feet,
Sunlight folding a village street
And over the ranks a "colored rag
That damned colonials called a flag"!
Motley uniforms, side by side
With carded homespun, butternut-dyed;
Lean, brown faces and steady eyes
Filled with the dream that never dies
The drum-beat echoes from hill to hill;
They have passed—but the dream lives still.

Blue and gray, and the cannon smoke
Sullen drifting from palm to oak,
To each a vision that drove them forth,
From gallant southland to victor north,
Though the comrade glory of olden years
Is scarred with hatred and marred with tears,

Yet born of the travail of those that died
The soul of the nation is unified
The call of the bugles lingers shrill
They have passed—but the dream lives still.

Khaki-brown, and the trenches grim
With the strain of the dawn-light, gray and dim,
Ankle-deep in the freezing mud,
Raked with shrapnel, and caked with blood,
Tommy and poilu, gaunt and tense
With the bitter odds of a long defense—
And lines of Khaki that surged and stood
In cheering thousands at Belleau Wood
From St. Mihiel to the torn Argonne
They have passed—but the dream lives on.

Sons of Concord and Bunker Hill
Is the tyranny dead that you went to kill?
Is slavery done? and the bitter need
Of trodden millions to serve man's greed?
Have you no foes at home to fight,
Woes to lighten and wrongs to right,
Now in the dawn of a world's release
From sword-stained horror to plow-shared peace?
Yours the choice—will you take or give?
You shall pass—will the dream still live?

MARTHA HASKELL CLARK

THE DYING PATRIOT

DAY breaks on England down the Kentish hills,
Singing in the silence of the meadow-footing rills,
Day of my dreams, O day!
I saw them march from Dover, long ago,
With a silver cross before them, singing low,
Monks of Rome from their home where the blue seas break in foam,
Augustine with his feet of snow.

Noon strikes on England, noon on Oxford town,
—Beauty she was statue cold—there's blood upon her gown:
Noon of my dreams, O noon!
Proud and godly kings had built her, long ago,
With her towers and tombs and statues all arow,
With her fair and floral air and the love that lingers there,
And the streets where the great men go.

Evening on the olden, the golden sea of Wales,
When the first star shivers and the last wave pales:
Oh evening dreams!
There's a house that Britons walked in, long ago,
Where now the springs of ocean fall and flow,
And the dead robed in red and sea-lilies overhead
Sway when the long winds blow.

Sleep not, my country: though night is here, afar
Your children of the morning are clamorous for war:
Fire in the night, O dreams!
Though she send you as she sent you, long ago,
South to desert, east to ocean, west to snow,
West of these out to seas colder than the Hebrides I must go
Where the fleet of stars is anchored, and the young
Star-captains glow.

JAMES ELROY FLECKER

THE FLAGS ON FIFTH AVENUE

ABOVE the stately roofs, wind-lifted, high,
A lane of vivid color in the sky,
They ripple cleanly, seen of every eye.

This is your flag: none other: yours alone:
Yours then to honour: And where it is flown
By your devotion let your heart be known.

Feeble the man who dare not bow the knee
Before some symbol greater far than he—
This is no pomp and no idolatry.

Emblem of youth, and hope, and strength held true
By honour, and by wise forbearance, too—
God bless the flags along the Avenue!

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

THE GOOD JOAN

ALONG the thousand roads of France,
Now there, now here, swift as a glance,
A cloud, a mist blown down the sky,
Good Joan of Arc goes riding by.

In Domremy at candle-light,
The orchards blowing rose and white
About the shadowy houses lie;
And Joan of Arc goes riding by.

On Avignon there falls a hush,
Brief as the singing of a thrush
Across old gardens April-high;
And Joan of Arc goes riding by.

The women bring the apples in,
Round Arles when the long gusts begin,
Then sit them down to sob and cry;
And Joan of Arc goes riding by.

Dim fall of hoofs round old Calais;
In Tours a flash of silver-gray,
Like flaw of rain in a clear sky;
And Joan of Arc goes riding by.

Who saith that ancient France shall fail,
A rotting leaf driv'n down the gale?

Then her sons know not how to die;
Then good God dwells no more on high.

Tours, Arles, and Domremy reply!
For Joan of Arc goes riding by.

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

THE HIPE[1]

"WHAT do you with your rifle, son?" I clean it every day,
And rub it with an oily rag to keep the rust away;
I slope, present, and port the thing when sweating on parade.
I strop my razor on the sling; the bayonet stand is made
For me to hang my mirror on. I often use it too,
As handle for the dixie, sir, and lug around the stew.
"But did you ever fire it, son?" Just once, but never more
I fired it at a German trench, and when my work was o'er
The sergeant down the barrel glanced and then he said to me,
"Your hipe is dirty. Penalty is seven days' C. B."

PATRICK MACGILL

HOW WILL IT SEEM

HOW will it seem when Peace comes back once more,
After these desperate days of shattering pain?
How will it be with all of us again,
When hushed forever is the thunder of War?
There still are primroses by many a shore;
And still there bloom, in many a lovely lane,
Hawthorn and lilacs; and the roses' stain
Is red against full many a garden door.

[1] *Hipe*, army slang for *rifle*.

O days to be! O honeyed nights of sleep,
When the white moon shall mount the quiet sky!
Shall we be wholly happy when buds creep,
Remembering those who dared to bleed and die?
Can we be glad again? Nay, we shall weep
For those who told this sad, glad world goodbye.

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

"I HAVE A RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH"

I HAVE a rendezvous with Death
At some disputed barricade,
When spring comes back with rustling shade
And apple-blossoms fill the air—
I have a rendezvous with Death
When Spring brings back blue days and fair.

It may be he shall take my hand
And lead me into his dark land
And close my eyes and quench my breath—
It may be I shall pass him still.
I have a rendezvous with Death
On some scarred slope of battered hill,
When Spring comes round again this year
And the first meadow-flowers appear.

God knows 't were better to be deep
Pillowed in silk and scented down,
Where Love throbs out in blissful sleep,
Pulse nigh to pulse, and breath to breath,
Where hushed awakenings are dear . . .
But I've a rendezvous with Death
At midnight in some flaming town,
When Spring trips north again this year,
And I to my pledged word am true,
I shall not fail that Rendezvous.

ALAN SEEGER

A HILL IN PICARDY

THERE is a little hill in Picardy
That, in the bygone days, was fair to see
With silvery leaves of the slim poplar tree.
Ah, lovely little hill in Picardy!

White were the boles as are a maiden's hands;
And there were willow-withes and hazel-wands,
And ferns, with frail antennæ of their fronds.
Ah, lovely little hill in Picardy!

And there the purple violets made spring
A dream of loveliness; many a tender thing—
Vervain and vetch—added its glamouring,
Ah, lovely little hill in Picardy!

And there was morn and vesper song of birds
Whereto the wind joined with its joyous words;
And there was kindly shade for the sleek herds,
Ah, lovely little hill in Picardy!

But now—but now—what is there left to see
Save desolation? Riven earth and tree
And lines of crosses tell their tale. Ah, me,
This lonely little hill in Picardy!

CLINTON SCOLLARD

THE IRON MUSIC

THE French guns roll continuously
And our guns heavy, slow;
Along the Ancre sinuously,
The transport wagons go,
And the dust is on the thistles
And the larks sing up on high—
But I see the Golden Valley
Down by Tintern on the Wye.

For it's just nine weeks last Sunday
Since we took the Chepstow train,
And I'm wondering if one day
We shall do the like again;
For the four-point-two's come screaming
Thro' the sausages on high;
So there's little use in dreaming
How we walked above the Wye.

Dust and corpses in the thistles
Where the gas shells burst like snow
And the shrapnel screams and whistles
On the Becourt road below,
And the High Wood bursts and bristles
Where the mine-clouds foul the sky . . .
But I'm with you up at Wyndcroft
Over Tintern on the Wye.

FORD MADOX HUEFFER

IT'S A FAR, FAR CRY

IT'S a far, far cry to my own land,
A hundred leagues or more,
To moorlands where the fairies flit
In Rosses and Gweedore
Where white maned waves come prancing up
To Dooran's rugged shore.

There's a cabin there by a holy well,
Once blessed by Columbcille,
And a holly bush and a fairy fort
On the slope of Glenties Hill,
Where the dancing feet of many winds
Go roving at their will.

My heart is sick of the level lands,
Where the wingless windmills be,
Where the long-nosed guns from dusk to dawn

Are speaking angrily;
But the little home by Glenties Hill,
Ah, that's the place for me.

A candle stuck on the muddy floor,
Lights up the dug-out wall,
And I see in its flame the prancing sea
And the mountains straight and tall;
For my heart is more than often back
By the hills of Donegal.

PATRICK MACGILL,

JOAN OF ARC AT DOMREMY

LORD CHRIST, if I might serve Thee in my heart
Within some convent close, whose quiet walls
Enfold a garden—there with Thee apart
To walk in holiness, where sunlight falls

And birds sing through the arbors all the day!
Or, if this may not be, then in my room
Warded by angels, might I hide away
And glad and silent, with my wheel and loom

In toil and meditation, maidenly,
With prayer and fasting make my soul so white
The Blessed Virgin might reach forth to me
Her arms that cradled Thee! Lord, if I might!

But ah, the visions and the voices, Lord!
Thy heaven is all a flashing of white fire,
And every angel bears a flaming sword
Calling me forth. . . . Lord, if at Thy desire

I must put by the distaff and the wheel,
I am Thy handmaid . . . Make me unto France
A heart of adamant and edge of steel
Like Deborah of old. Cry the advance!

Yet be thou near, in this Thy way I take—
For look, dear God! Across it falls the shame,
The shadow of the scaffold and the stake,
And in my flesh the writhing of the flame!

CHARLES BUXTON GOING

LINCOLN[1]

I

LIKE a gaunt, scraggly pine
Which lifts its head above the mournful sandhills;
And patiently, through dull years of bitter silence,
Untended and uncared for, starts to grow.

Ungainly, labouring, huge,
The wind of the north has twisted and gnarled its branches;
Yet in the heat of midsummer days, when thunderclouds ring the horizon,
A nation of men shall rest beneath its shade.

And it shall protect them all,
Hold everyone safe there, watching aloof in silence;
Until at last one mad stray bolt from the zenith
Shall strike it in an instant down to earth.

II

There was a darkness in this man; an immense and hollow darkness,
Of which we may not speak, nor share with him, nor enter;
A darkness through which strong roots stretched downwards into the earth
Towards old things;

Towards the herdman-kings who walked the earth and spoke with God,

[1] From *Breakers and Granite*. Used by permission of the author and the Macmillan Co., publishers.

Towards the wanderers who sought for they knew not what,
and found their goal at last;
Towards the men who waited, only waited patiently when
all seemed lost,
Many bitter winters of defeat;

Down to the granite of patience,
These roots swept, knotted fibrous roots, prying, piercing,
seeking,
And drew from the living rock and the living waters about
it,
The red sap to carry upwards to the sun.

Not proud, but humble,
Only to serve and pass on, to endure to the end through
service;
For the axe is laid at the roots of the trees, and all that
bring not forth good fruit
Shall be cut down on the day to come and cast into the
fire.

III

There is silence abroad in the land today,
And in the hearts of men, a deep and anxious silence;
And, because we are still at last, those bronze lips slowly
open,
Those hollow and weary eyes take on a gleam of light.

Slowly a patient, firm-syllabled voice cuts through the end-
less silence,
Like labouring oxen that drag a plow through the chaos of
rude clay-fields;
"I went forward as the light goes forward in early Spring,
But there were also many things which I left behind.

"Tombs that were quiet;
One, of a mother, whose brief light went out into the dark-
ness,

One, of a loved one, the snow on whose grave is long falling,
One, only of a child, but it was mine.

"Have you forgot your graves? Go, question them in anguish,
Listen long to their unstirred lips. From your hostages to silence,
Learn there is no life without death, no dawn without sunsetting,
No victory but to him who has given all."

IV

The clamour of cannon dies down, the furnace-mouth of the battle is silent,
The midwinter sun dips and descends, the earth takes on afresh its bright colours.
But he whom we mocked and obeyed not, he whom we scorned and mistrusted,
He has descended, like a god, to his rest.

Over the uproar of cities,
Over the million intricate threads of life weaving and crossing,
In the midst of problems we know not, tangling, perplexing, ensnaring,
Rises one white tomb alone.

Beam over it, stars,
Wrap it 'round, stripes—stripes red for the pain that he bore for you—
Enfold it forever, O, flag, rent, soiled, but repaired through your anguish;
Long as you keep him there safe, the nations shall bow to your law.

Strew over him flowers:
Blue forget-me-nots from the north, and the bright pink arbutus

From the east, and from the west rich orange blossoms,
But from the heart of the land take the passion-flower;

Rayed, violet, dim,
With the nails that pierced, the cross that he bore and the circlet,
And beside it there lay also one lonely snow-white magnolia,
Bitter for remembrance of the healing which has passed.

April 19, 1916 JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

PRO REGE NOSTRO

WHAT have I done for you,
England, my England?
What is there I would not do,
England, my own!
With your glorious eyes austere,
As the Lord were walking near,
Whispering terrible things and dear
As the song on your bugles blown,
England—
Round the world on your bugles blown!

Where shall the watchful Sun,
England, my England,
Watch the master-work you've done,
England, my own?
When shall he rejoice agen
Such a breed of mighty men
As come forward, one to ten,
To the song on your bugles blown,
England—
Down the years on your bugles blown?

Ever the faith endures,
England, my England:—
Take and break us: we are yours,
England, my own!

Life is good, and joy runs high
Between English earth and sky:
Death is death; but we shall die
To the song on your bugles blown,
England—
To the stars in your bugles blown!

They call you proud and hard,
England, my England:
You with worlds to watch and ward,
England, my own!
You whose mailed hand keeps the keys
Of such teeming destinies,
You could know nor dread nor ease,
Were the Song on your bugles blown,
England—
Round the Pit on your bugles blown!

Mother of ships whose might,
England, my England,
Is the fierce old sea's delight,
England, my own,
Chosen daughter of the Lord,
Spouse-in-chief of the ancient Sword,
There's the menace of the word
In the song on your bugles blown,
England—
Out of heaven on your bugles blown!

W. E. Henley

LINCOLN, THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE

WHEN the Norn Mother saw the Whirlwind Hour,
Greatening and darkening as it hurried on,
She left the Heaven of Heroes and came down
To make a man to meet the mortal need.
She took the tried clay of the common road—
Clay warm yet with the genial heat of Earth,

Dashed through it all a strain of prophecy,
Tempered the heap with thrill of human tears,
Then mixt a laughter with the serious stuff.
Into the shape she breathed a flame to light
That tender, tragic, ever-changing face;
And laid on him a sense of the Mystic Powers,
Moving—all husht—behind the mortal veil.
Here was a man to hold against the world,
A man to match the mountains and the sea.

The color of the ground was in him, the red earth;
The smack and tang of elemental things:
The rectitude and patience of the cliff;
The good-will of the rain that loves all leaves;
The friendly welcome of the wayside well;
The courage of the bird that dares the sea;
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;
The pity of the snow that hides all scars;
The secrecy of streams that make their way
Under the mountain to the rifted rock;
The tolerance and équity of light
That gives as freely to the shrinking flower
As to the great oak flaring to the wind—
To the grave's low hill as to the Matterhorn
That shoulders out the sky. Sprung from the West,
He drank the valorous youth of a new world.
The strength of virgin forests braced his mind,
The hush of spacious prairies stilled his soul.
His words were oaks in acorns; and his thoughts
Were roots that firmly gript the granite truth.

Up from log cabin to the Capitol,
One fire was on his spirit, one resolve—
To send the keen ax to the root of wrong,
Clearing a free way for the feet of God,
The eyes of conscience testing every stroke,
To make his deed the measure of a man.
He built the rail-pile and he built the State,
Pouring his splendid strength through every
blow:

The grip that swung the ax in Illinois
Was on the pen that set a people free.

So came the Captain with the mighty heart;
And when the judgment thunders split the house,
Wrenching the rafters from their ancient rest,
He held the ridgepole up, and spikt again
The rafters of the Home. He held his place—
Held the long purpose like a growing tree—
Held on through blame and faltered not at praise.
And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
As when a lordly cedar, green with boughs,
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

EDWIN MARKHAM

THE SPIRES OF OXFORD

(Seen from the train)

I SAW the spires of Oxford
As I was passing by,
The gray spires of Oxford
Against a pearl-gray sky;
My heart was with the Oxford men
Who went abroad to die.

The years go fast in Oxford,
The golden years and gay,
The hoary colleges look down
On careless boys at play.
But when the bugles sounded—War!
They put their games away.

They left the peaceful river,
The cricket-field, the quad,
The shaven lawns of Oxford
To seek a bloody sod.
They gave their merry youth away
For country and for God.

God rest you happy gentlemen,
  Who laid your good lives down,
Who took the khaki and the gun
  Instead of cap and gown.
God bring you to a fairer place
  Than even Oxford town.

WINIFRED M. LETTS

NIGHT ROAD

A PITCH-BLACK road, and rain;
  Mud underfoot;
No lights;
The crunch of wheels;
The jangle of a chain;
The noisy bumping of a camion train.

Dim forms;
The shuffling steps of men;
The slush of mud;
A vivid lightning flash,
A rocket's flare,
A shell's slow droning through the air.

Black dank woods;
An endless wagon line;
A spurt of fire,
Across—then blackness;
Endless rain;
The noisy bumping of a camion train.

ROBERT A. DONALDSON

Chemin des Dames, October, 1917

SAFETY

DEAR! of all happy in the hour, most blest
  He who has found our hid security,
Assured in the dark tides of the world that rest,
And heard our word, 'Who is so safe as we?'

We have found safety with all things undying,
The winds, and morning, tears of men and mirth,
The deep night, and birds singing, and clouds flying,
And sleep, and freedom, and the autumnal earth.
We have built a house that is not for Time's throwing,
We have gained a peace unshaken by pain for ever.
War knows no power. Safe shall be my going.
Secretly armed against all death's endeavour;
Safe though all safety's lost; safe where men fall;
And if these poor limbs die, safest of all.

RUPERT BROOKE

THE SMILE OF REIMS

"THE Smile" they called her,—"La Sourire" and fair—
A sculptured angel on the northern door
Of the Cathedral's west façade—she wore
Through the long centuries of toil and care
That smile, mysteriously wrought and rare,
As if she saw brave visions evermore—
Kings, and an armored Maid who lilies bore,
And all the glories that had once been there.

How like to thee, her undefeated Land!
Wounded by bursting shells, a little space
Broken she lay beneath her ancient portal;
But lifted from the earth with trembling hand,
Victorious, still glowed upon her face
Thy smile, heroic France, love-given and immortal.

FLORENCE EARLE COATES

THE SOLDIER

IF I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;

A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's, breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

RUPERT BROOKE

PRAYER DURING BATTLE

LORD, in this day of battle,
Lord, in this night of fears,
Keep open, oh, keep open
My eyes, my ears!

Not blindly, not in hatred,
Lord let me do my part.
Keep open, oh keep open
My mind, my heart!

HERMANN HAGEDORN

THE "UNKNOWN" DEAD

THE "unknown" dead? Not so: we know him well,
Who died for us on that red soil of France,
Who faced the fearful shock of gas and shell,
And laughed at death in some blood-strewn advance.

Nameless, in truth, but crowned with such a name
As glory gives to those who greatly die;
Who marched, a simple soldier, with the flame
Of duty bidding him to Calvary.

He is all brothers dead, all lovers lost.
All sons and comrades resting there:
The symbol of the knightly, fallen host.
The sacred pledge of burdens yet to bear.

Mangled and torn, for whom we pray today,
Whose soul rose grandly to God's peaceful throne,
Leaving to us this quiet, shattered clay,
Silent and still—unnamed—but *not* unknown.

JOHN R. RATHOM

WATCHMEN OF THE NIGHT[1]

LORD of the seas' great wilderness,
The light-grey warships cut the wind,
The headland dwindles less and less,
The great waves, breaking, drench and blind
The stern-faced watcher on the deck,
While England fades into a speck.

Afar on that horizon grey
The sleepy homesteads one by one
Shine with their cheerful lights as day
Dies in the valley and is gone,
While the new moon comes o'er the hill
And floods the landscape, white and still.

But outward 'mid the homeless waste
The battle fleet held on its way;
On either side the torn seas raced,
Over the bridge blew up the spray;
The quartermaster at the wheel
Steered through the night his ship of steel.

Once, from a masthead, blinked a light—
The Admiral spoke unto the fleet;

1 Reprinted by permission from *Poems*. Copyright, 1920, by Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Swift answers flashed across the night,
The charthouse glimmered through the sleet;
A bell rang from the engine-room,
And, ere it ceased—the great guns' boom.

Then thunder through the silence broke
And rolled along the sullen deep;
A hundred guns flashed fire and spoke,
Which England heard not in her sleep
Nor dreamed of, while her fighting sons
Fed and fired the blazing guns.

Dawn broke in England, sweet and clear,
Birds, in the brake, the lark in heaven
Made musical the morning air,
But distant, shattered, scorched and riven,
Gathered the ships—aye, dawn was well
After night's dark, raging hell.

But some came not with break of light,
Nor looked upon the saffron dawn;
They keep the watch of endless night,
On the soft breast of ocean borne.
O waking England, rise and pray
For sons who guard thee night and day.

CECIL ROBERTS

CHILDHOOD

Piping down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,

WILLIAM BLAKE

EVENING SONG[1]

LITTLE Child, Good Child, go to sleep
The tree-toads purr and the peepers peep;
Under the apple-tree grass grows deep;
Little Child, Good Child, go to sleep!

Big star out of the orange west;
Orioles swing in their gypsy nest;
Soft wind singing what you love best;
Rest till the sun-rise; Child, rest!

Swift dreams swarm in a silver flight.—
Hand in hand with the sleepy Night
Lie down soft with your eyelids tight.—
Hush, Child, little Child! Hush—Good-night—

FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS

THE GARDENER'S CAT

THE gardener's cat's called Mignonette,
She hates the cold, she hates the wet,
She sits among the hothouse flowers
And sleeps for hours and hours and hours.

She dreams she is a tiger fierce
With great majestic claws that pierce,
She sits by the hot-water pipes
And dreams about a coat of stripes;

And in her slumbers she will go
And stalk the sullen buffalo,
And when he roars across the brake
She does not wink, she does not wake.

1 From *Crack O'Dawn*. Used by special arrangement with the Macmillan Co., publishers.

It must be perfectly immense
To dream with such magnificence
And pass the most inclement day
In this indeed stupendous way.

She dreams of India's sunny clime,
And only wakes at dinner-time,
But even then she does not stir
But waits till milk is brought to her.

How nice to be the gardener's cat,
She troubles not for mouse or rat,
But, when it's coming down in streams,
She sits among the flowers and dreams.

The gardener's cat would be the thing,
Her dreams are so encouraging;
She dreams that she's a tiger, yet
She's just a cat called Mignonette!

* * *

The moral's this, my little man—
Sleep 'neath life's hailstones when you can,
And if you're humble in estate,
Dream splendidly, at any rate!

PATRICK CHALMERS

CRADLE-SONG

FROM groves of spice,
O'er fields of rice,
Athwart the lotus-stream,
I bring for you,
Aglint with dew
A little lovely dream.

Sweet, shut your eyes,
The wild fire-flies
Dance through the fairy *neem;*

From the poppy-bole
For you I stole
A little lovely dream.

Dear eyes, good-night,
In golden light
The stars around you gleam;
On you I press
With soft caress
A little lovely dream.

SAROJINI NAIDU

THE BOOGAH MAN

W'EN de evenin' shadders
Come a-glidin' down,
Fallin' black an' heavy
Ovah hill an' town,
Ef you listen keerful,
Keerful ez you kin,
So's you boun' to notice
Des a drappin' pin;
Den you'll hyeah a funny
Soun' ercross de lan';
Low, low; dat's de callin'
Of de Boogah Man!
Woo-oo, woo-oo!
Hyeah him ez he go erlong de way;
Woo-oo, woo-oo!
Do'n you wish de night u'd tu'n to day?
Woo-oo, woo-oo!
Hide yo' little peepers 'hind yo' han';
Woo-oo, woo-oo!
Callin' of de Boogah Man.
W'en de win's a shiverin'
Thoo de gloomy lane,
An' dey comes de patterin'
Of de evenin' rain,

W'en de owl's a hootin',
Out daih in de wood,
Don' you wish, my honey,
Dat you had been good?
'Tain't no use to try to
Snuggle up to Dan;
Bless you, dat's de callin'
Of de Boogah Man!

Ef you loves yo' mammy
An' you min's yo' pap,
Ef you nevah wriggles
Outen Sukey's lap;
Ef you says you' "Lay me"
Evah single night
'Fo' dey tucks de kivers
An puts out de light,
Den de rain kin pattah
Win' blow lak a fan,
But you need'n bothah
'Bout de Boogah Man!

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

THE HENS

THE night was coming very fast;
It reached the gate as I ran past.

The pigeons had gone to the tower of the church,
And all the hens were on their perch.

Up in the barn, and I thought I heard
A piece of a little purring word.

I stopped inside, waiting and staying,
To try to hear what the hens were saying.

They were asking something, that was plain,
Asking it over and over again.

One of them moved and turned around,
Her feathers made a ruffled sound,

A ruffled sound, like a bushful of birds,
And she said her little asking words.

She pushed her head close into her wing,
But nothing answered anything.

ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS

LULLABY

BEDTIME'S come fu' little boys,
Po' little lamb.
To tiahed out to make a noise,
Po' little lamb.
You gwine t'have to-morrer sho'?
Yes, you tole me dat befo',
Don't you fool me, chile, no mo',
Po' little lamb.

You been bad de livelong day,
Po' little lamb.
Th'owin' stones an' runnin' 'way,
Po' little lamb.
My, but you's a runnin' wil',
Look jes lak some po' folks chile;
Mam' gwine whup you atter while,
Po' little lamb.

Come hyeah! You mos' tiahed to def,
Po' little lamb.
Played yo'se'f clean out o' bref,
Po' little lamb.
See dem han's now—sich a sight!
Would you evah b'lieve dey's white?
Stan' still twell I wash 'em right,
Po' little lamb.

Jes' cain't hol' yo haid up straight,
  Po' little lamb.
Hadn't oughter played so late,
  Po' little lamb.
Mammy do' know whut she'd do,
Ef de chillun's all lak you;
You's a caution now fu' true
  Po' little lamb.

Lay yo' haid down in my lap,
  Po' little lamb.
Y'ought to have a right good slap,
  Po' little lamb.
You been runnin' roun' a heap.
Shet dem eyes an' don't you peep,
Dah now, dah now, go to sleep
  Po' little lamb.

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

LITTLE BOY BLUE

THE little toy dog is covered with dust,
  But sturdy and staunch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket moulds in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was new,
And the soldier was passing fair;
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

"Now, don't you go till I come," he said,
"And don't you make any noise!"
So, toddling off to his trundle-bed,
He dreamt of the pretty toys;
And, as he was dreaming, an angel song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue—
Oh! the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true!

Ay, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place—
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face;
And they wonder, as waiting the long years through
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue,
Since he kissed them and put them there.

EUGENE FIELD

THE SHADOW PEOPLE

OLD lame Bridget doesn't hear
Fairy music in the grass
When the gloaming's on the mere
And the shadow people pass:
Never hears their slow grey feet
Coming from the village street
Just beyond the parson's wall,
Where the clover globes are sweet
And the mushroom's parasol
Opens in the moonlit rain.
Every night I hear them call
From their long and merry train.
Old lame Bridget says to me,
"It is just your fancy, child."
She cannot believe I see
Laughing faces in the wild,
Hands that twinkle in the sedge
Bowing at the water's edge
Where the finny minnows quiver,
Shaping on a blue wave's ledge
Bubble foam to sail the river.
And the sunny hands to me
Beckon ever, beckon ever.
Oh! I would be wild and free
And with the shadow people be.

FRANCIS LEDWIDGE

MILK FOR THE CAT

WHEN the tea is brought at five o'clock,
And all the neat curtains are drawn with care,
The little black cat with bright green eyes
Is suddenly purring there.

At first she pretends, having nothing to do,
She has come in merely to blink by the grate,
But, though tea may be late or the milk be sour
She is never late.

And presently her agate eyes
Take a soft large milky haze,
And her independent casual glance
Becomes a stiff, hard gaze.

Then she stamps her claws or lifts her ears,
Or twists her tail and begins to stir,
Till suddenly all her lithe body becomes
One breathing, trembling purr.

The children eat and wriggle and laugh;
The two old ladies stroke their silk:
But the cat is grown small and thin with desire,
Transformed to a creeping lust for milk:

The white saucer like some full moon descends
At last from the clouds of the table above;
She sighs and dreams and thrills and glows,
Transfigured with love.

She nestles over the shining rim,
Buries her chin in the creamy sea;
Her tail hangs loose; each drowsy paw
Is doubled under each bending knee.

A long dim ecstasy holds her life;
Her world is an infinite shapeless white,

Till her tongue has curled the last half drop,
Then she sinks back into the night.

Draws and dips her body to heap
Her sleepy nerves in the great arm-chair,
Lies defeated and buried deep
Three or four hours unconscious there.

HAROLD MONRO

A SLEEPY SONG

THE butterfly swings on the flower asleep
And the little bird sleeps in the tree;
And down where the burrow is quiet and deep,
The little gray rabbits all cuddle aheap—
So my baby must nestle to me,
By-low!
Nestle so closely to me.

The butterfly danced in the fields all day
And the birdie sang blithe on the bough;
And the little gray rabbits, they scampered in play—
But now they're in Slumberland, all tucked away,
For this is the sleepy time now—
By-low!
Sleepy time, sleepy time now!

CHARLES BUXTON GOING

THE SKY

I SAW a shadow on the ground
And heard a bluejay going by;
A shadow went across the ground,
And I looked up and saw the sky.

It hung up on the poplar tree,
But while I looked it did not stay;

It gave a tiny sort of jerk
And moved a little bit away.

And farther on and farther on,
It moved, and never seemed to stop.
I think it must be tied with chains
And something pulls it from the top.

It never has come down again,
And every time I look to see,
The sky is always slipping back
And getting far away from me.

ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS

PARLIAMENT HILL

HAVE you seen the lights of London, how they twinkle, twinkle, twinkle,
Yellow lights, and silver lights, and crimson lights and blue?
And there among the other lights is Daddy's little lantern-light,
Bending like a finger-tip and beckoning to you.

Never was so tall a hill for tiny feet to scramble up,
Never was so strange a world to baffle little eyes,
Half of it as black as ink, with ghostly feet to fall on it,
And half of it all crammed with lamps, and cheerful sounds and cries.

Lamps in golden palaces, and station-lamps, and steamer-lamps,
Very nearly all the lamps that Mother ever knew,
And there among the other lamps is Daddy's little lantern-lamp
Bending like a finger-tip and beckoning to you.

H. H. BASHFORD

SLUMBER SONG

DROWSILY come the sheep
From the place where the pastures be,
By a dusty lane
To the fold again,
First one, then two, and three:
First one, then two, by the paths of sleep
Drowsily come the sheep.

Drowsily come the sheep,
And the shepherd is singing low:
After eight comes nine
In the endless line.
They come, and then in they go.
First eight, then nine, by the paths of sleep
Drowsily come the sheep.

Drowsily come the sheep
And they pass through the sheepfold door;
After one comes two,
After one comes two,
Comes two, and then three and four.
First one, then two, by the paths of sleep
Drowsily come the sheep.

LOUIS V. LEDOUX

DAFFODILS OVER NIGHT

(A Short Tale for Children)

I THINK the ghost of Leerie
Came by with ghostly tread,
And little lighted tapers,
When we had gone to bed,—
Past gravel-walk and garden,
As he was wont to go,
And lit these yellow lanterns,
Burning where they blow.

DAVID MORTON

WATER NOISES

WHEN I am playing by myself,
And all the boys are lost around,
Then I can hear the water go—
It makes a little talking sound.

Along the rocks below the tree,
I see it ripple up and wink;
And I can hear it saying on,
"And do you think? and do you think?"

A bug shoots by that snaps and ticks,
And a bird flies up beside the tree
To go into the sky to sing.
I hear it say, "Killdee, Kildee!"

Or else a yellow cow comes down
To splash a while and have a drink.
But when she goes I still can hear
The water say, "And do you think?"

ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS

SUMMER SONG

THE cricket is chirring,
The tree-toad is purring.
The busy frog pipes,
The beetle is whirring,
And curled in his nest,
'Mid the night dew of rest
My wee one is stirring.

Then quick, Fairy Hummer,
Lull my newcomer
Rosy and deep
In sleep, soft sleep,
'Mid the sweets of the summer.

The stars at bo-peeping
Like white lambs are leaping
  On the hills of the dark
In the Good Shepherd's keeping:
  Their wool is like silk,
  And they pour their bright milk
For my little one's sleeping.

Then hush, Fairy Hummer!
Kiss my newcomer,
  And cradle him deep
  In sleep, soft sleep,
'Mid the sweets of the summer.

PERCY MACKAYE

THE WORM

DICKIE found a broken spade
And said he'd dig himself a well,
And then Charles took a piece of tin,
And I was digging with a shell.

Then Will said he would dig one too;
We shaped them out and made them wide,
And I dug up a piece of clod
That had a little worm inside.

We watched him pucker up himself
And stretch himself to walk away.
He tried to go inside the dirt,
But Dickie made him wait and stay.

His shining skin was soft and wet.
I poked him once to see him squirm,
And then Will said, "I wonder if
He knows that he's a worm."

And then we sat back on our feet
And wondered for a little bit,
And we forgot to dig our wells
A while, and tried to answer it.

And while we tried to find it out
He puckered in a little wad.
And then he stretched himself again
And went back home inside the clod.

ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS

WYNKEN, BLYNKEN, AND NOD

Dutch Lullaby

WYNKEN, Blynken, and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe—
Sailed on a river of crystal light,
Into a sea of dew.
"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"
The old moon asked the three.
"We have come to fish for the herring fish
That live in this beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we!"
Said Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,
As they rocked in the wooden shoe,
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew.
The little stars were the herring fish
That lived in that beautiful sea—
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish—
Never afeard are we";
So cried the stars to the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
To the stars in the twinkling foam—
Then down from the skies came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home;
'Twas all so pretty a sail it seemed
As if it could not be,
And some folks thought 'twas a dream they'd dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea—
But I shall name you the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle-bed.
So shut your eyes while mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock in the misty sea,
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

EUGENE FIELD

STUDIES IN POETRY

SUGGESTIONS FOR USE

These "Studies in Poetry" are designed merely as suggestions to the teacher and to the student to indicate lines of thought, and to show the various angles from which the study of poetry may be approached. In these we have purposely been merely suggestive because we appreciate that the skillful teacher does not want to be hampered by "cut and dried" lessons. We have avoided the old-fashioned detailed questioning which takes from the spontaneity and originality of both the teacher and the student.

As we do not expect any one class to read all the poems in this book, so we do not expect any one class to cover all of the "Studies" in any given term. In using these Studies we expect the teacher to select the Studies adapted to the maturity and interest of the class he may be teaching, and to use them in the order that may best carry out his own plan. We have placed at the beginning certain Studies that we feel are essential for an approach to the study of poetry, and which we ourselves would present to *all* classes in either an elementary or an intensive manner according to the maturity of the class. In our judgment, the Studies on "Nature," "Sea," "City," "People," "Melody," "Childhood," and "Life as Joy" may be used by young as well as by older students. The Studies on "Love," "Memory," "War and Patriotism," "Tribute," "Life as Struggle," "Looking Forward," "Looking Backward," "Religious Aspiration," "Meter" and the Studies of the individual poets are, we feel, adapted only to older students.

We cannot too strongly stress the fact that we are not giving individual assignments in these Studies. A single large group such as the "Nature" group, with the slants a skillful teacher can give it, may be made the basis of a whole term's work, together with the four introductory studies. One class may get most out of an intensive study

of one group; another's interest may be profitably held by browsing among several groups. Any teacher will be able to sense the method that will produce the best results with the students she has in hand. In any lists of poems taken from the anthology, or suggested from the older poets, the teacher will, of course, select the ones best suited to her class.

We have referred to the same poems in many different Studies to make the pupil read and re-read the same poems from many points of view. We feel that as much familiarity as possible with individual poems is desirable, for we realize that a familiar poem, like a familiar tune, gives joy through recognition. We have also asked students to make comparisons among poems in the anthology, not only to train their critical judgment, but to make them know the poems more intimately.

We believe that we can best lead pupils to the great storehouse of literature of the past through their native interest in the present. Hence we have indicated in each study the relation between the modern poetry presented, and the older poetry. Here we have used the same scheme of familiarizing the student with poetry through repeated reading of the same poems.

The methods suggested in these Studies are in no sense theoretical. They have been tried in our own classes with gratifying results. It is with the hope that they may prove helpful to other teachers that we are including them.

I

READING A POEM

We are all poets when we read a poem well.

THOMAS CARLYLE

This study of "Barter" will show you how to "read a poem well"—to get the meaning out of a poem by using your imagination to interpret the poet's words.

Read "Barter" by SARA TEASDALE.

What is the theme of the poem?
Give the lines of the poem that state the theme.
What is the loveliness the poet thinks life has to sell?

A poet makes you see loveliness by means of word pictures.

Quote the lines of this poem that give you pictures.
Why does the poet speak of *blue waves whitened?*
What kind of day does this suggest to you?
Why does she speak of fire *climbing*, *swaying*, and *singing?*
Why does she compare children's faces to a cup?
In what way does music remind you of a curve of gold?
Why does the poet speak of *pine trees in the rain?*
Why does she compare holy thoughts to stars at night?
Why does she make peace *white*?
Why does she speak of *a breath of ecstasy*?
What pictures of places you have known come to your mind when you read the poem?
What is the meaning of the title "Barter"?

II

WHAT POETRY IS: THE POET AS SEER

Some one has said that a poet *sees*, *creates*, and *sings*. As a seer he must first of all be a keen and accurate observer of life around him, sensitive to the minute detail that escapes the average person. To make his picture graphic, he must have the power of selection. He must decide, as he looks at the picture, what impresses him most, and select his details to record that one impression. He cannot include everything; he exemplifies well the art of *leaving out*, which Stevenson says is the great art of writing.

Read "A London Idyll" by JOHN PRESLAND.

The poet [1] is here looking at a rainy London street at night. Think of any city street in a rainy night, and you will realize that the poet was conscious of an infinite amount of detail that she did not express in this picture. She might have included the detailed architecture of the houses, the interiors of lighted rooms, stoops, gates, trees, pavements, and scores of other things that you will think of.

Had one of us been trying to picture the scene, we probably would have catalogued all these details as we saw them, but the poet's seeing eye selects only the salient features,—the *wetness* and *blackness* of the night, and records only those details that contribute to *wetness* and *blackness*.

[1] Throughout these Studies the term "the poet" has been used for convenience to represent the person speaking in the poem.

Note the wetness in *drizzling rain, long smears of light, glimmer here and there, dripping sound of rain from the roof, the policeman's waterproof gleaming like black armour.*

Note the gloom and blackness given by the contrast with the night of *lamps in rigid rows;* by *the lean, stalking cat;* the *gaunt, dark houses;* and *the man and the girl silhouetted against the houses.*

Read the following poems in which the poet as seer predominates:

An Abandoned Adobe.....Rose Henderson
Dutch Slumber Song.....Viola Chittenden White
Ellen Hanging Clothes.....Lizette Woodworth Reese
From a Car Window.....Ruth Guthrie Harding
The Great Lover.....Rupert Brooke
Lilac Dusk.....Lizette Woodworth Reese
A London Thoroughfare, Two A. M. .....Amy Lowell
Noontide.....Thomas S. Jones, Jr.
On Eastnor Knoll..... ....John Masefield
Possessions.....Lizette Woodworth Reese
The Precinct–Rochester .....Amy Lowell
Spring.....Louis Untermeyer
Spring in Oxford Street.....John Presland
A Street Scene.....Lizette Woodworth Reese

In these poems determine what effect the scene has upon the poet. Select the details creating this impression.

Try to picture other details that the poet has not included, and see whether you can tell why he did not include these.

Correlated Readings from the Older Poets

To Autumn.....John Keats
Dover Beach.....Matthew Arnold
Enoch Arden.....Alfred, Lord Tennyson
Home Thoughts from Abroad.....Robert Browning
Home Thoughts from the Sea.....Robert Browning
The Lady of Shalott.....Alfred, Lord Tennyson
Up at a Villa, Down in the City....Robert Browning
Westminster Bridge.....William Wordsworth

III

WHAT POETRY IS: THE POET AS CREATOR

Read "The Paisley Shawl" by WILFRID WILSON GIBSON.

Notice that this poem is not so much about a shawl, as about what the shawl suggests to the poet. The poet here is seeing not with his eyes, but with his imagination, and his imagination is creating for us pictures suggested by the shawl.

What is the first picture that his imagination brings to him at sight of the shawl?
What other picture does he see?

The poet's creative gift lies not only in his power to imagine, but in his gift of language, by means of which he makes us see the picturings of his imagination. This gift of expression lies largely in his use of figurative language, in his power to choose words rich in association.

With what words does he picture the shawl?
With what words does he picture for us the person who wore the shawl?
What words in these pictures are rich in association?
What is the comparison the poet has made in his figure of speech in the last six lines of the first stanza?

Just as a sculptor seizes upon a moment of action and immortalizes it in marble, so a poet frequently immortalizes a moment of action in words.

What moments has this poem immortalized?
Why does the poet choose these particular moments to present to us?

Read the following poems:

Cargoes ..... John Masefield
Come Captain Age.....Sarah Cleghorn
The Dust.....Lizette Woodworth Reese
Lights.....Mary Lanier Magruder
May Flowers.....Theodosia Garrison
Noontide.....Thomas S. Jones, Jr.
The Prayer-Rug.....Sara Beaumont Kennedy
¿ Quien Sabe?.....Ruth Comfort Mitchell
A Song of Sherwood.....Alfred Noyes
Symbol.....David Morton
Tears.....Lizette Woodworth Reese
The West Wind.....John Masefield

Try to determine the pictures presented in these poems.
With what words and with what figures of speech has the poet in each case re-created the pictures for us?

IV

WHAT POETRY IS: THE POET AS SINGER

A prose writer such as Hawthorne or Ruskin shares with the poet the powers of keen observation and imagination, but the poet adds to these qualities the quality of music evidenced in rhythm, cadence, and frequently in rhyme. A real poem must charm the ear regardless of the thought expressed, for a poem, in its essence, is music. Even one who did not understand the language could not fail to recognize the music of poems like Poe's "Bells," Noyes's "The Barrel Organ," or Tennyson's lyrics in *The Princess.*

In fact, any expression of emotion tends to be rhythmical. There is rhythm in a laugh, a sob, a cheer, and a poem is essentially an expression of emotion. The true poet senses the rhythm in the emotion that he is expressing, and records it in his poem in measure appropriate to his feeling. As we shall see in other lessons, joy will express itself in one measure, grief in another.

Read aloud "A Sleepy Song" by CHARLES BUXTON GOING.

As you will see in later lessons on meter, the poet here uses measure and line length adapted to the mood of the poem. But without knowing meter, you can catch the cradle swing in the lines, particularly in the last two lines of each stanza.

The poet uses also certain devices to suggest the softness suitable to a lullaby. There is hush in the

repetition of the "s" sound in *swings, asleep, nestle* and other words throughout the poem.

There is lull in the repetition of the "l" sound in *little, nestle, cuddle* and other words.

There is the connotation of quiet and sleep in *nestle, cuddle, tucked away, by-low.*

Read aloud the following poems. Note that you can feel the music without any reference to the thought.

Try to discover the way in which the poet gets a musical effect through repetition of sounds, through choice of sounds appropriate to the theme or tone of the poem, and through the swing of the lines.

The Barrel-Organ.....Alfred Noyes
The Call of the Spring.....Alfred Noyes
Day's End.....Hermann Hagedorn
Desire in Spring.....Francis Ledwidge
Dirge.....Adelaide Crapsey
Duna .....Marjorie L. C. Pickthall
I Know a Quiet Vale.....Thomas S. Jones, Jr.
The River.....Ellis M. Potter
Sea-Fever.....John Masefield
Song.....Irene Rutherford McLeod
Tewkesbury Road.....John Masefield
Wind.....John Galsworthy

Correlated Readings from the Older Poets

Cavalier Tunes.....Robert Browning
Coronach.....Sir Walter Scott
The Flight of Love.....Percy Bysshe Shelley
It was a Lover and His Lass.....William Shakespeare
I Wandered Lonely As a Cloud..William Wordsworth
Kathleen Mavourneen .....Louise Crawford
Lines to an Indian Air.....Percy Bysshe Shelley
Love Among the Ruins.....Robert Browning

Ode to a Nightingale.....JOHN KEATS
Prometheus Unbound.....PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY
1. Song of the Spirits, "To the deep, to the deep."
2. "My soul is like an enchanted boat."
A Red, Red Rose.....ROBERT BURNS
She Walks in Beauty.....GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON
Songs from The Princess.....ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON
Stanzas for Music: "There Be None of Beauty's Daughters".....GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON

V

NATURE

Read the following poems:

An April Morning.....BLISS CARMAN
Autumn.....BLISS CARMAN
June.....FRANCIS LEDWIDGE
The Winter Scene.....BLISS CARMAN

Choose from each of these poems the details of nature with which the poet composes the picture.

How has the "seeing eye" of the poet selected the details that are peculiar to each season?

Show by citing examples from these poems that the poet through his sensitiveness to detail has stimulated our sense of sight, of hearing, of smell.

Show how, by means of figures of speech, the poet has made his pictures more graphic.

Describe any pictures of places that you know that the poets have recalled to your mind by any of these poems.

How is it that the poets can flash before your "inward eye" pictures of places different from the ones that they have seen?

Read the following poems:

And O the Wind.....WITTER BYNNER
April.....THEODOSIA GARRISON
Before the Snow.....ANDREW LANG
Carouse.....CHARLES HANSON TOWNE
Desire in Spring.....FRANCIS LEDWIDGE
Dutch Slumber Song.....VIOLA CHITTENDEN WHITE
Eastnor Knoll.....JOHN MASEFIELD

The Enchantress.....Bliss Carman
Evening in February.....Francis Ledwidge
Fog.....Lizette Woodworth Reese
The Fountain.....Sara Teasdale
The Homecoming of the Sheep.....Francis Ledwidge
Poplars.....Edward Bliss Reed
The Poplars.....Theodosia Garrison
Pussy Willows.....Arthur Guiterman
Rain in the Hills.....Charles Buxton Going
The River.....Ellis M. Potter
The Road to the Pool.....Grace Hazard Conkling
Rondel for September.....Karle Wilson Baker
A Song of April.....Francis Ledwidge
Song of Summer.....Paul Laurence Dunbar
Spring.....Louis Untermeyer
Spring the Travelling Man.....Winifred Letts
The Squall.....Leonora Speyer
Sunflowers.....Clinton Scollard
A Tulip Garden.....Amy Lowell
Vermont.....Sarah Cleghorn
A Yellow Pansy.....Helen Gray Cone
Wind.....John Galsworthy
Wind in the Dusk.....Harold Monro
Wind, Wind.....Kenneth Slade Alling

In studying each of these poems, select details that give evidence of the poet's power of close observation. How does the poet stimulate your imagination through an appeal to your senses?

In each of the nature poems that you have just read the poet has photographed a scene for you, stimulating you to see some of the beauty that has impressed him.

Read "Blue Squills" by Sara Teasdale.

In this poem, the poet is not attempting primarily to make you see a picture.

She sketches in only a few of the details of the

scene: *the white cherry bough, the bed of blue squills, shaken flowers, shimmering trees, the sunlit white and blue.*

Instead of photographing a scene for you she is conveying to you the emotion that this scene awakens in her. She is poignantly aware of the contrast between the fresh beauty of the spring and her own sorrow.

Some personal experience of the poet, evidently the loss of a friend, has impressed upon her the transitory quality of human life that is contrasted with the ever renewing life of nature.

Quote the lines that suggest the sorrow of the person speaking.

Quote the lines that bring out the contrast between human mortality and nature's renewal.

What words especially reveal to you the intensity of the the poet's emotion?

Note that the poet makes you feel the depth of her grief, not by elaborately expressing her feelings, but by the heart-broken simplicity of the diction and by the cadence of the poem.

Read the following poems:

An Autumn Song.....Bliss Carman
Behind the Closed Eye.....Francis Ledwidge
A Blackbird Suddenly.....Joseph Auslander
The Blue Jay.....Louise Driscoll
Call of the Spring.....Alfred Noyes
Daffodils.....Ruth Guthrie Harding
Day's End.....Hermann Hagedorn
Evening Clouds.....Francis Ledwidge
Farewell.....Katherine Tynan
Good Company.....Karle Wilson Baker
The Grenstone Elm.....Witter Bynner

Hill Hunger.....Joseph Auslander
I Meant to Do My Work Today..Richard Le Gallienne
The Immortal.....Cale Young Rice
Indian Summer.....Henry van Dyke
The Lark .....Lizette Woodworth Reese
The Mocking Bird.....Witter Bynner
My Canary's Rhapsody.....Zöe Ackerman
My Garden.....Thomas Edward Brown
Nightingales.....Robert Bridges
On Clingman Dome.....Olive Tilford Dargan
The Patio.....Rose Henderson
The Runaway.....Cale Young Rice
Song of April.....Irene Rutherford McLeod
The Sound of Trees.....Robert Frost
Spring in England.....Charles Buxton Going
Springtime in Cookham Dean.....Cecil Roberts
Tewkesbury Road.....John Masefield
To a Phoebe Bird.....Witter Bynner
To a Sparrow.....Francis Ledwidge
Trees ..... Joyce Kilmer
Wood Song.....Sara Teasdale
The West Wind.....John Masefield
The Wind on the Wold.....W. E. Henley

In all of these poems the picture is tinged with the emotion of the poet.

Point out the pictures in each poem.
In each poem what emotion does the scene evoke from the poet?
Give details in each case that indicate the emotion.
Determine, if you can, the cause of the poet's emotion.
Show in each poem how the poet has used words and meter in keeping with the emotion expressed.

We have seen in the nature poems so far that the poet not only photographs nature but interprets it as he sees it through his emotions. It is interesting to see how differently poets interpret, not only nature

as a whole, but the familiar objects of nature such as birds, flowers, rivers, trees, etc.

Birds

Read "A Mocking Bird" by Witter Bynner.

If this poem had no title, how would you know that the poet is talking about a bird?
Select the expressions that suggest the bird.
We always think of a bird on the wing. What words does the poet use to give this idea of flight?
Why is this bird called the mocking bird?
Where does the poet give an idea of this in his poem?
What is the meaning of the last four lines of the poem?
Does this suggest any philosophy of life that the reader might learn from the bird?

This bird-poem catches a mood of joyousness from its subject.

Read the other bird-poems in this anthology.

Find out in what cases the poet has used the bird to suggest a mood or a bit of philosophy.
In each case give his description of the bird and of the thoughts about life that the bird suggests to him.
Note in what cases the meter suggests the song or flight of the bird.
What poets in this anthology, or in other volumes of modern verse, do you think of immediately as bird poets?
Do any of them portray any one bird particularly?

Read other of the "Nature" groups of poems in this anthology.

Show in each group how the poet, by his choice of words, suggests to you his subject, whatever it may be—bird, flower, wind, etc.

Show how in many poems the poet uses a certain rhythm to intensify this suggestion.

How does the poet interpret his subject?

What differences in interpretation of the same subject do you see in the various poets?

Select from the following groups poems in which the poet photographs nature.

Select poems in which the picture is tinged with the emotion of the poet. Show in each case what emotion the poet feels.

Point out in what poems the poet has used diction and meter in keeping with the subject, or with the emotion expressed.

CORRELATED READINGS CHIEFLY FROM THE OLDER POETS

The Day

Alastor (*stanza* 1).....PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY
Elegy in a Country Churchyard (*stanzas* 1 and 3)
THOMAS GRAY
Hymn of Apollo.....PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY
Hymn to the Night....HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW
Il Penseroso (*lines* 31–84; 121–154).....JOHN MILTON
It is a beauteous evening calm and free
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
L'Allegro (*lines* 41–90).....JOHN MILTON
The Miracle of the Dawn.....MADISON CAWEIN
Night .....WILLIAM BLAKE
Ode to Evening.....WILLIAM COLLINS
Our Lady of the Twilight.....ALFRED NOYES
Song from *Pippa Passes:* "The Year's at the Spring"
ROBERT BROWNING
A Summer Night (*stanzas* 1 and 2)..MATTHEW ARNOLD
To the Evening Star..... .....WILLIAM BLAKE

The Year

Among the Hills: Prelude ..JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER
An Indian Summer Reverie.....JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

Autumn—A Dirge.....Percy Bysshe Shelley
Corinna's Going a-Maying .....Robert Herrick
The Death of the Old Year....Alfred, Lord Tennyson
Dirge for the Year.....Percy Bysshe Shelley
The Eve of St. Agnes (*stanzas* 1 and 2)....John Keats
The First Snowfall.....James Russell Lowell
Home Thoughts from Abroad.....Robert Browning
I Come, I Come.....Felicia Hemans
The Lady of Shalott .....Alfred, Lord Tennyson
Lines Written in Early Spring....William Wordsworth
Midwinter.....J. T. Trowbridge
October's Bright Blue Weather...Helen Hunt Jackson
Ode to Autumn.....John Keats
Progress of Spring (*stanzas* 1–6)
Alfred, Lord Tennyson
Snowbound (*lines* 1–154; 629–646)
John Greenleaf Whittier
Song: April, April.....William Watson
Song from *As You Like It:* "Blow, Blow Thou Winter Wind" ..... William Shakespeare
Song from *Pippa Passes:* "The Year's at the Spring"
Robert Browning
Sonnet LXXIII .....William Shakespeare
To One Who Has Been Long in City Pent ..John Keats
When Daffodils Begin to Peer, from *The Winter's Tale*
William Shakespeare
Vision of Sir Launfal: Prelude 1, Prelude 2
James Russell Lowell

Wind

Daybreak .....Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
Ode to the West Wind.....Percy Bysshe Shelley
The Piper on the Hill.....Dora Sigerson
Who Has Seen the Wind.....Christina Rossetti
The Wind.....Robert Louis Stevenson
The Wind and the Moon.....George MacDonald
The Wind's Way.....Grace Hazard Conkling

Trees

Enchantment..... MADISON CAWEIN
The Oak.....JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL
Of an Orchard.....KATHERINE TYNAN
An Orchard at Avignon.....A. MARY F. ROBINSON
Under the Willows (*lines* 149–205): "In June 'tis good to lie beneath the tree" .....JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL
The Planting of the Apple Tree. WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT
Under the Greenwood Tree.....WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
The Woods that Bring the Sunset Near
RICHARD WATSON GILDER

Birds

The Throstle .....ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON
A Thrush in the Moonlight.....WITTER BYNNER
Thrushes.....SIEGFRIED SASSOON
To a Water Fowl.....WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT
To the Cuckoo.....WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
To a Hermit Thrush.....OLIVE TILFORD DARGAN
To the Lark.....ROBERT HERRICK
To the Man-of-War Bird.....WALT WHITMAN
To the Nightingale.....JOHN MILTON
To a Sandpiper.....CELIA THAXTER
To a Skylark.....PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY
To a Skylark.....WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
To a Skylark.....WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
Blackbird .....JOHN DRINKWATER
The Blackbird in Town.....KATHERINE TYNAN
Bluebird.....JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY
The Bush-Sparrow.....MADISON CAWEIN
City Pigeons.....ISADORE G. ASCHER
Cuckoo ..... KATHERINE TYNAN
The Green Linnet.....WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
Itylus.....ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE
The Lark, from *Cymbeline* ....WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
Under the Willows (*lines* 67–83): "Hush! 'tis he, my oriole".....JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

The Maryland Yellow Throat.....Henry van Dyke
My Catbird.....William Henry Venable
Ode to a Nightingale.....John Keats
Ode to a Skylark.....Percy Bysshe Shelley
Overflow.....John Banister Tabb
Pack, Clouds, Away.....Thomas Heywood
Philomela.....Matthew Arnold
Robert of Lincoln.....William Cullen Bryant
The Robin.....William Blake
The Sea-Mew.....Dora Sigerson

Flowers

Ah! Sunflower.....William Blake
A Benedictine Garden.....Alice Brown
The Death of the Flowers.....William Cullen Bryant
Flowers .....Thomas Hood
Flower Pageant.....Madison Cawein
A Forsaken Garden.....Algernon Charles Swinburne
A Garden.....Andrew Marvell
A Garden Song.....Austin Dobson
Go, Lovely Rose.....Edmund Waller
I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud...William Wordsworth
Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past, from *Lycidas*
John Milton
Come into the garden, Maud....Alfred, Lord Tennyson
The Rhodora.....Ralph Waldo Emerson
The Sensitive Plant (Part I, *lines* 1–55)
Percy Bysshe Shelley
Song: "Violet, Sweet Violet"....James Russell Lowell
To Blossoms.....Robert Herrick
To the Daisy.....William Wordsworth
To Daffodils.....Robert Herrick
To Daisies .....Robert Herrick
To the Dandelion.....James Russell Lowell
To the Fringed Gentian.....Wiilliam Cullen Bryant
To a Mountain Daisy.....Robert Burns
To the Small Celandine.....William Wordsworth
To a Snowdrop.....William Wordsworth

Hills and Mountains

The Hill Flowers.....Alfred Noyes
Hymn before Sunrise in the Valley of Chamouni
Samuel Taylor Coleridge
Monadnoc.....Ralph Waldo Emerson

Water

Arethusa.....Percy Bysshe Shelley
The Brook's Song.....Alfred, Lord Tennyson
The Cataract of Lodore.....Robert Southey
The Cloud.....Percy Bysshe Shelley
The Brook .....Alfred, Lord Tennyson
Flow Gently, Sweet Afton.....Robert Burns
A Rainy Day.....Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
But the majestic river floated on, from *Sohrab and Rustum*.....Matthew Arnold

VI

THE SEA

Read the following poems:

As the Tide Comes In.....Cale Young Rice
Coromandel Fishers.....Sarojini Naidu
I Know Your Heart, O Sea!.....Cale Young Rice
On the Beach.....Cale Young Rice
Sea Fever.....John Masefield
A Sea Spell.....Fannie Stearns Davis

From these poems quote the lines that give you pictures of the sea.
Point out the words in each poem that paint the picture of the sea.
Of these which words predominate—words of sound, color, odor, or action?
Why should such details predominate in a picture of the sea?
What words particularly suggest the water?

Re-read some of the following poems from the "Nature" group:

An April Morning .....Bliss Carman
Autumn.....Bliss Carman
Behind the Closed Eye.....Francis Ledwidge
A Dutch Slumber Song.....Viola Chittenden White
Farewell.....Katherine Tynan
Home-Coming of the Sheep.....Francis Ledwidge
June.....Francis Ledwidge
Rain in the Hills.....Charles Buxton Going
Spring ..... Louis Untermeyer

The Squall.....LEONORA SPEYER
A Winter Scene.....BLISS CARMAN

Of the words that paint the pictures in these landscapes which words predominate—words of sound, color, odor, or action?
What details do you find in the sea pictures that you do not find in these poems?
What details do you find in the landscapes that you do not find in the sea pictures?
Which group has more variety of detail?
What characteristics of the sea seem to have impressed all poets of this sea group?
Describe scenes from your own experience, or pictures that you have seen that these poems recall to you.
In each of the sea poems just read, what is the mood through which the poet looks at the sea?
Quote the lines that especially reveal the mood.
Do you get any indication of the feeling of the poet toward the sea? Refer to the poems to show how this feeling is revealed.

CORRELATED READINGS CHIEFLY FROM THE OLDER POETS

Annabel Lee.....EDGAR ALLAN POE
Come unto these yellow sands, from *The Tempest*
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
By the Sea.....CHRISTINA ROSSETTI
Childe Harold's Pilgrimage: "There is pleasure in the pathless woods".....GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON
Comus: "Sabrina Fair".....JOHN MILTON
The Dauber.....JOHN MASEFIELD
Dover Beach.....MATTHEW ARNOLD
Echoes: "The wan sun faint and slow"..W. E. HENLEY
The Evening Darkens Over.....ROBERT BRIDGES
Home-Thoughts from the Sea.....ROBERT BROWNING
It is a beauteous evening, calm and free
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
My Lost Youth.....HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW
Psalm CVI; 21–30.....BIBLE

Psalm CXV ..... BIBLE
The Sands of Dee ..... CHARLES KINGSLEY
Song for All Seas, All Ships ..... WALT WHITMAN
Stanzas Written in Dejection Near Naples
PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY
A Valediction ..... JOHN MASEFIELD
A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea .... ALLAN CUNNINGHAM

VII

THE CITY

Read "A London Thoroughfare, Two A. M." by AMY LOWELL.

Read "Spring in Oxford Street" by JOHN PRESLAND.

These poems give different pictures of a great city. Notice that in both pictures we have wet pavements, sky, light, windows, people.

How with the use of many of the same details do the poets create totally different pictures?

Contrast the words that give color in the poems.

Contrast the words that give sound.

Contrast the moods of the two poems.

Note how the swinging rhythm of "Spring in Oxford Street" suggests one mood, and the irregular, almost staccato lines of "A London Thoroughfare" suggest an entirely different mood.

What details particularly convey the mood of the poet?

Read "Parliament Hill" in another division of this anthology, and note the child's interpretation of a city night in contrast with the preceding interpretations.

Read all the city poems in this anthology.

Read as many as possible of the poems for supplementary reading.

Particularly in contemporary poetry we find various phases of city life portrayed.

Some of the poets give you the picturesqueness of the city, its massiveness, its life, its color, its bits of

nature here and there; others give the spirit of the city, its ruthlessness, its aloofness, its romance, its tradition, its glamour, its fascination, its sordidness. Still others give you the spirit it provokes in different people—the loneliness, the strain; or the joy, the delight in humanity.

Try to classify the poems read in these phases.
See whether you can find other phases of city life interpreted in poetry.

The portrayal of the city is a comparatively new thing in poetry. Hence most of the readings for this group of poems must be taken from the work of modern poets.

Correlated Readings

The Belfry of Bruges.....Henry W. Longfellow
Casa Verdugo.....Ruth Comfort Mitchell
A City Afternoon.....Edith Wyatt
The City.....T. P. Cameron Wilson
Edinburgh.....Alfred Noyes
The Electric Tram.....Alfred Noyes
The Flower Factory.....Florence Wilkinson
Fourteenth Street.....Morris Abel Beer
The Harbor.....Carl Sandburg
Mannahatta.....Walt Whitman
The Newsboy.....Alfred Noyes
The Night Court.....Ruth Comfort Mitchell
One City Only.....Alice Corbin
Perugia.....Amelia Josephine Burr
Reverie of Poor Susan.....William Wordsworth
Roses in the Subway.....Dana Burnet
A Song of Fleet Street.....Alice Warner
Sunday Evening in the Common.John Hall Wheelock
The Subway.....Ruth Comfort Mitchell

Tales of the Mermaid Tavern: A Knight of the Open Sea (*lines* 1–14) ..... ALFRED NOYES
Up at a Villa, Down in the City..... ROBERT BROWNING
Venetian Boats..... RUTH COMFORT MITCHELL
Westminster Bridge..... WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

VIII

PEOPLE

Read "Miss Loo" by Walter De La Mare.

Who is Miss Loo?
Who is describing her?
Can you tell what this person is doing in the picture?
Select the lines that describe this person.
Select the lines that recall the picture of Miss Loo to him.
Select the lines in the poem that describe Miss Loo's surroundings.
What is the atmosphere of her home?
What are the details that create this atmosphere for you?
What do the various things that surround Miss Loo indicate about her character?
Can you give any examples from your own life, or from your reading, in which the surroundings of a person are indicative of his character?
At what time of the day does the poet picture the scene to you?
How do you glean this from the poem?

The charm of a poetic characterization, as differentiated from prose, lies largely in the picturesque word, the word rich in association, with which the poet depicts his character.

Select from the poem as many as you can of these words rich in association. Try to show what they picture to you.

Read the descriptions of Hepzibah Pyncheon in *The House of Seven Gables;* Peggoty and Aunt Betsy Trotwood in *David Copperfield;* The New England Nun in *The New England Nun and Other Stories;* Priscilla Lammeter in *Silas Marner.*

Comparing these with the description of Miss Loo, see if you can discover in what ways the novelist's method of describing character differs from that of the poet.

Read all the character poems in this anthology.

Describe the person pictured in each poem.
Show by what means the poet portrays this person to you.

Read the following poems which picture surroundings:

Ancestral Dwellings.....Henry van Dyke
Candle-Light.....Thomas S. Jones, Jr.
Hands.....Wilfrid Wilson Gibson
Lilac Dusk.....Lizette Woodworth Reese
The Old Woman of the Roads.....Padraic Colum
Pax Beata.....Mary Rachel Norris
Possessions.....Lizette Woodworth Reese
Swallows.....Cale Young Rice

What sort of person do you picture in these surroundings in each case?

Correlated Readings from the Older Poets

The Bishop Orders His Tomb at St. Praxed's
Robert Browning
Evelyn Hope.....Robert Browning
A Face.....Robert Browning
Hervé Riel.....Robert Browning

In a Laboratory.....Robert Browning
Proverbs, xxxi: 10–29.....Bible
My Last Duchess.....Robert Browning
The Solitary Reaper.....William Wordsworth
Ulysses.....Alfred, Lord Tennyson

IX

LOVE

Read "Candles" by BABETTE DEUTSCH.

What does the title symbolize?
Show how the candle as a symbol is used throughout the poem.
Show why the symbol of the candle is appropriate.

Read the following poems:

Apology.....AMY LOWELL
Candle-Light.....THOMAS S. JONES, JR.
Dreamin' Town.....PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR
He Lives! He Lives!.....IRENE RUTHERFORD MCLEOD
The Inn.....JOHN PRESLAND
Love Planted a Rose.....KATHERINE LEE BATES
The Old Inn.....KARLE WILSON BAKER
One Voice.....WINIFRED WELLES
Prime.....AMY LOWELL
Song.....DANA BURNET
Song.....IRENE RUTHERFORD MCLEOD
Swallow.....CALE YOUNG RICE
Wealth.....JOYCE KILMER

By what is love symbolized in each one of these poems?
Show in each poem the appropriateness of the symbol used.
What is the mood or attitude of mind of the person speaking in each poem? Show how the symbols used are indicative of these attitudes of mind or moods.
Show, if you can, how, in many cases, the meter accords with the mood.

Read the following poems:

I Know.....Elsa Barker
My Dear Comes Down to Meet Me
Irene Rutherford McLeod
Song.....Florence Earle Coates
To A. D.....W. E. Henley
Two Songs in Spring.....Thomas S. Jones, Jr.

We have seen in the study of a previous group of poems how the mood of the poet is carried over to the scene he is picturing.

Show how, in the poems of this group, love brings the lover to a new realization of the beauty of the world around him.
Select and quote lines from the poems to illustrate this point.

Read the following poems:

After All.....Thomas S. Jones, Jr.
Candle-Light.....Thomas S. Jones, Jr.
From a Car Window.....Ruth Guthrie Harding
I Know a Quiet Vale.....Thomas S. Jones, Jr.
I Shall Not Be Afraid.....Aline Kilmer
Lilac Dusk.....Lizette Woodworth Reese
Lights.....Mary Lanier Magruder
Red May.....A. Mary F. Robinson
The Way Back.....Thomas S. Jones, Jr.

In the previous group of poems the poet has used nature to make the reader conscious of the lover's joy in love. How does he, in the poems of this group, use nature to accentuate the lover's feeling of sorrow and regret?
Select and quote lines from the poems to illustrate this point.

Read the following poems:

Had I a Golden Pound.....FRANCIS LEDWIDGE
Margot ..... GEORGE O'NEIL
My Soul is Like a Garden Close..THOMAS S. JONES, JR.
Spring.....ANDREW LANG
Wealth ..... JOYCE KILMER

Show in each of these poems that the lover not only awakens to a more intense realization of the beauty around him, but attributes that beauty to the one whom he loves.

CORRELATED READINGS CHIEFLY FROM THE OLDER POETS

A Birthday.....CHRISTINA ROSSETTI
The Courtin'.....JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL
Delight in Disorder.....ROBERT HERRICK
Evelyn Hope.....ROBERT BROWNING
The Flower's Name.....ROBERT BROWNING
Love among the Ruins.....ROBERT BROWNING
Gareth and Lynette: Lynette's Song
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON
One Way of Love.....ROBERT BROWNING
Magical Nature.....ROBERT BROWNING
Meeting at Night.....ROBERT BROWNING
Night-Piece to Julia.....ROBERT HERRICK
One word is too often profaned..PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY
Pack Clouds Away.....THOMAS HEYWOOD
Parting at Morning.....ROBERT BROWNING
Selections from *Maud:* "Come into the garden, Maud,"
"Go not, happy day".....ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON
She Walks in Beauty....GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON
She Was a Phantom of Delight...WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
Song: "How Sweet I Roamed from Field to Field."
WILLIAM BLAKE
Song to Celia.....BEN JONSON
Songs from *The Princess:* "Ask me no more," "The splendour falls on castle walls," "O Swallow, Swallow," "Tears, idle tears," "Thy voice is heard through rolling drums"...ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

Songs: "O Mistress mine, where are you roaming?" (*Twelfth Night,* Act II, Scene 3); "Take, O, take those lips away" (*Measure for Measure,* Act IV, Scene 1); "Who is Silvia?" (*Two Gentlemen of Verona,* Act IV, Scene 2) ..WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Sonnet: When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Sonnets from the Portuguese: "Go from me," "How do I love thee?".....ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

Summum Bonum.....ROBERT BROWNING

To Althea from Prison.....RICHARD LOVELACE

Upon Julia's Clothes.....ROBERT HERRICK

Wanting is—What?.....ROBERT BROWNING

X

MEMORIES

Read "Heritage" by DOROTHY PAUL.

In this poem the poet shows that certain words or objects have the power to evoke memories.

What are the words and objects in this poem that evoke these memories?
What pictures do these words and objects suggest?
Why do these words and objects suggest these pictures to the reader?
With what descriptive words does the poet paint for you the pictures that she sees?

Read "Words" by JOSEPH AUSLANDER.

Show how this poem illustrates the associations bound up in words.
Give any words that for you have definite associations bound up in them.
Picture these associations.

Read "Snuff-Boxes" by HORTENSE FLEXNER.

In the Morgan collection in the Metropolitan Museum of New York City, there is a display of snuff-boxes. To the average observer they are pretty boxes and nothing more. Note in this poem how the poet with her seeing eye and her creative imagination has evoked from these snuff-boxes pictures of the long ago. The poet does not describe in detail the owners of these snuff-boxes that she sees in her mind's

eye, but she makes us fill out the picture of which she gives us only the picture-provoking detail.

Satin-pockets, iron wrists beneath the lacy frill, swords that rust call to our minds a group of satin-coated, befrilled gentlemen with jeweled swords, exchanging friendly pinches of snuff from these dainty boxes.

Candles long burnt out, a dallying glance, a hand too hotly kissed suggest the light-hearted frivolity of these gentlemen as they gossip of their conquests in the candle-light of the old drawing-rooms.

By the jewels and the crests of the snuff-boxes the poet re-creates for us the pride and display of their owners. The dainty enamel, the frail, rare colors suggest the surface artificiality of their lives.

The last lines of the poem suggest that just as the snuff-boxes, though useless, are prized for their dainty beauty and elaborate decoration, so the artificial grace and picturesqueness of the period they represent linger like a tinkling tune.

Read the following poems:

Ancestral Dwellings.....Henry van Dyke
As in a Rose-Jar.....Thomas S. Jones, Jr.
The Chimney Sweeps of Cheltenham...Alfred Noyes
Clonard.....Thomas S. Jones, Jr.
Ghosts of Indians.....Witter Bynner
Hands.....Wilfrid Gibson
May Flowers.....Theodosia Garrison
The Prayer Rug.....Sara Beaumont Kennedy
Quod Semper.....Lucy Lyttleton
The Paisley Shawl.....Wilfrid Gibson
The Precinct–Rochester.....Amy Lowell

The analysis of "Snuff-Boxes" has shown you the power of certain objects to start a train of associa-

tions, and the power of the poet to reproduce them through the choice of details and words that stir your imagination.

In this group of poems select the object in each case that calls up the associations.
Select from each poem the words or details through which the poet stirs your imagination.
In which of these poems does the poet re-create a period as the poet does in "Snuff-Boxes"?

Read "In an Old Nursery" by PATRICK CHALMERS.

What lines in this poem describe the old nursery?
What memories does the old nursery bring to the person speaking?
Give the lines that describe these memories?
Re-create, from these memories, the childhood of the person speaking.
What mood do these memories produce in the person?
Quote the lines expressing this mood.

Read the following poems:

Duna.....MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL
The Harbour.....WINIFRED LETTS
Noon-Tide.....THOMAS S. JONES, JR.
November Eves.....JAMES ELROY FLECKER
Pirates.....ALFRED NOYES
Possessions.....LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE
Street Scene.....LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

What evokes the memories in each one of these poems?
Give the lines that describe these memories.
Give the mood of the person remembering.
Quote the lines expressing the mood.
Compare this group of poems with the previous "Memory" group.

In which group are the memories a part of the personal experience of the one recalling them?
Show by reference to the poems how you know this.

CORRELATED READINGS CHIEFLY FROM THE OLDER POETS

An Indian Summer Reverie....JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL
Childe Harold's Pilgrimage (Canto IV, *stanzas* 1–4):
"I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs."
GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON
Song: "Memory Hither Come".....WILLIAM BLAKE
Locksley Hall.....ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON
Sonnet: "When to the sessions of sweet silent thought"
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

XI

MELODY

Read "Music" by Walter De La Mare.

In this poem we see how music transports us from the world of reality to the more beautiful world of imagination.

What visions of beauty does music reveal according to this poem?
What memories does it awaken?

Read the following poems:

The Barrel-Organ.....Alfred Noyes
Symphony Pathetique.....Ruth Comfort Mitchell
To a Scarlatti Passepied.....Robert Silliman Hillyer
To Song.....Thomas S. Jones, Jr.
When Malindy Sings.....Paul Laurence Dunbar
Written in a Song Book...Lizette Woodworth Reese

Show by quotations from these poems how music affects various individuals.
In which poems do you find the meter and diction suggestive of the instrument or the composition, or both.
Quote from the poems to illustrate your answer.

Correlated Readings Chiefly from the Older Poets

Alexander's Feast or The Power of Music..John Dryden
Concert Party.....Siegfried Sassoon
Dead Musicians.....Siegfried Sassoon
Everyone Sang.....Siegfried Sassoon

Israfel.....Edgar Allan Poe
Ode.....Arthur O'Shaughnessy
A Song for St. Cecilia's Day.....John Dryden
A Toccata of Galuppi's.....Robert Browning

XII

CHILDHOOD

This group of poems takes you into the child's world. The poet looks at the world around him through the child's eyes.

Read the following poems:

Daffodils Over Night.....David Morton
The Hens.....Elizabeth Madox Roberts
Parliament Hill.....H. H. Bashford
The Shadow People.....Francis Ledwidge
The Sky.....Elizabeth Madox Roberts
Water Noises.....Elizabeth Madox Roberts
The Worm.....Elizabeth Madox Roberts

According to these poems, what things in the world about him appeal to the child?
Quote lines from the poems that will illustrate your answer.

In the poem "Daffodils Over Night," the child compares the unfamiliar daffodils to the lights that he knows.

Show how he carries out this comparison.
Show how in other poems of this group he compares the unknown with the known.
Show how, through the simplicity of meter and of wording, the poet is impersonating the child.

A common criticism of children's poetry is that it is written from the grown-up's viewpoint rather than from the child's.

Do you feel from your experience with children that these poems catch the child's viewpoint? Give reasons for your opinion.

Read the following poems:

The Boogah Man.....PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR
Cradle Song.....SAROJINI NAIDU
Evening Song.....FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS
Lullaby.....PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR
A Sleepy Song.....CHARLES BUXTON GOING
Slumber Song.....LOUIS V. LEDOUX
Summer Song.....PERCY MACKAYE
Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.....EUGENE FIELD

In the first group of poems of childhood, the poet has endeavored to impersonate the child. In this group the poet pictures the adult speaking to the child and trying to catch his interest by mentioning things within the child's experience.

Quote lines from these poems to show how the poet draws upon the child's world.

Notice that most of these poems are slumber songs.

In these poems show how, by means of diction, assonance, alliteration, and repetition, the poet suggests sleep.

Point out in these poems the poet's appeal to the child's imagination by the use of personification and other figures.

The "Boogah Man" and "Cradle Song" are written from the viewpoint of children of an inheritance different from that of the children appealed to in the other songs.

Show how the poems reflect this in their imagery and diction.

Show how the singing power of the poet is evident in these lullabies.

In the study of this group, refer for suggestion to the analysis of "Sleepy Song" by Charles Buxton Going.

Make an anthology of poems of childhood for some child you know, keeping in mind the child's viewpoint.

Make an anthology of poetry of child life for some mother you know.

You will find the following books of poems helpful in making your selections:

CHATER, MELVILLE:
Bubble Ballads, Century Co.

CONKLING, HILDA:
Poems by a Little Girl, Frederick A. Stokes Co.

DE LA MARE, WALTER:
Peacock Pie, Henry Holt & Co.

FIELD, EUGENE:
Lullaby Land, Charles Scribner's Sons.

FIELD, EUGENE:
Poems of Childhood, Charles Scribner's Sons.

GOSSET, ADELAIDE, L. J.:
Lullabies of the Four Nations, Alexander Moring, Ltd., London.

KIPLING, RUDYARD:
Songs from Books, Doubleday, Page & Co.

LAMB, CHARLES and MARY:
Poetry for Children, E. P. Dutton & Co.

PEABODY, JOSEPHINE PRESTON:
The Book of the Little Past, Houghton Mifflin Co.

RILEY, JAMES WHITCOMB:
The Book of Joyous Children, Bobbs-Merrill & Co.

RILEY, JAMES WHITCOMB:
A Host of Children, Bobbs-Merrill & Co.

SHERMAN, FRANK DEMPSTER:
Little Folk Lyrics, Houghton Mifflin Co.

SMITH, NORA ARCHIBALD:
The Christmas Child, Houghton Mifflin Co.

STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS:
Child's Garden of Verses, Charles Scribner's Sons.

SWINBURNE, ALGERNON CHARLES:
Springtime of Life, William Heinemann, London.
TAGORE, RABINDRANATH:
The Crescent Moon, Macmillan Co.
TAYLOR, ANN and JANE, and O'KEEFE, ADELAIDE:
Original Poems and Others, Wells, Gardner Darton & Co., London.

XIII

WAR AND PATRIOTISM

Read the following poems:

A Chant of Love for England.....Helen Gray Cone
The Dying Patriot .....James Elroy Flecker
The Flags on Fifth Avenue....Christopher Morley
Pro Rege Nostro.....W. E. Henley
Recessional.....Rudyard Kipling
Smile of Reims.....Florence Earle Coates
The Soldier.....Rupert Brooke

Each of these poems expresses patriotism—love of country.

Quote from each poem the lines that particularly show the poet's pride in his country.

By reference to the poems show what it is in his country that he particularly admires or loves—its spirit, its tradition, its beauty, achievement, or idealism.

Note how the music of the verse in each poem is in keeping with the emotion expressed. There is a triumphant rhythm in "A Chant of Love for England," an affectionate pride in the cadence of "Pro Rege Nostro." We hear the solemn music of "The Dying Patriot" and the organ-like tone of the "Recessional." There is a peaceful serenity in the verse of the "Smile of Reims."

In every age there are inspiring leaders who embody our abstract ideals of patriotism as represented

by the preceding group. The following group deals with two of these "great companions"—their personalities, their ideals, and their achievements.

Read the following poems:

Lincoln, the Man of the People.....Edwin Markham
Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight...Vachel Lindsay
Lincoln.....John Gould Fletcher
Anne Rutledge.....Edgar Lee Masters

What phases of Lincoln's personality are brought out in each poem?
What lines in each poem characterize the personality?

There is a legend that in times of stress great spirits arise, or great spirits of the past return.

Which of these poems are expressions of this idea?
How does the Lincoln of these poems exemplify the spirit of patriotism?

These poems are excellent examples of a skillful choice of words to fit the subject.

Select from each poem words nicely chosen to picture and to express Lincoln.
Explain the figures of comparison which the poets use in each poem to bring out the most striking features of Lincoln.
In each poem show by quotation that the choice of words is in keeping with the spirit of the poem.
Note in these poems the effect of repetition, assonance, and alliteration.

Read:

Joan of Arc at Domremy.....Charles Buxton Going
The Good Joan.....Lizette Woodworth Reese

What conflicting desires in Joan of Arc are shown in "Joan of Arc at Domremy"?
What stanzas express each desire?
Quote the lines in the poem that express the martyr spirit of Joan.
What is the force of the comparison of Joan with Deborah?
What are the pictures in this poem?
How do they reveal the nature of Joan of Arc?
How does this poem bring out the struggle that patriotism involves?

Patriotism very often shows itself in a pride in the beauty of the native land and an affection for the familiar things of every day life.

Quote the lines in "The Good Joan" which show the simple beauty of the every day life of the peasant country.
What does the poet suggest by the repetition of *Joan of Arc goes riding by*, following these pictures of the land of France.
What was the lasting good that came out of the sacrifice of Joan of Arc?

In other poems of the group "War and Patriotism" we have seen abstract ideals of patriotism and the concrete embodiment of these ideals in the leaders of men. The present group of poems gives you patriotism and the realities of war as viewed chiefly through the eyes of the soldier.

The Picture of War

Read "Night Road" by Robert A. Donaldson.

What impression of the war is the poet trying to give by this picture?

Enumerate details in the picture that create this impression.

Do you think that this is a picture of war imagined by the poet, or experienced by him?

Read the following poems by some of our older poets:

Incident of the French Camp.....Robert Browning
Cavalier Tunes.....Robert Browning
Charge of the Light Brigade...Alfred, Lord Tennyson
Sheridan's Ride.....Thomas Buchanan Read
The Revenge.....Alfred, Lord Tennyson

Note the inspiriting rhythm of the lines in keeping with the picturesque glory of war as depicted very often by our older poets.

What does the verse form of "Night Road" contribute to the impression of war that the poet is suggesting?

"Watchmen of the Night" gives a night picture of war from the decks of a battleship.

Enumerate the details by which the poet paints this picture, giving the reader the feeling of the loneliness of the sea in war.

By what details of the sailor's experience does the poet arouse our sympathy for the sailor?

How does the opening stanza strike the keynote of this poem?

By what contrasting land-pictures does the poet develop the theme struck in the keynote of the poem?

In the poems of war on land or sea from the older poets, we get the glory of the achievement of the individual soldier or of the sailor.

What conditions of modern warfare have placed the emphasis on the mass rather than on the individual?
Show where there are any suggestions of this in "Night Road" and "Watchmen of the Night."

The Soldier

Read:

Before Action.....Wilfrid Gibson
The Iron Music.....Ford Madox Hueffer
It's A Far Far Cry.....Patrick MacGill
Dreamers.....Siegfried Sassoon

You have here the soldier in the midst of war.

What are his thoughts? What lines in these poems picture these thoughts?
Is he conscious of his heroism?
In what does his patriotism consist?
What is the struggle, if any, involved in his patriotism?
Give the details in these poems that paint the pictures of war for us.

Read the group of poems called "Casualties" by Wilfrid Gibson.

What does the title mean?
What picture does each poem give?
From each picture reconstruct, if you can, the character, tastes, and occupation of the man described.
What details in each poem help you to do this?
Is the person speaking in these poems a casual acquaintance of these men, or is their death a personal loss?
By reference to the poems give reasons for your answer.
In what way does this group of poems illustrate the fact that the war was a great melting pot?

The Glory of War

Read:

The Dead..... Rupert Brooke
Safety .....Rupert Brooke
I Have a Rendezvous with Death.....Alan Seeger
The Dreamers.....Martha Haskell Clarke
The Unknown Dead.....John Rathom

In "The Dreamers" by Martha Haskell Clarke is a line: *They have passed but the dream lives on.*

What is the idealism that comes from war to which this "dream" refers?
Quote lines from each of the poems of this group that suggest this idealism.

Read:

Anthem for Doomed Youth.....Wilfred Owen
Battle Sleep.....Edith Wharton
A Hill in Picardy.....Clinton Scollard
How Will It Seem.....Charles Hanson Towne
The Spires of Oxford.....Winifred Letts

What resemblance do you detect in the viewpoint of these poems?
What feeling about the war does each poem express?
Relate them, if you can, to any other poems of the "War and Patriotism" group.

A great many poems that were the outgrowth of the recent war gave in poetry what Bairnsfather gave in cartoon with "Ole Bill"—the humorous side of soldier life.

Read "The Hipe" by Patrick MacGill as typical of these humorous poems.

As a survey of the various aspects of the war read "Dulce et Decorum" by T. P. Cameron Wilson.

Select poems, whole or in part, from the entire group "War and Patriotism" that illustrate the following lines:

1. *Your dreams unfinished and your song unheard.*
2. *High in your hand you held the brimming cup.*
3. *With quickened breath you heard your country's call.*
4. *And from your hand you let the goblet fall.*
5. *And with the fame of your bright youth unspent went shouting up the pathway to the sun.*

Show in detail how these poems illustrate the lines.

CORRELATED READINGS CHIEFLY FROM THE OLDER POETS

Absolution.....ROBERT BROWNING
Agincourt.....MICHAEL DRAYTON
America.....SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH
Among the Flags.....LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY
Barbara Frietchie.....JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER
Barrack Room Ballads.....RUDYARD KIPLING
The Battle of Blenheim.....ROBERT SOUTHEY
The Blue Bells of Scotland.....UNKNOWN
Breathes There a Man.....SIR WALTER SCOTT
Bruce's Address to his Troops at Bannockburn
ROBERT BURNS
Bivouac of the Dead.....THEODORE O'HARA
Burial of Sir John Moore.....CHARLES WOLFE
Captain, My Captain..... WALT WHITMAN
Cavalier Tunes.....ROBERT BROWNING
Charge of the Light Brigade...ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON
Concord Hymn.....RALPH WALDO EMERSON
Draw the Sword, O Republic!....EDGAR LEE MASTERS
Guns of Peace.....DINAH M. CRAIK
Hervé Riel.....ROBERT BROWNING
Hohenlinden.....THOMAS CAMPBELL

How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix
ROBERT BROWNING
How Sleep the Brave.....WILLIAM COLLINS
An Incident of the French Camp....ROBERT BROWNING
Lament for Culloden.....ROBERT BURNS
Marseillaise.....*after* ROUGET DE LISLE
The Minstrel Boy.....THOMAS MOORE
"Once more into the breach" (*Henry V*, Act III, Scene 1).
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
Paul Revere's Ride....HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW
Rule Britannia.....JAMES THOMSON
Sheridan's Ride.....THOMAS BUCHANAN READ
Soldier Rest.....SIR WALTER SCOTT
Sonnet on Chillon.....GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON
The Revenge.....ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON
The Star-Spangled Banner.....FRANCIS SCOTT KEY
To Lucasta on Going to the Wars..RICHARD LOVELACE
Ye Mariners of England.....THOMAS CAMPBELL
Under the Old Elm: Part IV, *lines* 122–143; Part V, *lines* 233–253; Part VIII, *lines* 364–402.
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

XIV

TRIBUTE

Study of Rupert Brooke

Read "The Great Lover" and "Treasure."

What impression do you get of the tastes, interests, and personality of the poet from these poems?

Read "The Dead," "Safety," and "The Soldier."

What ideas do you get of the character, personality, and experience of the poet from these poems?

Read "Rupert Brooke" by Wilfrid Gibson.

What picture of the poet do you get from this poem?

Admirers of Rupert Brooke have spoken of him as *a golden young Apollo, joyous, fearless, versatile, vivid,* as giving a *happy shining impression.*

What confirmation of each of these characteristics do you find in this poem?

Prepare a talk on Rupert Brooke for your school assembly, or for your literary club, based on your study of the poet. Try to fill your hearers with enthusiasm for the poet. For sources on the life and personality of Rupert Brooke, see Bibliography, page 419.

Read also in this connection "Evening Clouds" by Francis Ledwidge which contains a reference to Rupert Brooke.

An admirer of Rupert Brooke will want to read at least the following additional poems: "Blue Evening," "Clouds," "Day That I Have Loved," "The Fish," and "Grantchester."

Study of Robert Louis Stevenson

Read "Tusitala" by Andrew Lang.

Who was "Tusitala" and how did he get this name?
What do you think was the occasion of Lang's poem?
What is the main thought of the poem?
To what facts of Stevenson's life do the first and third stanzas refer?
From your knowledge of Stevenson interpret the second stanza.
In which of his works is he *the lover of children, the teller of tales, the giver of counsel and dreams, the lover of the sea?*

Stevenson's fame rests almost as much upon the charm of his personality as upon his creative literary work.

What suggestion of Stevenson's personal charm do you get in the poem "Tusitala"?

Read "To the Schooner Casco" by Grace Hazard Conkling.

What was the "Schooner Casco"?
What light does the poem throw on the personality of Stevenson?

Read "To R. L. S." by W. E. Henley.

State the thought of this poem, explaining the allegory of which Henley makes use.

What qualities of Stevenson's nature is Henley suggesting in this poem?

The following are readings from his works that will make you know Robert Louis Stevenson the man.

Across the Plains: "Across the Plains," "The Lantern Bearers."
Essays of Travel and In the Art of Writing: "An Autumn Effect," "Books Which Have Influenced Me," "Child's Play," "Father Damien," "Genesis of the *Master of Ballantrae*," "Of the Enjoyment of Unpleasant Places."
Memories and Portraits: "A Gossip on Romance," "Talk and Talkers."
Virginibus Puerisque: "An Apology for Idlers," "On Falling in Love," "Virginibus Puerisque," "Ordered South," "A Plea for Gas Lamps," "Walking Tours."

Study of Francis Ledwidge

Read all the poems by Ledwidge in this volume.

Would you know from these poems that the poet was brought up in the country?
Quote from the poems to give reasons for your answers.

Ledwidge is the poet of the Irish countryside.

What details in the poems you have read suggest Ireland?
Of what things of the countryside does Ledwidge seem to be particularly fond?

Read "Elegy for the Irish Poet, Francis Ledwidge" by Grace Hazard Conkling.

What lines in the poem refer to the things that Ledwidge loved to write about?

Find out what you can about the life of Ledwidge.
Where in the poem is reference made to facts of the poet's life?
What words or expressions in the poem are suggestive of the personality of Ledwidge?
Notice that the author has used in this poem a very simple form of verse. This is in keeping with the simplicity of the poet, in his life and work.

Ledwidge is one of the "war poets."

Is there any suggestion of war in his poetry?
Select from the *Collected Poems of Francis Ledwidge* poems that seem to you to reflect the life of the poet.
For sources for the life and personality of Ledwidge see Bibliography, page 421.

Read "Ave atque Vale" by THOMAS S. JONES, JR. and "The Quiet Singer" by CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

These poems and most of the poems just studied are essentially elegies, that is, laments for the dead, that pay tribute to their work, their personality, or to both work and personality.

Study these two poems as you have studied the preceding ones.
In each poem, to whom is the tribute paid?
Is the tribute paid to the life, or to the work, of the person?
How has the author used form, melody, or diction to suggest the personality or work of the person?

Our older poets have contributed some famous elegies to literature. A lover of poetry should know these elegies:

Adonais.....PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY
Elegy in a Country Churchyard.....THOMAS GRAY

In Memoriam.....Alfred, Lord Tennyson
Lycidas.....John Milton
Thyrsis.. .....Matthew Arnold

Study of "Shelley" by Henry van Dyke

Read from Shelley's poems as many as possible of the following:

Adonais
The Cloud
A Dream of the Unknown
The Flight of Love
Hymn of Apollo
Ode to the West Wind
Ozymandias of Egypt
Song: "Rarely, rarely comest thou"
Stanzas Written in Dejection Near Naples
To the Moon
To Night
Music When Soft Voices Die
One Word is too Often Profaned
To a Skylark
To Wordsworth

Learn what you can of the life of Shelley.
Read "Shelley" by Henry van Dyke.

From your reading of Shelley's poetry, can you see why the author calls him *Knight-Errant of the Never-Ending Quest and Minstrel of the Unfulfilled Desire.*
Quote passages from the poems of Shelley to show that this is an appropriate characterization.
Point out the lines in which the poet describes Shelley. Explain their meaning.
Explain the figures of speech used in the poem.
Quote from Shelley's poetry passages that illustrate the qualities brought out in this poem.
To what facts of Shelley's life does the last stanza refer?

The poems in this group are tributes to literary people for achievement in literature. Select, from other groups of this anthology, poems which pay tribute to people for achievements in other fields, or for qualities of personality.

CORRELATED READINGS CHIEFLY FROM THE OLDER POETS

The Divina Commedia: Sonnet I, "Oft have I seen at some cathedral door"; Sonnet VI, "O Star of Morning and of Liberty"..... HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW
Don Quixote..... AUSTIN DOBSON
In the Churchyard at Tarrytown
HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW
Longfellow in Westminster Abbey..... EDGAR FAWCETT
Memorabilia..... ROBERT BROWNING
On the Fly Leaf of the *Choir Invisible*
THOMAS S. JONES, JR.
Popularity..... ROBERT BROWNING
Robert Louis Stevenson.... LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE
Sonnet W. V. M. (William Vaughan Moody)
KARLE WILSON BAKER
Trusty, Dusky, Vivid, True... ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

XV

HERITAGE

In literature we have an inheritance of legendary figures and places whose names stir the imagination because of centuries of accumulated association. To be an intelligent student of poetry, one must know the Greek myths, the stories of Robin Hood, and of the Knights of the Round Table, because poets are continually drawing on this storehouse of legend. The poems of this group are appreciations of legendary figures and places and presuppose a knowledge of these old myths. Some may have this knowledge from a study of Greek history, the *Iliad*, the *Odyssey*, *Ivanhoe*, and the *Idylls of the King*. If you have not such knowledge, before reading this group familiarize yourself with the important myths.

Read "Reveille" by Ada Foster Murray.

What is the thought of the poem?
How does the title reveal the thought of the poem?
Definitely describe the pictures that you see in reading the poem.
How does your knowledge of mythology help you to see these pictures?

Read the following poems:

Wingèd Man.....Stephen Vincent Benét
Pan Pipes.....Patrick Chalmers
The Odyssey.....Andrew Lang

Daphne.....THOMAS S. JONES, JR.
April.....THOMAS S. JONES, JR.
Marathon.....CLINTON SCOLLARD
A Song of Sherwood.....ALFRED NOYES

In each case be able to state the theme of the poem. Show how the poet has drawn on the old legends and myths to illuminate his subject.

CORRELATED READINGS CHIEFLY FROM THE OLDER POETS

Comus.....JOHN MILTON
Corinna's Going a-Maying.....ROBERT HERRICK
Cymbeline: "Hark, Hark, the Lark"
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
Hymn to Diana.....BEN JONSON
Immortalis.....DAVID MORTON
Il Penseroso.....JOHN MILTON
The Isles of Greece.....GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON
L'Allegro.....JOHN MILTON
The Lotus Eaters.....ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON
Lycidas.....JOHN MILTON
A Musical Instrument..ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING
Ode on a Grecian Urn.....JOHN KEATS
Œnone.....ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON
On First Looking into Chapman's Homer...JOHN KEATS
The Faithful Shepherdess: "Song to Pan"
JOHN FLETCHER
To a Greek Girl.....AUSTIN DOBSON
To Evening.....WILLIAM COLLINS
To Helen.....EDGAR ALLAN POE
Ulysses.....ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON
The world is too much with us...WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

XVI

LIFE AS JOY

Read "Red Geraniums" by MARTHA HASKELL CLARKE.

What does this poem reveal about the personality of the person speaking?
What longings of her life have not been satisfied?
Quote lines to illustrate your answer.
What things have compensated for the things she missed?
Quote lines to show this.
What is her attitude toward life?

Read "Pax Beata" by MARY RACHEL NORRIS.

What things in life have brought joy and contentment to the person speaking in this poem?
Contrast her interests with those of the person in "Red Geraniums."
What difference in personalities do the poems reveal?

Read the following:

Barter.....SARA TEASDALE
Come, Captain Age.....SARA CLEGHORN
For Joy.....FLORENCE EARLE COATES
The Great Lover.....RUPERT BROOKE
Life.....T. P. CAMERON WILSON

What possibilities for joy in life do these poems reveal?
Select poems from the "Experience" group, and from other groups in this anthology that interpret life as joy.

Correlated Readings from the Older Poets

Dream Pedlary.....Thomas Lovell Beddoes
The Best.....Elizabeth Barrett Browning
De Gustibus.....Robert Browning
Endymion (Book I, *lines* 1–25).....John Keats
To the Virgins, To Make Much of Time
Robert Herrick
Ode on a Grecian Urn.....John Keats
L'Allegro.....John Milton
Il Penseroso.....John Milton
Rarely, rarely comest thou.....Percy Bysshe Shelley
The world is too much with us...William Wordsworth

XVII

LIFE AS STRUGGLE

Read the following poems:

Invictus.....W. E. Henley
The Service.....Burges Johnson
Consecration ..... John Masefield
The New Life.....Witter Bynner
The Road.....James Stephens
The Vision on the Brink.....Francis Ledwidge

In the poems of the previous group, the poets show us the opportunities for joy that life presents to us in the things about us. The poems of this group represent a different way of looking at life from the poems of the previous group.

See if you can determine what the difference in attitude is.

Can you sum up in a sentence or two the spirit that underlies most of these poems?

Read "Prayer" by Louis Untermeyer.

What is the poet praying for?

What lines in each stanza give utterance to his prayer?

According to the poet, what things are there in life that may weaken the spirit that he wishes to acquire?

Give the lines in each stanza that suggest these things.

Select the expressions in each stanza that are suggestive of the spirit for which the poet is striving.

Select the words or expressions that suggest the influences that weaken this spirit.

Select other poems from the "Experience" group that portray life as struggle.

CORRELATED READINGS CHIEFLY FROM THE OLDER POETS

The spirit voiced in the poems of this Study is distinctively a modern note. We have the forerunner of it in hymns, and here and there in the nineteenth century poets.

Prospice.....ROBERT BROWNING
Say Not the Struggle Naught Availeth
ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH
Prayer for Pain.....JOHN G. NEIHARDT
The Divine Surgeon.....ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON
Ulysses.....ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

Hymns

Onward Christian Soldiers.....S. BARING-GOULD
Fight the Good Fight.....J. S. B. MONSELL
My Soul, be on Thy Guard.....GEORGE HEATH

XVIII

LOOKING FORWARD

This group of poems represents the poet as looking forward. Sometimes the mood is one of wistfulness; at other times it is one of aspiration—of reaching out toward finer things; again it is one of looking into the future with an attitude of faith.

Read "The Old Woman of the Roads" by PADRAIC COLUM.

What is the mood of the old woman?
Enumerate the things that she longs for.
What do these longings tell you of the character of the old woman?
Is there anything in the poem to suggest the old woman's nationality?
In what way is her present life a contrast to the one she longs for?
Give the lines in the poem that tell of the present life of the old woman.
Do you think that the longings of people you know tell anything about the kind of people they are? Illustrate.

Read:

The Dreamers.....THEODOSIA GARRISON
Journey.....EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

Point out how the mood of these is similar to the one of "The Old Woman of the Roads."

CORRELATED READINGS FROM THE OLDER POETS

Ah! Sunflower.....WILLIAM BLAKE
The Reverie of Poor Susan.....WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
Tomorrow.....JOHN COLLINS
Carcassone, *Translated from the French by*
JOHN R. THOMPSON

Read "Faith" by HORTENSE FLEXNER.

What is the faith that the author is expressing in this poem?
What lines express this faith?
Give the lines that describe the season of the year in which the author is writing this poem.
What season of the year is the author recalling?
Give the lines that picture this season.
How does her recollection give her faith?
What words in the first stanza suggest May to you?
What pictures do these words give you?
What words does the author use to describe cold? Show why these are particularly appropriate.
What contrast in life is suggested by the contrast of the seasons of the year?

Read the following:

Climb.....WINIFRED WELLES
Dream the Great Dream.....FLORENCE EARLE COATES
The Hesitant Heart.....WINIFRED WELLES
In a Hospital.....ARTHUR GUITERMAN
The Journey.....L. LE MESURIER
Per Aspera .....FLORENCE EARLE COATES
The Quest.....AGNES LEE
Song of the Grail Seekers.....HERMANN HAGEDORN
Symbol.....DAVID MORTON

Be able to state the theme of each poem. Show how each of these poems shows aspiration on the part of the poet.

Select other poems from the group "Experience" or from other groups in this anthology that show aspiration on the part of the poet.

Correlated Readings from the Older Poets

The Chambered Nautilus.....Oliver Wendell Holmes
The Coming of Arthur.....Alfred, Lord Tennyson
Gareth and Lynette.....Alfred, Lord Tennyson
Sir Galahad.....Alfred, Lord Tennyson
The Lady of Shalott.....Alfred, Lord Tennyson
The Passing of Arthur.....Alfred, Lord Tennyson
Qua Cursum Ventus.....Arthur Hugh Clough

XIX

LOOKING BACKWARD

In this group of poems the poet is looking back over his own life, or over life as he sees it lived by others. Various moods come to him—the sense of regret; of the lost opportunity; of the transitory quality of life, and the permanence of nature in contrast; of satisfaction in the real things that life has brought; and of faith in the outcome.

Read "Afterwards" by THOMAS HARDY.

Under which of the suggested moods does the poem come?

What does the title "Afterwards" mean?

To what incident in life does the poet compare the *latching of the postern gate?*

The poet pictures himself as going out of the postern gate at various times and seasons.

Select the lines in each stanza that suggest these times and seasons.

In each picture in this poem show Hardy's skillful selection of color-words.

Select the words and phrases in the poem that show Hardy's nice sense of sound.

What things in life does the poet want you to remember him as loving?

Judging from this poem what kind of man is the author?

Read the following poems:

In After Days.....AUSTIN DOBSON
In Memoriam Margaritae Sororis.....W. E. HENLEY

Finale.....W. E. Henley
Prayer.....John Masefield
On Growing Old.....John Masefield
¿ Quien Sabe?.....Ruth Comfort Mitchell
The Dust.....Lizette Woodworth Reese
Tears.....Lizette Woodworth Reese
Evolution.....John Banister Tabb

See if you can place these poems under the suggested headings, or try to find moods of looking back on life other than those listed.

Select other poems from the "Experience" group or from other groups of this anthology that show moods of looking back on life.

Correlated Readings Chiefly from the Older Poets

Andrea del Sarto.....Robert Browning
Break, Break, Break.....Alfred, Lord Tennyson
Coronach ..... Walter Scott
Crossing the Bar.....Alfred, Lord Tennyson
Elegy in a Country Churchyard.....Thomas Gray
Epilogue to Asolando.....Robert Browning
Finis.....Walter Savage Landor
Joy, Shipmate, Joy!.....Walt Whitman
L'Envoi ..... Rudyard Kipling
My Lost Youth.....Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
On His Blindness.....John Milton
The Patriot.....Robert Browning
Song: "When I am dead, my dearest—"
Christina Rossetti
Stanzas for Music.....George Gordon, Lord Byron
Thomas McDonagh.....Francis Ledwidge
Waiting.....John Burroughs
The world is too much with us...William Wordsworth

XX

POEMS OF RELIGIOUS ASPIRATION

Akin to the previous group of poems of spiritual experience is one of religious aspiration which finds expression in poetry as it does in the art of Michael Angelo, of Raphael, Murillo, Leonardo da Vinci, and other of the great masters; and in the music of Handel, Bach, Verdi, Gounod, and a multitude of other musicians.

Read the following poems:

The Christ Candle.....Kate Louise Brown
A Christmas Carol.....G. K. Chesterton
Hymn.....Paul Laurence Dunbar
Recessional.....Rudyard Kipling
Star of My Heart.....Vachel Lindsay
Mary Shepherdess.....Marjorie L. C. Pickthall
A Christmas Folk Song....Lizette Woodworth Reese
Little Jesus.....Francis Thompson

Show the religious spirit that prompted each of the above poems.
What is the attitude of the poet toward his subject?
What means does the poet take in each case to express his aspirations and devotion?
Select other poems from this anthology that show religious aspiration.

Correlated Readings from the Older Poets

O Little Town of Bethlehem.....Phillips Brooks
The Blessed Damozel.....Dante Gabriel Rossetti

The Hound of Heaven.....Francis Thompson
The Lamb.....William Blake
Psalms xiv, xxiii, xxiv, ciii, cxxi, cxxx, cxlviii...Bible
The Tiger.....William Blake

XXI

STUDY OF A POET: ALFRED NOYES

Re-read "A Song of Sherwood."

In this poem the poet is picturing for you Sherwood Forest in the morning twilight of a summer day.

Enumerate the details by which he conveys to you the atmosphere of morning twilight.
In what lines or phrases does he picture the forest?
How does he suggest a summer morning to you?

Do you notice that in this poem you get no definite pictures of Robin Hood? He is merely a *shadowy man that winds a shadowy horn,* the elusive spirit of the forest who awakens the life of the forest and the spirit of English tradition in the mind of the reader of the poem.

Show, by reference to the poem, how Robin Hood awakens life in the forest and re-creates for the imagination the forest traditions of old England.

The poet employs many devices other than rhythm and rhyme to make his verse musical. Chief among these are the repetition of sounds (assonance) and alliteration.

Point out, by definite reference to the poem, how these devices are used, and with what effect.
Select the sound words and the color words that give to the poem its picturesque beauty.

This poem is, in a sense, a touchstone to the work of Noyes. In it we see epitomized the poet's interest in the traditions of old England, the beauty of nature, and the charm of romance. It exemplifies the qualities that give the poetry of Noyes its charm—the appeal to the senses and to the emotions through beauty of sound and color, and through rich and delicate fancy.

"A Triple Ballad of Old Japan" and the "Flower of Old Japan" illustrate Noyes' sense of beauty in his choice of the colorful, musical word.

Illustrate this by reference to these poems.

"Butterflies, On The Downs" and "We shall not find a fairer land afar" from *Drake*, Book II, reveal the poet's sensitiveness to the beauty of the English countryside.

Illustrate this by quoting from the poems.

"A Song of England" and "A Knight of the Ocean-Sea," from *Tales of the Mermaid Tavern*—exemplify the poet's delight in his own land and its traditions.

Show this by reference to the poems.

The play of the poet's fancy over his subject is evidenced in the poems "Pease-Blossom" and "Mustard-Seed" from *The Forest of Wild Thyme* and in the character and speeches of "Shadow-of-the-Leaf" in *Sherwood.*

Illustrate this by reference to the poems.

In "Unity" and "The Devonshire Ditty" the poet shows his interest in romance.

Show that the love element is predominant in these poems.

Noyes more than any of the other modern poets except Kipling and Masefield has made a return to the old ballad content and form.

Read "The Highwayman," and "A Knight of the Ocean-Sea," and "Will Shakespeare's out like Robin Hood" from *Tales of a Mermaid Tavern.*"

Select other examples of the poet's balladry from his *Collected Poems.*

Read at least six of the following poems and show what interests or qualities of Noyes as a poet they illustrate:

Actaeon
Apes and Ivory
Bacchus and The Pirates
The Burial of a Queen
The Call of the Spring
Drake: Exordium, "Mother and love, fair England," Prologue to the American Edition.
The Dream Child's Invitation
An East End Coffee Stall
Edinburgh
The Electric Tram
The Enchanted Island
The Forest of Wild Thyme, Part II
Gorse
A Japanese Love Song
A May Day Carol
Nelson's Year
The Newspaper Boy
New Wars for Old
On a Railway Platform

Our Lady of Twilight
A Prayer for Peace
Rank and File
The Rock Pool
A Skylark Caged
A Song of The Plough
'Tween the Lights
A Watchword of the Fleet
The World's May Queen

In your study of the work of this poet note always his skillful use of assonance, alliteration, and other poetical devices by which he increases the music of his verse.

Do you discover in your reading of this poet any other interests or qualities beside those suggested?

Noyes, like Tennyson, delights in the beauty of England.

Make an anthology, from the work of this poet, of pictures of the English country side.

Assignment.—Make a study of the work of any other poet of this anthology, following the general plan of this lesson on the poetry of Alfred Noyes.

XXII

STUDY OF A POET: PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

Paul Laurence Dunbar has the distinction of being the first negro to portray his people in verse. In his poetry the negro of the old "befo' de wah" plantation lives for us again. We follow him through his work in the fields to his little cabin where we see him playing with his pickaninnies, or "pickin' " on his banjo, or enjoying his possum and "co'n-pone." We go fishing and hunting with him and his dogs, or off to the neighboring cabin to a dance, or up to the big house to help prepare the Christmas and Thanksgiving festivities. Through it all we get a glimpse of the happy-go-lucky, trusting, child-like negro nature, enjoying the sunshine and fearing the shadow.

Read from the *Collected Poems* of Paul Laurence Dunbar the following poems which give you pictures of plantation life which will serve as a background for your study of negro character as presented by Dunbar.

A Back Log Song
Candle-Lightin' Time
Chrismus is a Comin'
Christmas
The Delinquent
Expectations
Fishin'
Howdy, Honey, Howdy

How Lucy Back-Slid
Long To'ds Night
Noon
The Party
Time to Tinker 'Round
When de Co'n Pone's Hot.

What phases of plantation life do you find pictured in each of these poems?

Read "Lullaby."

What is the situation in the opening stanza?
Who is the person speaking?
What is her relation to the *po' little lamb?*
What details disclose her intimate knowledge of her charge?
How, through these details, does Dunbar picture the mischievous little youngster to you?
What is the speaker's attitude toward the child?
By what devices does Dunbar produce, in this poem, the crooning melody typical of negro music?
In this connection read from the collected poems the following poems which throw further light on the relation of the negro to the child.

A Cabin Tale
Curiosity
Li'l Brown Baby
The Plantation Child's Lullaby
Wadin' in der Crick

Read "Song of Summer."

Describe the summer day pictured in this poem.
What words and phrases reveal the negro in his lazy, happy-go-lucky enjoyment of the summer day.
By what words does the poet make the picture graphic?
What expressions or turns of thought are typical of the negro?

Read in this connection, "A Warm Day in Winter," "Snowin'," "Keep a Song Upon der Way," and "Time to Tinker 'Round."

In these selections how is the negro's character revealed in his attitude toward the weather?

Read "The Boogah Man."

As you may have noticed in the poems you have read, the negro dramatizes the things about him. The winds, the birds, the rivers are almost human presences to him. In this poem he dramatizes the mystery of night.

What suggests the "Boogah Man" to the speaker?

How does he make him vivid to the child?

Contrast the mood of this poem with the bright sunlight of the "Song of Summer."

Show, by reference to poems previously read, the negro's tendency to dramatize.

Read Hymn: "O Lil Lamb."

Show how this poem exemplifies the negro's tendency to express his emotions and ideas in dramatic form.

What touches are characteristic of the negro? What gives this hymn a singing quality?

Read from the *Collected Poems* "An Ante Bellum Sermon," "How Lucy Back-Slid," "Temptation," and any other poems that reveal the religious life of the negro.

Read "Angelina," "Dreamin' Town," and "Mandy Lou."

What phases of negro character are brought out in these poems? Refer to the poems to illustrate your answer.

Read from the *Collected Poems* the following poems giving the negro's picture of love:

Dely
Discovered
Jilted
Lover's Lane
A Negro Love Song
Parted
Protest

Notice that in most of his dialect poems Dunbar reveals unusual skill in the use of the dramatic monologue.

One of the most characteristic features of Dunbar's poetry is the sympathetic though penetrating humor with which he pictures his own people.

Point out instances of this humor in the poems you have read.

Assignment.—Following the plan of this study, make a study of the work of any other dialect poet represented in this anthology.

Correlated Readings

The books and magazine articles which follow discuss the contribution of the negro to American literature and music.

Johnson, James Weldon, *Book of American Negro Poetry.*
Talley, Thomas W., *Negro Folk Rhymes.*
Brawley, Benjamin, *The Negro in Literature and Art in the United States.*
"Hymns of The Slave and The Freedman," *New England Magazine,* January, 1899.
"Old Plantation Hymns," *New England Magazine,* December, 1898.

"Recent Negro Melodies," *New England Magazine*, February, 1899.

The three articles above are studies of the songs of the southern negroes and give an interesting insight into the themes, the spirit, and the singing of these melodies by the negroes.

"Negro Spirituals," *Atlantic Monthly*, June, 1867. A very interesting explanation of the tone and the spirit of the negro spirituals.

"Songs of the Slave," *Lippincott's Magazine*, December, 1868. An account of the songs of the negroes in slave days.

XXIII

THE FORM OF POETRY

In the previous studies we have considered chiefly the thought and imagery of a poem. In this study we want to see its structure. Of course no true poet consciously "constructs" a poem, but a poem is based on a knowledge of rhythm and cadence instinctive or acquired.

Read these lines aloud:

> The stag at eve had drunk its fill
> Where danced the moon on Monan's rill.

Note that, as you read, you naturally stress the syllables *stag*, *eve*, *drunk*, *fill*, *danced*, *moon*, *Mo-* and *rill*, because the structure of the lines makes you do this. Note that this syllable stress recurs at regular intervals in the line. This regular recurrence of stress is called *rhythm*. In all poetry written in definite measure the regularity of accent or stress is the important factor. Read aloud the parables of the Bible or passages from Hawthorne, Ruskin, Stevenson, or other masters of prose. You will find that these passages have a pleasing effect on the ear, which is produced by as careful an arrangement of words and of syllables as that used in poetry; but this effect is produced without the aid of rhythm, that is, of *regular* stress produced by a definite plan of grouping stressed and unstressed syllables. Instead of rhythm, good prose has *cadence*, which may be

roughly defined as an *irregular* recurrence of stressed syllables.

Many of the modern poets are inclined to disregard rhythm and rhyme altogether and to depend for their music on diction, or cadence, or, in many cases, on the grouping of stressed and unstressed syllables in patterns repeated throughout the poem, comparable in some respects to phrasing in music. The so-called new poetry is so varied in form and opens up such a wide field of discussion that we cannot treat it adequately here. We shall study only rhythmical poetry.

To understand rhythmical poetry we must understand the structure of the line. In the line

| The stág | at eve | had drunk | his fill |

note that the regular recurrence of the stressed and unstressed syllables gives rise to a rhythm as follows:

| La *la* | la *la* | la *la* | la *la* |

Each | la *la* | is called in metrics, or poetical structure, a foot or measure comparable to a measure in music. For convenience the measures may be marked off by bars as indicated. There are various kinds of feet used in poetry. This particular kind consisting of two syllables, the first unstressed, the second stressed is called an *iambus*. In the line

| Trip ping | light ly | through the | sun shine |

the rhythm is

| *La* la | *la* la | *la* la | *la* la |

The individual foot in this line consists of a stressed followed by an unstressed syllable. This foot is called a *trochee.* The word "trochee" is itself a *trochee.*

In the lines

There's	a	sóng	in	the	aír
There's	a	stár	in	the	sky

the rhythm is

La	la	*la*	la	la	*la*
La	la	*la*	la	la	*la*

The individual foot in these lines is called an *anapest,* that is, a foot of three syllables, the first two unstressed, the third stressed.

In the line

Júst	for	a	hánd	ful	of	síl	ver	he	léft	ús

the rhythm is

La	la	la	*la*	la	la	*la*	la	la	*la*	*la*

The three-syllabled feet in this line are *dactyls.* A *dactyl* is a foot of three syllables, the first stressed, and the others unstressed.

The final foot in this line has two equal stresses. This foot is called a *spondee.* It is used chiefly as a substitute foot.

English poetry uses more iambic and anapestic feet than other kinds. No real poet uses lines entirely iambic, anapestic, trochaic, or dactylic through-

out a poem. The verse would deteriorate at once into sing-song measure. The art lies in substituting feet to give a pleasing irregularity, a substitution no doubt unconscious on the part of the poet. The measure of a line or poem is named from the feet predominating. The dactylic measure runs very easily into anapestic. It is not so widely used in English poetry as the other measures are. The iambic is the most frequently used of all measures.

Read aloud the following:

Behind the Closed Eye (*iambic*) ....Francis Ledwidge
The River (*trochaic*).....Ellis M. Potter
Coromandel Fishers (*anapestic*).....Sarojini Naidu
Pan Pipes (*dactylic*).....Patrick Chalmers

In reading these poems note that the foot named in the parenthesis is the predominant foot, but observe the substitution of other feet which gives variety to the poem. Do not spoil the music of the verse by attempting to make all the feet of one kind. Write out the poems, marking the syllables which you naturally stress as you read the poem aloud. Then using the symbol "la" for a syllable, write the melody below the poem and read it without words as you might hum the melody of a song without the words. Your main purpose in such reading is not to measure the line off into feet mathematically, but to sense the music of the line by accentuating the rhythm. Observe that lines of similar length will have the same number of measures regardless of the substituted feet. Use the following for models:

BEHIND THE CLOSED EYE

| I walked | the old | fre quent | ed ways |
| La *la* | la *la* | la *la* | la *la* |

| That wind | a round | the tan | gled braes |
| La *la* | la *la* | la *la* | la *la* |

| I live | a gain | the sun | ny days |
| La *la* | la *la* | la *la* | la *la* |

| Ere I | the Cit | y knew |
| La *la* | la *la* | la *la* |

THE RIVER

| What is | fair er | than the | riv er |
| *La* la | *la* la | *la* la | *la* la |

| What is | sweet er | than its | flow |
| *La* la | *la* la | *la* la | *la* |

| Com ing | from the | dis tant | high lands |
| *La* la | *la* la | *la* la | *la* la |

| In whose ponds | the li | lies grow |
| La la *la* | la *la* | la *la* |

COROMANDEL FISHERS

| Rise | broth ers rise | the wak | en ing skies |
| *La* | la la *la* | la *la* | la la *la* |

| pray to the | morn ing | light |
| *la* la la | *la* la | *la* |

| The wind | lies a sleep | in the arms | of the dawn |
| La *la* | la la *la* | la la *la* | la la *la* |

| like a child | that has cried | all night |
| la la *la* | la la *la* | *la* *la* |

| Come | let us gath | er our nets | from the shore |
| *La* | la la *la* | la la *la* | la la *la* |

| and set | our cat | a m(a)rans free |
| la *la* | la *la* | la la *la* |

| To cap | ture the leap | ing wealth | of the tide |
| La *la* | la la *la* | la *la* | la la *la* |

| for we | are the sons | of the sea |
| la *la* | la la *la* | la la *la* |

PAN PIPES

| Pán | did you sáy | he was déad | that he'd góne |
| *La* | la la *la* | la la *la* | la la *la* |

| and for góod |
| la la *la* |

| Góne with the | Dry ads and | all of the | shy for est |
| *La* la la | *la* la la | *la* la la | *la* la la |

| fa ces |
| *la* la |

| Who was it | then plucked | your sleéve | as you came |
| *La* la la | *la* *la* | la *la* | la la *la* |

| through the wood |
| la la *la* |

| What of the | whis per that | waits in the | odd est of |
| *La* la la | *la* la la | *la* la la | *la* la la |

| pla ces |
| *la* la |

You will observe that a foot frequently consists of one strongly stressed syllable used instead of the regular foot of the line. In reading such a foot it is natural to fill out the missing syllables with a pause. The use of a pause is quite as effective in verse as in music. There is often an extra unaccented syllable in a foot. This occurs frequently at the end of a line.

Choose from this anthology poems in which certain measures predominate as in the above poems. Read the poems aloud rhythmically, using the symbol "la" for each syllable. It will help you to mark the stressed syllables before you begin reading.

The poet makes use of various types of measure to express different themes or emotions. The trochee and dactyl are light, singing measures suited to themes or emotions of a happy nature. The iambic measure is used for descriptive and reflective

poems. The anapest is frequently used for poems depicting movement. However, the foot alone does not always suggest the nature of the theme. This is often suggested through line length or stanza length. A short line and a short stanza suggest a lighter theme than a long line or a long stanza in any measure. So, by using different line lengths with the same measure, quite different effects may be obtained. A long line in anapestic measure gives sweep and regularity of motion. A gallop or a march is frequently indicated by this type of line. The long iambic line gives solemnity. A trochaic line is seldom long. If it is long, it is marked by a strong pause which gives the effect of two short lines.

Read the following poems:

And O the Wind.....Witter Bynner
The Barrel-Organ.....Alfred Noyes
Blue Squills.....Sara Teasdale
Dirge.....Adelaide Crapsey
The Iron Music.....Ford Madox Hueffer
Love Planted a Rose.....Katherine Lee Bates
On Growing Old.....John Masefield
Recessional.....Rudyard Kipling
The Runaway.....Cale Young Rice
Sea Fever.....John Masefield
Slumber Song.....Louis Ledoux
Song.....Dana Burnet
To A. D.....W. E. Henley
Unity.....Alfred Noyes
The West Wind.....John Masefield
Wind in the Dusk.....Harold Monro

See whether you can determine, as you read these poems, how measure or line length or both are in harmony with, or suggest the theme of the poem.

Rhyme

In addition to rhythm and meter the poet frequently makes use of rhyme. Rhyme is an agreement of the sounds of vowels and of consonants following a vowel in final accented syllables, as: *swing, ring; red, head.* Unaccented syllables may follow without affecting the rhyme, as: *swinging, ringing.* Sometimes a word in the middle of the line rhymes with a word at the end of the line, but rhymes are usually only at the ends of lines.

Rhyme schemes are varied. Sometimes successive lines rhyme; sometimes alternate lines rhyme; sometimes in a four-line stanza, the first and fourth lines and the second and third lines rhyme.

Study the various rhyme schemes used in poems of this anthology.

Poetical Devices

Besides measure and rhyme length the poet uses certain sound-devices to increase the music of his lines. Those most frequently used are *alliteration, assonance,* and *onamatopœia.*

Alliteration consists in the repetition of the initial sound in two or more words in close succession. Example: "*G*ray and *g*hostly shadows *g*liding through the brake."

Assonance is a repetition of similar sounds in the body of a word as the repetition of the "l" sound in the following: "El*a*ine the fair, El*a*ine the *l*ovab*l*e, El*a*ine the *l*ily maid of Asto*l*at."

Onamatopœia is an adaptation of the sound to the

sense. Words or combinations of syllables are used to suggest sound. For example:

> Bang-whang-whang goes the drum,
> Tootle-te-tootle the fife.

In these lines you have the sounds of the instruments suggested through words.

Read the following poems:

As the Tide Comes In.....CALE YOUNG RICE
The Call of the Spring.....ALFRED NOYES
A Dutch Slumber Song.....VIOLA CHITTENDEN WHITE
Hill-Hunger.....JOSEPH AUSLANDER
Home Coming of the Sheep.....FRANCIS LEDWIDGE
Landlocked.....CHARLES BUXTON GOING
A Mocking Bird.....WITTER BYNNER
My Canary's Rhapsody.....ZÖE ACKERMAN
The River.....ELLIS M. POTTER
The West Wind.....JOHN MASEFIELD
Wind.....JOHN GALSWORTHY
The Wind on the Wold.....W. E. HENLEY

Quote lines from these poems that show the poets' use of alliteration, assonance, and onamatopœia.

Poems are frequently divided into stanzas consisting of different numbers of lines varying from the two-lined stanza to three-, four-, five-, and six-lined stanzas, and stanzas even longer. Sometimes the stanzas of the same poem vary in line length to suit the mood or movement of the poem. Various names are given to these stanzas, but these are necessary only in a very technical study of verse. The most common stanza form is the four-lined stanza. Modern poets use very irregular stanza forms.

There is one type of poem written without any ap-

parent stanzaic form, which has a definite number of lines in a comparatively regular arrangement. This poem is called a *sonnet.* There are many examples of the sonnet in English literature from the sixteenth century to the present day. Shakespeare, Milton, and Wordsworth are masters of the sonnet form and their sonnets should be familiar to all students of poetry. Recently there has been quite a return to the sonnet form among the modern poets.

The *sonnet* is a fourteen-lined poem expressing a single thought or emotion. Its fourteen lines are divided into groups of eight and six lines. The eight lines are called the *octave,* the six, the *sextet.* The octave is subdivided into two groups of four lines each, the first and fourth, and second and third lines in each group rhyming, though poets sometimes have individual rhyme schemes.

The thought of the sonnet follows the verse form. The poet usually expresses a general thought in the octave and applies or points this thought in the sextet.

Read the sonnet "The Minuet" by Dorothy Leonard. Note the rhyme scheme. If the rhyming lines are indicated by the same letters, the rhyme scheme may be symbolized thus:

a b b a a b b a c d c e f d

The poet in this poem has epitomized the restraint imposed upon a poet by the form of the sonnet, though she herself does not let the restraint hamper her expression. Note that the general thought—the comparison of the restraint of the sonnet form which is deftly likened to the formal regularity of a minuet

—is developed in the octave. The application of the thought—the desire of the poet to throw off the restraint and take the consequences—is made in the sextet.

The last six lines of the poem might well be taken as a text of the new poets who feel that rhyme scheme and measure are hampering to their expression, so they will go in verse where they have a mind.

Select the sonnets from this anthology. Plot their rhyme schemes with the use of letters, and note the variations made by the different poets.

Note the poets' use of the thought in the octave and in the sextet.

In this connection the following sonnets will be interesting reading, for both form and content:

Scorn not the sonnet.....WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
The Sonnet.....RICHARD WATSON GILDER
The Sonnet.....JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS
The Sonnet's Voice.....THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON

Writing verse mechanically may not make poets of us, but nothing will give us a keener appreciation of the poet's art and skill. Some one has said that poetry demands the right word in the right place. What artistry it takes to get the right word in the right place, and still to maintain rhythm and rhyme can be realized only by trying to write verse.

The following exercises are meant to be merely suggestive of possibilities in original verse writing. They may not make us "lisp in numbers" but they will help to make us see how it is done. Such exercises are the keenest tests of our power of observa-

tion, our word selection, and our ear for rhythm. In all of the exercises keep a definite number of feet in a line so that no line will have "more feet than the verses would bear."

Write a rhyming alphabet taking for your theme boys or girls whom you know, and using the following as a model:

A is for Alice the joy of the class
B is for Bertha a mischievous lass

Determine the meter you have used and use this same meter throughout your alphabet, rhyming the lines in couplets.

Repeat this exercise in different meters following these models:

A is Alice full of life
A girl I like is Alice fair
There's a girl that I like; she is Alice so fair

To learn the iambic measure write a regular iambic line of any number of feet about trees, birds, clouds, or any other objects of nature. Pay attention to the measure rather than to the thought.

Repeat this exercise using trochaic, anapestic, or dactylic measure in your lines.

Select a poem from this anthology, for example, "Behind the Closed Eye." Read it rhythmically until you get the swing of the lines. Choose a scene with which you are familiar, and write about it in the same meter.

Choose a poem of different measure with simple stanza form. Select a subject similar to that of the poem, and copy the meter of the poem in your own composition.

Describe in prose a place or person you have seen, for instance a rainy street, or a rainy country lane. Try to turn this prose into verse without thinking of your

measure. See if you can fit it into any of the type measures after you have completed it.

Select a view of which you are particularly fond. Write down in verse form any feeling that the view inspires in you. Go over your poem and see what meter you have written it in. See that your lines read smoothly and are regular in number of feet.

Using as a model "The Gardener's Cat," write in verse an account of one of your pets. Use, if you wish, the same meter, stanza form, and line of thought.

To learn the sonnet form follow Mrs. Leonard's plan in "The Minuet." Write a sonnet with the same rhyme scheme on the subject "Writing a Poem." Put your general idea in the octave and the application in the sextet.

Write a sonnet about the season of the year in which you are studying this anthology. Describe the season in the octave. Give the feeling the season inspires in you in the sextet.

Select some distinctive person of your acquaintance—the newsman on your block, the postman, a child, or an old lady. Following the plan of one of the character poems of this anthology—"Miss Loo," "Martin"—write in verse an account of this person. Try to give a unified impression of the person.

After you have mastered rhythm and cadence, try your hand at free verse. It would be well to re-read first the poems in free verse in this anthology. Select for imitation short poems, such as "Fog" or "Lost" of Sandburg. Follow as exactly as possible the line length and the pattern of cadence in these poems.

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Bynner, Witter:

An Ode to Harvard and Other Poems, Alfred A. Knopf, 1917.

Grenstone Poems, Alfred A. Knopf, 1917.

Carman, Bliss:

April Airs, Small, Maynard & Co., 1916.

Poems, Page Co., 1905.

Pipes of Pan, Page Co., 1917.

Cawein, Madison:

Poems, Macmillan Co., 1911.

CHALMERS, PATRICK:
Green Days and Blue Days, Norman Remington Co., 1914.

CHESTERTON, GILBERT KEITH:
The Wild Knight, E. P. Dutton & Co., 1914.

CLAPP, FREDERICK MORTIMER:
New York and Other Verse, Marshall Jones Co., 1918.

CLEGHORN, SARAH:
Portraits and Protests, Henry Holt & Co., 1917.

COATES, FLORENCE EARLE:
Poems, Houghton Mifflin Co., 1916.

COLCORD, LINCOLN:
An Instrument of the Gods, Macmillan Co., 1922.

COLUM, PADRAIC:
Wild Earth and Other Poems, Macmillan Co., 1916.

CONE, HELEN GRAY:
Chant of Love for England and Other Poems, J. M. Dent & Sons, London, 1915.

CONKLING, GRACE HAZARD:
Afternoons of April, Houghton Mifflin Co., 1915.
Wilderness Songs, Henry Holt & Co., 1920.

CRAPSEY, ADELAIDE:
Poems, Alfred A. Knopf, 1922.

DALY, T. A.:
Carmina, Harcourt Brace & Co., 1922.

DARGAN, OLIVE TILFORD:
Lute and Furrow, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1922.

DAVIS, FANNIE STEARNS:
Myself and I, Macmillan Co., 1913.
Crock o' Dawn, Macmillan Co., 1915.

DE LA MARE, WALTER:
The Listeners, Henry Holt & Co., 1916.
Motley and Other Poems, Henry Holt & Co., 1918.

DEUTSCH, BABETTE:
Banners, George H. Doran Co., 1918.

DOBSON, AUSTIN:
Collected Poems, E. P. Dutton & Co., 1913.

DONALDSON, ROBERT A.:
Turmoil, Houghton Mifflin Co., 1913.

DUNBAR, PAUL LAURENCE:
Complete Poems, Dodd, Mead & Co., 1913.

FIELD, EUGENE:
Poems, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1915.

FLECKER, JAMES ELROY:
Collected Poems, Alfred A. Knopf, 1921.

FLETCHER, JOHN GOULD:
Breakers and Granite, Macmillan Co., 1921.

FLEXNER, HORTENSE:
Clouds and Cobblestones, Houghton Mifflin Co., 1921.

FROST, ROBERT:
Mountain Interval, Henry Holt & Co., 1916.

GALSWORTHY, JOHN:
Moods, Songs and Doggerels, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1912.

GARRISON, THEODOSIA:
Dreamers and Other Poems, George H. Doran Co., 1911.
Earth Cry, Mitchell Kennerley, 1910.
Joy o' Life, Mitchell Kennerley, 1909.

GIBSON, WILFRID WILSON:
Neighbors, Macmillan Co., 1920.
Poems, Macmillan Co., 1917.

GOING, CHARLES BUXTON:
Star Glow and Song, Harper & Bros., 1919.

GRAHAM, PETER A. (Editor):
Country Life Anthology of Verse, Country Life, London, 1915.

GUITERMAN, ARTHUR:
A Mirthful Lyre, Harper & Bros., 1918.

HAGEDORN, HERMANN:
A Troop of the Guard, (out of print).

HARDING, RUTH GUTHRIE:
A Lark Went Singing, Edmund Brooks (Out of Print).

HARDY, THOMAS:
Moments of Vision, Macmillan Co., London, 1917.
Late Lyrics and Earlier, Macmillan Co., London, 1922.

HENLEY, W. E.:
Poems, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1921.

HUEFFER, FORD MADOX:
On Heaven and Poems Written on Active Service, John Lane Co., London, 1918.

JOHNSON, BURGES:
The Little Yankee College, Harper & Bros., 1918.

JONES, THOMAS S. JR.:
From Quiet Valleys, George W. Browning, 1907.
The Rose Jar, Thomas Bird Mosher, 1913.
The Voice in the Silence, Thomas Bird Mosher, 1915.

KENNEDY, SARA BEAUMONT:
Poems, Cameo Press and Publishing Co., 1919.

KILMER, ALINE:
Candles That Burn, George H. Doran Co., 1918.

KILMER, JOYCE:
Poems, Essays and Letters, George H. Doran Co., 1918.

KIPLING, RUDYARD:
Collected Verse, Doubleday, Page & Co., 1916.

LANG, ANDREW:
Ballades in Blue China, Thomas Bird Mosher, 1907.

LEDOUX, LOUIS:
The Shadow of Aetna, G. P. Putman's Sons, 1914.

LEDWIDGE, FRANCIS:
Complete Poems, Brentano, 1919.

LE GALLIENNE, RICHARD:
The Lonely Dancer and Other Poems, Dodd, Mead & Co., 1914.
New Poems, Dodd, Mead & Co., 1910.

LETTS, WINIFRED:

Songs from Leinster, David McKay, 1913.
The Spires of Oxford and Other Poems, E. P. Dutton, 1917.

LINDSAY, NICHOLAS VACHEL:

General William Booth Enters into Heaven, Macmillan Co., 1916.
The Congo and Other Poems, Macmillan Co., 1914.

LOWELL, AMY:

Sword Blades and Poppy Seeds, Houghton Mifflin Co., 1914.

LYTTLETON, LUCY:

Lyrical Poems, Thomas Bird Mosher.

MCGIFFERT, GERTRUDE HUNTINGTON:

A Florentine Cycle and Other Poems, G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1915.

MCLEOD, IRENE RUTHERFORD:

Before Dawn, B. W. Huebsch, Inc., 1918.
Songs to Save a Soul, B. W. Huebsch, Inc., 1916.

MACKAYE, PERCY:

Poems and Plays, Macmillan Co., 1916.

MACGILL, PATRICK:

Soldier Songs, E. P. Dutton & Co., 1917.

MARKHAM, EDWIN:

Collected Poems, "The Man with the Hoe" Edition (in preparation). Doubleday Page & Co.

MASEFIELD, JOHN:

Enslaved, Macmillan Co., 1920.
Poems and Plays, Macmillan Co., 1919.

MASTERS, EDGAR LEE:

Spoon River Anthology, Macmillan Co., 1916.

MEYNELL, ALICE:

Collected Poems, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1915.

MILLAY, EDNA ST. VINCENT:

Renascence, Mitchell Kennerley, 1917.
Second April, Mitchell Kennerley, 1921.

MITCHELL, RUTH COMFORT:

Narratives in Verse, D. Appleton & Co., 1922.

MONRO, HAROLD:

The Children of Love, Poetry Book Shop, London, 1914.

MORLEY, CHRISTOPHER:
Songs for a Little House, George H. Doran Co., 1917.

MORTON, DAVID:
Ships in Harbour, G. P. Putman's Sons, 1921.

MURRAY, ADA FOSTER:
Flowers o' the Grass, Harper & Bros., 1910.

NAIDU, SAROJINI:
The Golden Threshold, Dodd, Mead & Co., 1916.

NOYES, ALFRED:
Collected Poems, Frederick A. Stokes Co., 1913.

O'NEIL, GEORGE:
The Cobbler in Willow Street and Other Poems, Boni & Liveright, 1919.

OPPENHEIM, JAMES:
Songs for the New Age, Alfred A. Knopf, 1920.

OWEN, WILFRED:
Poems, B. W. Huebsch, Inc., 1920.

PICKTHALL, MARJORIE L. C.:
The Lamp of Poor Souls, Dodd, Mead & Co., 1916.

PRESLAND, JOHN:
Poems of London, Macmillan Co., London, 1918.

REED, EDWARD BLISS:
Sea Moods and Others, Yale University Press, 1917.

REESE, LIZETTE WOODWORTH:
A Handful of Lavender, Thomas Bird Mosher, 1919.
A Quiet Road, Thomas Bird Mosher, 1909.
Spicewood, Norman Remington Co., 1920.
A Wayside Lute, Thomas Bird Mosher, 1909.

RICE, CALE YOUNG:
At the World's Heart, Century Co., 1914.
Earth and New Earth, Century Co., 1916.
Shadowy Thresholds, Century Co., 1919.
Trails Sunward, Century Co., 1917.

RILEY, JAMES WHITCOMB:
Complete Works, Bobbs, Merrill Co., 1913.

ROBERTS, CECIL:
Poems, Frederick A. Stokes Co., 1920.

ROBERTS, ELIZABETH MADOX:
Under the Tree, B. W. Huebsch, Inc., 1922.

ROBINSON, A. MARY F:
Songs from an Italian Garden, Thomas Bird Mosher.

SANDBURG, CARL:
Smoke and Steel, Harcourt Brace & Co., 1920.
Chicago Poems, Henry Holt & Co., 1916.

SASSOON, SIEGFRIED:
Counter-Attack and Other Poems, E. P. Dutton & Co., 1918.
Picture Show, E. P. Dutton & Co., 1920.

SCOLLARD, CLINTON:
Ballads, Patriotic and Romantic, Lawrence A. Gomme, 1916.
Poems, Houghton Mifflin Co., 1914.
Let The Flag Wave, James T. White & Co., 1917.

SEEGER, ALAN:
Poems, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1917.

SPEYER, LEONORA:
A Canopic Jar, E. P. Dutton & Co., 1921.

STEPHENS, JAMES:
Songs from the Clay, Macmillan Co., 1915.

STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS:
Poems and Ballads, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1913.

TABB, JOHN BANISTER:
Poems, Small Maynard & Co., 1910.

TEASDALE, SARA:
Flame and Shadow, Macmillan Co., 1920.
Love Songs, Macmillan Co., 1917.
Rivers to the Sea, Macmillan Co., 1917.

THOMPSON, FRANCIS:
The Works of Francis Thompson, Burns & Oates, Ltd., London, 1913.

TIETJENS, EUNICE:
Body and Raiment, Alfred A. Knopf, 1919.

TOWNE, CHARLES HANSON:

The Quiet Singer and Other Poems, B. W. Dodge & Co., 1908.
A World of Windows and Other Poems, George H. Doran Co., 1919.

TYNAN, KATHERINE:

The Wind and the Trees, Sidgwick & Jackson, London, 1898.

UNTERMEYER, LOUIS:

Challenge, Harcourt Brace & Co., 1914.
These Times, Henry Holt & Co., 1917.

VAN DYKE, HENRY:

Poems, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1911.

WELLES, WINIFRED:

The Hesitant Heart, B. W. Huebsch, Inc., 1919.

WHITE, VIOLA CHITTENDEN:

Horizons, Yale University Press, 1921.

WIDDEMER, MARGARET:

The Old Road to Paradise, Henry Holt & Co., 1918.

WILSON, T. P. CAMERON:

Waste Paper Philosophy, George H. Doran Co., 1920.

WOOD, CLEMENT:

The Earth Turns South, E. P. Dutton & Co., 1919.

HELPFUL BOOKS FOR REFERENCE AND SUPPLEMENTARY WORK

BRAITHWAITE, WILLIAM STANLEY:

Anthology of Magazine Verse. Published annually, Small, Maynard & Co.
Book of Modern British Verse, Small Maynard & Co., 1909.
Book of Restoration Verse, Brentano, 1910.
Golden Treasury of Magazine Verse, Small Maynard & Co., 1910.

CLARKE, G. H.:

A Treasury of War Poetry, Houghton Mifflin Co., 1917.

CUNLIFFE, JOHN W.:

Poems of the Great War, Macmillan Co., 1919.

GRAHAM, P. A.:

Country Life Anthology of Verse, Country Life, London, 1915.

METHUEN, A.:
An Anthology of Modern Verse, Methuen & Co., London, 1921.

MONROE, HARRIET, AND HENDERSON, ALICE C.:
The New Poetry, Macmillan Co., 1917.

PALGRAVE, FRANCIS:
Golden Treasury, Macmillan Co., 1911.

PANCOAST, HENRY S.:
Standard English Poems, Henry Holt & Co., 1899.

QUILLER-COUCH, ARTHUR:
Oxford Book of English Verse, Oxford University Press, 1919.

RICHARDS, MRS. WALDO:
High Tide, Houghton Mifflin Co., 1916.
Star Points, Houghton Mifflin Co., 1921.
Melody of Earth, Houghton Mifflin Co., 1918.

RITTENHOUSE, JESSIE B.:
Little Book of Modern Verse, Houghton Mifflin Co., 1913.
Second Book of Modern Verse, Houghton Mifflin Co., 1919.
Little Books of American Poets, Houghton Mifflin Co., 1915.

SQUIRE, J. C.:
Selections from Modern Poets, Martin Secker, London.

STEVENSON, BURTON E.:
Home Book of Verse, Henry Holt & Co., 1918.

UNTERMEYER, LOUIS:
Modern American Poetry, Harcourt Brace & Co., 1921.
Modern British Poetry, Harcourt Brace & Co., 1920.

CRITICISM OF MODERN POETRY

BRAITHWAITE, WILLIAM STANLEY:
The Poetic Year for 1916, Small Maynard & Co., 1916.

LOWELL, AMY:
Tendencies in Modern American Poetry, Macmillan Co., 1917.

LOWES, JOHN LIVINGSTON:
Convention and Revolt in Poetry, Houghton Mifflin Co., 1919.

PHELPS, WILLIAM LYON:
Advance of English Poetry in the Twentieth Century, Dodd Mead and Co., 1918.

RITTENHOUSE, JESSIE B.:
Younger American Poets, Little Brown & Co., 1914.

STURGEON, MARY C.:
Studies of Contemporary Poets, Dodd, Mead and Co., 1920.

UNTERMEYER, LOUIS:
A New Era in American Poetry, Henry Holt & Co., 1919.
Preface to *Modern British Poetry*, Harcourt Brace & Co., 1920.
Preface to *Modern American Poetry*, Harcourt Brace & Co., 1921.

WILKINSON, MARGUERITE:
New Voices, Macmillan Co., 1922 (revised).

THE POETS

ACKERMAN, ZÖE:

An American poet, writer of occasional verse for magazines. (No further facts of life available.)

ALLING, KENNETH SLADE:

A contributor of occasional verse to magazines; now engaged in business in New York City. Educated at Yale. Lived three years in India prior to his service with A. E. F., as an aerial observer.

ALLNUT, PHOEBE CROSBY (Mrs.):

Teacher, social worker, and writer of occasional verse. Born and brought up on a Maryland farm. Educated at Bryn Mawr and St. Timothy's School. Now in charge of school for orphan girls in Carson College, Flourtown, Pa.

AUSLANDER, JOSEPH:

An instructor in the Department of English of Harvard University. Occasional contributor of verse to *Atlantic Monthly* and other magazines.

BAKER, KARLE WILSON (Mrs.):

A western poet born in Arkansas, now living in Nacogdoches, Texas. Educated at University of Chicago. Contributor of poems, stories, and essays to various magazines.

BARKER, ELSA:

A poet born in Vermont; now living in New York City. Has been teacher, reporter, lecturer, magazine editor, in addition to contributing poetry and articles to various periodicals. Has written books on spiritualism.

BASHFORD, HENRY HOWARTH:

An English physician living in London, author of several books of poetry, and contributor to various journals.

BATES, KATHERINE LEE:

A professor of English in Wellesley College since 1891. Poet, editor, story writer, translator.

BENÉT, STEPHEN VINCENT:

One of the young Yale poets. Born in Pennsylvania: now living at Augusta, Georgia. Won the Cook Prize, while at Yale, for his poem, "The Hemp."

BRIDGES, ROBERT:

Poet-laureate of England since 1913. A retired physician living in Oxford, England; educated at Eton, and Corpus Christi, Oxford. Compiler of anthologies and writer of critical essays.

BROOKE, RUPERT (1887-1915):

He is a portion of that loveliness
Which once he made more lovely.

An English soldier poet of the Great War. Son of the assistant headmaster of Rugby where he was born. Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, 1913. Served in the Antwerp and Dardanelles expeditions. Died on board a French hospital ship at Scyros. An intimate friend of the poets, Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, James Elroy Flecker, and Walter De La Mare.

BROWN, KATE LOUISE (1854–1921):

And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear.

Teacher in Boston for many years. A writer of poetry, songs, and kindergarten marching plays. Contributor to magazines and juvenile publications.

BROWN, THOMAS EDWARD (1830–1897):

I have gone by, where now you pass
* * * *
Nor failed to find a flowery dell,
A shady grove, a crystal well:

A Manx poet, born and brought up in the Isle of Man. Educated at a college in the Isle of Man, and at Oxford. A teacher for more than thirty years. Henley, the poet, was one of his famous pupils. Enthusiast about his native island where he spent his last years.

BURNET, DANA:

A poet and short-story writer native of Ohio, living in New York City, Graduate of Cornell College of Law. Formerly connected with the New York *Evening Sun* for which he was a special writer in France during the war.

BUTCHART, ISABEL:

A British poet. Contributor to *Country Life*, London. The author of one volume of verse, *Songs of a Day*, and of a book of prose, *Love in the British Museum and Other Essays.*

BYNNER, WITTER:

Poet and playwright living in New York City. Born in Brooklyn, N. Y. Graduate of Harvard. Phi Beta Kappa poet, Harvard, 1911, and University of California, 1919. Instructor in English, Students Army Training Corps, University of California. Author of many books of verse.

CARMAN, BLISS:

Dean of Canadian poets, living in New Canaan, Conn. Born in Fredericton, New Brunswick. Educated at the Universities of New Brunswick, Edinburgh, and Harvard. Studied law, practiced civil engineering, taught school, did newspaper work. Has published many volumes of poems.

CAWEIN, MADISON J. (1865–1914):

Under the brindled beech,
Deep in the mottled shade,
Where the rocks hang in reach
Flower and ferny blade,
Let him be laid.

Poet of Kentucky woods and fields. Edmund Gosse says some day Louisville will erect a statue to "Madison Cawein, who discovered the Beauty of Kentucky." Born in Louisville, where he spent most of his life. His father was a maker of herb medicines, and the poet as a boy was much outdoors helping his father gather herbs. Educated at Louisville Male High School where Reuben Post Halleck, one of his teachers, did much to develop in him the love for reading and writing poetry. An omnivorous reader but spent much time in the fields and meadows that he puts into his verse.

CHALMERS, PATRICK:

A British poet, living in Oxford, England. (No other biographical material available.)

CHESTERTON, GILBERT KEITH:

Widely known British critic, author, and lecturer living in Buckinghamshire, England. Contributor to *Bookman* and other English magazines.

CLAPP, FREDERICK MORTIMER:

A poet born in New York City; educated at Yale and at the Sorbonne. Has travelled extensively in France, Italy, Switzerland, and the Orient. Interested in Russian literature, and in Italian and Oriental art. Served in the World War as adjutant of the 22nd and of the 17th Aero Squadron. Served with the British before the Hindenburg Line and Cambrai. Author of three volumes of verse.

CLARK, MARTHA HASKELL (Mrs.) (1885–1922):

Wherever fields of dream are spread, dew-sweet beneath the stars,
There fares the gypsy heart of me, unhindered by its bars.

A poet born in Minneapolis; lived most of her life in New England. Educated at Lasell Seminary, Auburndale, Mass. Traveled abroad. Lived from 1908 until her death, in Hanover, N. H., where her husband is a professor in Dartmouth College. As her poems show, she was very found of the out-of-doors.

CLEGHORN, SARAH:

A poet of Vermont. Born in Norfolk, Va., has lived most of her life in Manchester, Vt. Studied at Radcliffe College. A close friend of Dorothy Canfield Fisher in whose *Hillsboro People* a number of her short lyrics first appeared.

COATES, FLORENCE EARLE (Mrs.):

A poet living in Philadelphia: author of many books of poems, and contributor to magazines. Educated in a convent in France. Elected poet-laureate of Pennsylvania by State Federation of Clubs.

COLCORD, LINCOLN:

Poet, journalist, short-story writer. Home, Searsport, Me. Born at sea, off Cape Horn. Member of a family of seafarers. Spent his boyhood at sea with his father, chiefly on Chinese voyages. Formerly assistant editor of *The Nation.*

COLUM, PADRAIC:

An Irish poet, dramatist, and critic. Born at Longford, Ireland; now living in New York City. One of the founders of the Irish National Theatre. Formerly editor of the *Irish Review.* Lecturer on poetry and Irish literature. Contributor to American magazines.

CONE, HELEN GRAY:

Poet, professor of English in Hunter College, New York City. Author of several volumes of verse.

CONKLING, GRACE HAZARD:

Poet, teacher of English, Smith College. Author of several volumes of verse. Her daughter is Hilda Conkling, a child poet, a volume of whose verse has recently been published.

CRANSTON, CLAUDIA:

Poet and editor. Lives in Dobb's Ferry, N. Y. Born in Denton, Tex. Attended public schools of Washington, D. C. For several years staff editor of *Vogue;* also associate editor of *Good Housekeep-*

ing, of which she is now a contributing editor. Writes for *Atlantic Monthly*, and various other magazines.

CRAPSEY, ADELAIDE (1878–1914):

As it
Were tissue of silver
I'll wear, O fate, thy grey
And go mistily radiant, clad
Like the moon.

Writer of delicate, poignant verse. Instructor in poetics at Smith College before her final illness. Intensely interested in metrics. Many of her poems are in a verse form called Cinquains, original with her. Born in New York State. Educated at Kemper Hall, Kenosha, Wis.; graduate of Vassar, 1901. Died at Saranac Lake.

DALY, T. A.:

Poet, humorist, lecturer, newspaper man. Born in Philadelphia; educated at Fordham University, New York City. President of American Press Humorists Association.

DARGAN, OLIVE TILFORD (Mrs.):

A poet who divides her time between New York City and the Southern mountains. Farming is her avocation. Born in Kentucky; educated at University of Nashville and Radcliffe. Teacher in the West, and in Canada until her marriage.

DAVIS, FANNIE STEARNS (Mrs. Gifford):

A poet born in Cleveland. Educated at Smith College. Teacher of English in Wisconsin. Contributor to magazines. Now living in Pittsfield, Mass.

DE LA MARE, WALTER:

English poet, critic, writer of fiction; living in London. Educated at St. Paul's Cathedral Choir School. A close personal friend of Rupert Brooke. Many of his poems have been set to music.

DEUTSCH, BABETTE (Mrs. Avraham Yarmolinsky):

Poet, critic, and translator. Born in New York City where she is now living. Educated at Barnard College. The author of a volume of verse and the compiler of anthologies.

DOBSON, AUSTIN (1840–1921):

You love, my friend with me, I think,
An Age of Lustre and of Link;
Of Chelsea China and long 's'-es,
Of Bag-wigs and of Flowered Dresses;
That Age of Folly and of Cards
Of Hackney Chairs and Hackney Bards.

British poet and editor. Born in Plymouth, England; educated at private school in England, and at Strasbourg Gymnase. For a time a first-class clerk, then a principal. Fellow of Royal Society of Literature. Author of many volumes of verse; contributor to many British magazines. Edited several books for the Clarendon Press; edited Evelyn's *Diary* and Madame D'Arblay's *Diary*. Contributed to *Encyclopedia Britannica* and *Dictionary of National Biography*.

DONALDSON, ROBERT:

No facts of life available.

DRISCOLL, LOUISE:

Poet, short-story writer, and lecturer on modern poetry, living in Catskill, N. Y. Awarded a prize by *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, Chicago, for her poem, "The Metal Checks."

DUNBAR, PAUL LAURENCE (1871–1906):

Lay me down beneaf the willers in de grass,
Whah de branch'll go a-singin' as it pas..
An' w'en I's a-laying' low,
I kin hyeah it as it go
Singin', Sleep, my honey, tek yo' res' at las'.

The chief singer of the negro race. Born and lived most of his life in Dayton, Ohio; the son of ex-slaves. His mother freed by the Emancipation Proclamation; his father escaped to Canada by the underground railway. Both learned to read and write after their marriage. The poet educated in the Dayton schools from which he was graduated with high honors. Because of his race, the only position attainable was that of elevator boy. Employed at World's Fair, Chicago; assistant in reading room of the Library of Congress. Gave readings from his works in this country and in England. Wrote newspaper and magazine articles. William Dean Howells, Brand Whitlock, and Robert Ingersoll were his friends.

EVANS, C. ETHEL:

A British poet; writer of occasional verse. Contributor to the *Poetry Review*, London. (No further facts of life available.)

FIELD, EUGENE (1850–1894):

Come on, little people from cot and from hall,
This heart it hath welcome and room for you all;
It will sing you its songs and warm you with love,
* * * *
It will rock you away to the dreamland above.

Poet and humorist born in St. Louis. Educated at Knox College. Began his life career as a newspaper man as a paragraph writer on St. Louis paper. Lure of the West took him as far as Denver—an experience reflected in his western verse. Took position on

Chicago *Daily Record* until his death. Was a great lover of children; his poems for and about children most widely known of all his works. Often styled "poet of childhood." A real lover of books. Delighted to browse around bookshops and unearth treasures. Very fond of fairy tales: knew nearly by heart Andrew Lang's books of fairy tales. Friend of James Whitcomb Riley; of A. Conan Doyle, in whose stories he revelled; of George W. Cable, with whom he gave readings; and of Francis Wilson, the actor.

FLECKER, JAMES ELROY (1884–1915):

And thro' dim-shaded valleys journeys on
A moon-led pilgrim seeking for the Thing
Which dreamers spake of in the days long gone,
And poets sang of in a Grecian Spring.

English poet, son of the headmaster of an English school. Student at Trinity College, Oxford; special student of Oriental languages at Caius College, Cambridge, where he was an intimate friend of Rupert Brooke. Went to Constantinople in 1910 in the consular service. Married a Greek girl in Athens, 1911. Died of tuberculosis in Switzerland.

FLETCHER, JOHN GOULD:

Poet of the new school. Born in Little Rock, Arkansas. Now living in London, England. Educated at Phillips-Andover Academy. Traveled in Europe, 1908-1909.

FLEXNER, HORTENSE (Mrs. Wyncie King):

A poet born in Louisville, Kentucky, where she has lived most of her life. Educated at the University of Michigan. For several years was a newspaper reporter. At present is engaged in writing advertising copy. Her husband is Wyncie King, the caricaturist. Author of one volume of verse, and of several plays.

FROST, ROBERT:

Poet of New England, now holding fellowship of creative literature in the University of Michigan. Born of New England parentage in San Francisco. Has been a bobbin boy in mills, made shoes, tramped, farmed, and taught school. Studied at both Dartmouth College and Harvard. His *North of Boston* strikes a distinctive note in modern poetry.

GALSWORTHY, JOHN:

English novelist, playwright, essayist, poet. Born in Devonshire of an old Devonshire family. Educated at Harrow and at Oxford from which he was graduated with an honors degree in law. Traveled extensively. Met Joseph Conrad in a voyage on a sailing ship and they became fast friends. Lives in England.

GARD, LILLIAN:

A British poet; the daughter of a well-known Devonshire lawyer. A contributor to many American magazines.

GARLAND, HAMLIN:

Novelist, short-story writer, and writer of verse. Born in Wisconsin. Worked on a farm, taught school, took up a claim in Dakota. Began his literary career in Boston. Lives in New York City.

GARRISON, THEODOSIA (Mrs. Frederic James Faulks):

Poet and short-story writer. Born and educated in Newark, N. J. Author of several volumes of verse. Contributor of verse and stories to many magazines. Lives in Short Hills, N. J., where she describes herself as chiefly interested in golf and tennis, and in running a car.

GIBSON, WILFRID WILSON:

A poet born in England where he has lived his entire life. Educated in private schools. Traveled extensively. Served as a private in the Great War. Lived for some time in the East End, the slum district of London, an experience reflected in his poetry. One of his volumes is being translated into Japanese.

GILCHRIST, MARIE EMILIE:

A poet; contributor to *Contemporary Verse.* (No further facts of life available.)

GOING, CHARLES BUXTON:

A chemical engineer whose avocation is poetry. Born in New York State. Educated at Columbia University. Was for some time editor of an engineering magazine. The author of several volumes of verse and of books on engineering subjects. His poem "Columbus" inspired by the largo movement of the "New World Symphony" by Dvorak. Several of his poems have been set to music. Home in De Bruce, New York.

GUITERMAN, ARTHUR:

Poet born of American parents in Vienna, Austria. Now living in New York. Educated at the College of the City of New York. Contributor to *Life* of rhymed reviews of books; writes humorous and other verse for magazines.

HAGEDORN, HERMANN:

Poet, playwright, biographer, translator, contributor to magazines. Educated at Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute and Harvard University. Instructor of English at Harvard for several years. Phi Beta

Kappa poet, Harvard, 1917. Author of *Boy's Life of Roosevelt.* Now lives in Montclair, N. J.

HARDING, RUTH GUTHRIE (Mrs.):

The author of a volume of lyric verse, published by Edmund D. Brooks, the noted book-collector. Born in Pennsylvania; now living in New Jersey. Attended Wyoming Seminary, Kingston, Pa.; later studied piano and composition at Bucknell University. A number of her songs have been set to music.

HARDY, THOMAS:

Novelist and poet born in Dorsetshire, England, where his mother's family have been small landowners for centuries. Educated at Aberdeen, Cambridge, and Oxford. Studied and practiced architecture, wrote verse from 1860–1858, novels, 1868–1896, then resumed writing of poetry. Novelist of the Wessex country. Lives in Dorchester.

HENDERSON, ROSE:

Poet living in New York City. Graduate of Drake University, Des Moines; studied at Columbia and the University of Chicago. Contributor of short stories, articles, and verse to newspapers and magazines. Spent much time in Mexico and Southern California, an experience reflected in her poems on Indian and desert themes.

HENLEY, W. E. (1849–1903):

I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

English poet and editor. Came of a talented family. Pupil at a famous old English school when Thomas Edward Brown, the poet, was headmaster. The two became lifelong friends. Henley spent long months in Edinburgh Hospital to be treated by Lister, the noted surgeon, for tuberculosis of the bone which had already necessitated the amputation of one foot. While in hospital wrote *Hospital Sketches* and did much studying. Here he met Robert Louis Stevenson, who became his close friend and collaborator. Stevenson used Henley as model for John Silver, abstracting all of his good qualities but his geniality and force. Edited art magazine in which he introduced the art of Rodin to England. Rodin's bust of Henley is now in St. Paul's, London.

HILLYER, ROBERT SILLIMAN:

An instructor at Harvard; writer of occasional verse for various magazines. Educated at Harvard.

HOYT, HELEN:

Poet, educated at a private school in Connecticut and at Barnard College. Associated with *Poetry—A Magazine of Verse.* Contributor to numerous magazines. Lives in St. Helena, Cal.

HUEFFER, FORD MADOX:

English poet and critic; of artistic family. Grandson of Ford Madox Brown, the painter. A friend and neighbor of Joseph Conrad with whom he wrote the novel *Romance.*

JOHNSON, BURGES:

Poet, publisher, and editor; now associate professor of English in Vassar. Born in Vermont. Educated at Amherst. Lives in Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

JONES, THOMAS S., JR.:

Poet living in New York City. Born in New York State. Educated at Cornell. Author of several volumes of verse. Contributor to magazines.

KENNEDY, SARA BEAUMONT (Mrs.) (died 1921):

Leaving a song on earth below.

A southern poet born in Tennessee. Formerly a member of the editorial staff of Memphis *Commercial Appeal.* For a number of years she contributed a poem to each Sunday edition of this paper. Writer of poems and stories for various magazines.

KILMER, ALINE:

Widow of Joyce Kilmer; born in Norfolk, Va. Lives at present in Larchmont, N. Y. Author of two books of verse. Lecturer on poetry.

KILMER, JOYCE (1886–1918):

A human heart whose courage did not falter
Though distant as Arcturus shone the Gleam.

A poet killed in the Great War. Educated at Rutgers College and Columbia University. Teacher, editorial writer; associated with New York *Times Book Review.* Sergeant of 165th Infantry (old 69th New York), in A. E. F. Author of several books of verse and criticism.

KIPLING, RUDYARD:

Well-known British poet, short-story writer, and novelist. Born in Bombay where his father was professor of sculpture and architecture in a school of art. His school life at the United Service College in Westward Ho, Devonshire, is reflected in his book, *Stalky and Co.* As a reporter on an Indian paper, he came in contact with

strange adventures—the basis of his stories of India. Awarded Nobel prize for literature in 1901. Poem "Recessional," written at time of Queen Victoria's Jubilee, won world-wide recognition.

LANG, ANDREW (1844–1912):

In a mist of memories,
I would lie like him who lies
Where the lights of Latmos gleam,—"

British poet, essayist, critic, compiler, and translator. Born in Scotland. Educated at Balliol, Oxford, and at St. Andrew's University, where he afterward taught. Fellow of Merton College, Oxford. Intensely interested in folklore. Compiled a series of books of fairy tales known to all children. Famous as translator, his translations of *Iliad*, *Odyssey*, and of *Aucassin and Nicolette* being classics. An indefatigable worker; has to his credit 800 publications comprising essays, translations, and poems.

LEDOUX, LOUIS:

A poet born in New York City. Graduated from Columbia University. Lives at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, N. Y. Member of an engineering firm.

LEDWIDGE, FRANCIS (1891–1917):

He shall not hear the bittern cry
In the wild sky, where he is lain,
Nor voices of the sweeter birds
Above the wailing of the rain.

The poet of the Irish countryside. Born in Meath, Ireland. Worked as a grocer's boy, a road-mender, a farmer. Served in the World War with the Inniskilling Fusiliers in Gallipoli, Salonika, Serbia, and on the Western front. Killed in action. Called "the poet of the blackbird" by his friend, Lord Dunsany, who sponsored his two books of verse, *Songs of the Fields* and *Songs of Peace*. A friend of Katherine Tynan.

LEE, AGNES (Mrs. Otto Freer):

A poet and translator, contributor of poems to leading magazines. Born in Chicago; educated in Switzerland. Wife of prominent physician in Chicago.

LE GALLIENNE, RICHARD:

Poet, critic, essayist, journalist. Born in Liverpool. Engaged in business for some years before he entered the literary field. Author of several volumes of essays and verse. Lives at Rowayton, Conn.

LE MESURIER, L.:

A British poet; contributor to the *Westminster Gazette*. (No further facts of her life available.)

LEONARD, DOROTHY (Mrs.):

Poet; contributor of verse to *Century, Harper's,* the *Atlantic Monthly* and other prominent magazines. Born in Connecticut. Educated at Mt. Holyoke. Trained in kindergarten work at Teacher's College, Columbia University. Lives in Oneida, N. Y.

LETTS, WINIFRED:

Irish poet living in Dublin. Served as nurse in Irish and English hospitals during the war. Author of several volumes of verse. Her poem "The Spires of Oxford" is one of the most popular war poems.

LINDSAY, NICHOLAS VACHEL:

A poet of the new school of poetry living in Springfield, Ill., where he was born. Educated at Hiram College; student at Art Institute, Chicago, and at New York School of Art for several years, Lecturer and reader. Walked from Illinois to New Mexico in Summer of 1912 as recorded in his *Handy Guide for Beggars.*

LOWELL, AMY:

An imagist poet, one of the chief advocates of the new school of poetry. A member of the famous New England family of Lowells, James Russell Lowell being a cousin of her grandfather, and Percival and Lawrence Lowell, her brothers. Educated in private schools. Lived abroad many years. Author of many books of poetry and of criticism. Lover of gardens and garden flowers, an interest reflected in much of her poetry. Home, "Sevenels," Brookline, Mass.

LYTTLETON, LUCY (Mrs. C. F. Masterman):

A British poet. Author of a volume of lyrical verse. (No further facts of life available.)

MCLEOD, IRENE RUTHERFORD (Mrs. A. De Sélincourt):

A British poet whose first volume of verse, which appeared before she was twenty, brought her recognition. Author of three volumes of verse. Lives on the Isle of Wight.

MCGIFFERT, GERTRUDE HUNTINGTON:

A poet living in New York City. The author of a volume of verse. (No further facts of life available.)

MACKAYE, PERCY:

Dramatist, poet, and lecturer on the theater. Since 1920 holder of fellowship of creative literature at Miami University, Oxford, Ohio, the first fellowship of its kind. Educated at Harvard. Has written and produced several pageants and masques, notably the

Shakespeare Masque in New York City in 1916. Author of many volumes of poetry and plays.

MacGill, Patrick:

An Irish poet; soldier in the Great War. Writer of realistic fiction. Born in Donegal, Ireland; only education three years in a mountain school in Ireland. Worked between ages of 12 and 19 as farm servant, drawer, and navvy man. Joined editorial staff of *Daily Express*, London, 1911. Wounded at Loos, during the War.

Macruder, Mary Lanier:

Poet and short-story writer living on a farm in Kevil, Ky. Was precocious child with little regular schooling. In her own words, her chief reading in childhood was "the Bible, the almanacs, and the *Courier Journal*." Contributor to *Collier's*, *McClure's*, *Saturday Evening Post*, and other magazines.

Markham, Edwin:

Poet, lecturer, living in Staten Island, N. Y. Born in Oregon. As a boy worked at farming, blacksmithing, herding cattle. Superintendent of Schools in California for some years. His "Man with the Hoe," suggested by Millet's picture, gained him world-wide recognition in 1899.

Masefield, John:

British poet, dramatist, and novelist. Born in England, son of a lawyer. Went to sea in his boyhood, wandered for a number of years, during which time he worked as bartender in New York City and in a carpet factory in Yonkers. Served with Red Cross in France and in Gallipoli during the War. His book on Gallipoli, one of the well-known war books. Has written number of sea stories for boys. Lives in England.

Masters, Edgar Lee:

Poet of new school of poetry. Born in Kansas of Virginia family of pioneer stock. For a time did newspaper work. Now a lawyer, living in Chicago.

Meynell, Alice (Mrs.) (1850–1922):

English poet and essayist. Educated at home by her father. Author of number of volumes of essays and of verse. Friend of the poet, Francis Thompson. Lived in Sussex, England.

Millay, Edna St. Vincent:

Poet living in New York City. Born in Maine; educated at Vassar. Winner of Columbia prize for poetry 1921.

MILLER, ALICE DUER:

A writer of fiction, and a poet. Educated at Barnard College. Lives in New York City.

MITCHELL, RUTH COMFORT (Mrs. Young):

Poet, author of short stories, novels, and one-act plays. Lives on a ranch in the Santa Cruz mountains where she describes herself as riding horseback "when not riding the Remington". Born in California, where she has always lived. Traveled in the United States, Mexico, and Europe. Author of two volumes of verse.

MONRO, HAROLD:

British poet, publisher, and bookseller. Born in Brussels, Belgium. Established the Poetry Bookshop in London in 1912. Published anthologies of Georgian poetry. Author of several books of poetry.

MORLEY, CHRISTOPHER:

Essayist, poet, and editor. Born in Pennsylvania. Rhodes Scholar, Oxford, 1910–1913. At present on editorial staff of New York *Evening Post*. Lives on Long Island, N. Y.

MORTON, DAVID:

Poet and teacher. Born in Kentucky. Educated at Vanderbilt University. Author of a volume of verse, and contributor of verse to magazines. Teacher of English, Morristown, N. J.

MURRAY, ADA FOSTER (Mrs. Henry Mills Alden):

A poet born in Virginia, where she lived for many years. Educated by her father, who was President of Marshall College. Her husband was the late Henry Mills Alden who was for fifty years editor of *Harper's Magazine*. Aline Kilmer is her daughter. A frequent contributor to newspapers and magazines, and the author of one volume of verse.

NAIDU, SAROJINI (Mrs.):

Writer and lecturer of India. Born in Hyderabad, Deccan, India, of an ancient family noted as patrons of Sanskrit learning. Educated in India, and at King's College, Cambridge. Author of three volumes of verse in English, now translated into all Indian vernaculars and into many European languages. Contributes poetry and articles to English and Indian periodicals. Prominent in woman's movement in India. Lives at Hyderabad.

NORRIS, MARY RACHEL:

A teacher who spent her childhood in Michigan and in New England. Educated at Bryn Mawr. Is at present the dean of a southern junior college. Describes herself as having the teacher's usual

interests—books, people, home, travel, birds, flowers, and little children. "Pax Beata" was inspired by a recital of the Kneisel Quartet.

NOYES, ALFRED:

English poet, critic and lecturer. Born in Staffordshire; educated at Exeter and Oxford. Gave Lowell lectures in America on "The Sea in English Poetry," 1913. Exchange professor of modern English Literature at Princeton, 1911-1914, where his lectures were exceedingly popular. Lover of out-door sports—rowing and fishing particularly. Lives in England.

O'NEIL, GEORGE:

American poet of English and Irish ancestry. Born and educated in St. Louis, where he has lived most of his life. Wrote first poem at sixteen, and has written steadily since; writing is his chief interest and occupation. Enlisted in the Navy during the war. Has spent much of his time in New York in recent years.

OPPENHEIM, JAMES:

Poet of the new school, playwright. Lives in New York City. Born in St. Paul, Minn. Studied at Columbia University. Has been settlement worker and teacher.

OWEN, WILFRED (1893–1918):

These laid the world away; poured out the red
Swet wine of youth; gave up the years to be
Of work and joy . . .

English poet killed in the war. Born and educated in England. Was for some time private tutor. In spite of ill-health joined the Artists' Rifles O. T. C. Invalided home, but returned and was killed while trying to get his men across the Sambre. Awarded Military Cross for gallantry. Author of a book of verse.

PAUL, DOROTHY:

A poet; contributor of verse to magazines. Lives in the Philippine Islands.

PICKTHALL, MARJORIE L. C. (1883–1922):

Friends pass softly, here is one
Morning spent her gold upon.

Canadian poet, born in England. Lived in Canada after the age of seven. Educated at Bishop Strachan School in Canada, and by her talented mother. Though many of her poems show an insight into the Roman Catholic faith, she was herself an Anglican in religion. Author of two volumes of verse. Her poem "Duna" has been set to music and is very popular in song recitals.

POTTER, ELLIS M. :

Writer of occasional verse. Native of Ohio. Educated at Miami University, Oxford, Ohio, and at Cornell. For many years has been in business in New York City.

PRESLAND, JOHN (Mrs. Gladys Skelton) :

A British poet, author of a number of books of verse, and of poetical dramas. Preferred for some time to keep her identity hidden under her pen name.

RATHOM, JOHN R. :

Editor and author. Writer of occasional verse. Born in Melbourne, Australia. Followed career of newspaper correspondent and editor. An authority on immigration and other social problems. Contributor to magazines. At present editor of Providence *Journal*. Lives in Providence, R. I.

REED, EDWARD BLISS:

Poet, college professor. Born in New York State. Educated at Yale where he is professor of English. Assistant Editor of *Yale Review*. Author of a volume of verse.

REESE, LIZETTE WOODWORTH:

Poet, author of several volumes of lyric verse. Born in Baltimore where she is still living. For many years a teacher in the Western High School in Baltimore.

RICE, CALE YOUNG:

Poet and critic. Author of many books of verse. Born in Kentucky, has traveled widely. His wife is Alice Hegan Rice, author of successful fiction. Lives in Louisville, Ky.

RILEY, JAMES WHITCOMB (1852–1916) :

With a cheery smile and a wave of the hand,
He has wandered into an unknown land,
And left us dreaming how very fair
It needs must be, since he lingers there.

The poet of the Middle West farm. Born and brought up in Indiana. Received little systematic education, because of lack of interest in school. Toured through Indiana, with some other young men, as sign painter, reciting at various towns to advertise their presence. Later worked on a newspaper and gave readings from his work throughout the country. Very fond of children, about whom he wrote many poems. Died in Indianapolis, in Lockerbie Street, made famous by him. His birthday a State holiday in Indiana. Was a friend of Mark Twain, William Dean Howells, and Joel Chandler Harris.

ROBERTS, CECIL E. M.:

English poet, critic, novelist, and newspaper correspondent. Born in Nottinghamshire. Has written and lectured extensively on literary, musical and artistic subjects. Vice-President of Poetry Society of England. Edited Raemaker's cartoons.

ROBERTS, ELIZABETH MADOX:

A poet living in Kentucky where she was born and reared. Her father's pioneer ancestor came to Kentucky through the Wilderness Trail with one of the early Boone expeditions. Her life a battle against ill-health and poverty. Spent several years in the Rockies trying vainly to gain strength. In spite of ill-health studied at the University of Chicago and received a PH.B. degree. Many poems in her volume were offered as work in an English course in the University. Awarded the Fisk Poetry Prize in 1921. Her poems relate her own experiences, the poet using child speech to gain greater poignance.

ROBINSON, A. MARY F. (Madame Duclaux):

An English poet living in Paris. Educated in Brussels, Italy, and at University College, London. The author of poems, novels, and criticism. Her husband is the director of the Pasteur Institute in Paris.

SANDBURG, CARL:

Chicago poet, born in Illinois of Swedish ancestry. Had irregular schooling. Has been driver, porter, scene shifter, truckman, pottery maker, farm worker, salesman, advertising man, and writer, particularly on labor topics. Veteran of Spanish-American War. Worked his way through Lombard College. Interested in Scandinavian literature, Chinese poetry, and negro melodies.

SASSOON, SIEGFRIED:

English poet of the war. Educated at Clare College, Cambridge. Served in France and Palestine during the War. Received Military Cross for valor. Writing of poetry an avocation. Lives in Sussex where he delights in his hunting and in his music.

SCOLLARD, CLINTON:

Poet; writer of many volumes of verse. Born in New York State, educated at Hamilton College, Harvard, and Cambridge. Professor of English literature at Hamilton College for several years. Contributor to various magazines. Lives at Pelham Manor, N. Y.

SEEGER, ALAN (1888–1916):

So here anew is one who saw the gleam
And followed blindly on the valiant quest.

Poet of the War. Born in New York City. Educated at Harvard. Lived and studied in Paris for many years. Enlisted with the Foreign Legion, 1914. Killed in action.

SMITH, NORA ARCHIBALD:

Poet, author and editor of children's books and readers. Born in Philadelphia. Educated Santa Barbara, Cal. A well-known kindergartner. Sister of Kate Douglas Wiggin, with whom she collaborates. Lives in Maine.

SPEYER, LEONORA (Lady Speyer):

Poet, born in Washington, D. C. Before her marriage was a professional violinist playing with leading orchestras. Lectures on music and poetry.

STEPHENS, JAMES:

Irish poet and novelist. Was poor boy who wandered over Ireland; nearly died of hunger in Belfast. Was typist in lawyer's office when discovered by "A. E." (George Russell), who thought his work distinctive. Lives in Ireland.

STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS (1850–1894):

Glory of youth glowed in his soul:
Where is that glory now?

British poet, essayist, novelist, and literary critic. Born and educated in Edinburgh. Comes from family of famous lighthouse builders in Scotland. Studied law and engineering, but gave them up to devote his life to literature. Lived in Scotland, Switzerland, France, America, and Samoa where he died. Fought ill-health all his life.

TABB, JOHN BANISTER (Father Tabb) (1845–1909):

While in the grasses every bloom I see
Harbors the dew of immortality.

Poet, priest, teacher, musician. Born of an old Southern family and reared on a Virginia plantation. Served in Navy during Civil War. A devoted Confederate all his life. A professor of English in St. Charles College, Ellicott City, Md., until his death. Interested in music. An intimate friend of the poet, Sidney Lanier, whom he met while a prisoner in Lookout Prison, during the Civil War.

TEASDALE, SARA (Mrs. Ernst B. Filsinger):

Poet; author of many volumes of lyric verse. Born in St. Louis of an old American family. Educated in private schools of St. Louis. Traveled extensively in Southern Europe and Egypt. Won Columbia University poetry prize in 1918 for her volume, *Love Songs*.

Many of her songs have been set to music. Lives in New York City.

THOMPSON, FRANCIS (1850–1907):

His wealth of beauty, and his high notes, ringing
Above the earth, will make some heart rejoice.

A poet and critic born in Lancashire, England, the son of a physician who wished him to follow the same profession, but he preferred literature. Lived in extreme poverty in London, picking up his living selling matches and shoe laces, and opening cab doors. Through a manuscript he attracted the notice of Wilfrid and Alice Meynell who befriended him for the rest of his life. His best known poem is the "Hound of Heaven." His essay on Shelley is regarded as a masterpiece of criticism and of beautiful prose-writing.

TIETJENS, EUNICE (Mrs.):

Poet and novelist born in Chicago and still living there. Studied in Paris, Dresden, and Geneva. Associate editor of *Poetry—A Magazine of Verse.*

TOWNE, CHARLES HANSON:

Poet and editor. Born in Kentucky. Educated privately and at College of the City of New York. Has been managing editor of several magazines. Composer of song-cycles. Author of several volumes of verse. Lives in New York City.

TYNAN, KATHERINE (Mrs. H. A. Hinkson):

Poet and novelist born in Ireland. Educated in a convent in Drogheda. Did nursing and relief work during the war. Her two sons served in France and in Palestine. Interested in the New Ireland. A friend of William Butler Yeats and of Francis Ledwidge.

UNTERMEYER, LOUIS:

Poet, editor, critic, anthologist, jewelry manufacturer. Born and educated in New York City. One of the prominent critics of modern poetry.

VAN DYKE, HENRY:

Poet, essayist, minister. At one time professor of English literature at Princeton. Born in Pennsylvania. Educated at Princeton. Lives at Princeton, N. J.

WELLES, WINIFRED (Mrs. Harold H. Shearer):

Poet, born and educated in Norwichtown, Conn., where she has spent most of her life. Author of a volume of verse. Lives in New York City.

WHARTON, EDITH:

Well-known novelist, writer of occasional verse. Born in New York City of an old New York family. Much of her childhood and youth spent in Europe. Educated at home. Was observant child interested in writing from her early years. First published volume appeared in 1899. For many years has made her home in France. For her extensive War work was awarded the Cross of the Legion of Honor by the French Government.

WHITE, VIOLA CHITTENDEN:

A poet, born in New York State and educated in the Brooklyn schools, and at Wellesley College. Her volume, *Horizons*, was the first book of poetry by a woman to be published in the Yale Series of Younger Poets. The "Dutch Slumber Song" was written in Holland when the poet was traveling abroad.

WIDDEMER, MARGARET (Mrs. Robert Haven Schauffler):

A poet and short story writer. Born in Pennsylvania. Educated at home; graduate of Drexel Institute Library School. Contributor of poems and short stories to magazines. Home in Larchmont, N. Y. Married Robert Haven Schauffler, the poet.

WILSON, T. P. CAMERON (Died—1918):

Death not a closing but an opening door
A deepened life, a prophecy fulfilled.

An English soldier poet killed in the Great War. Born in South Devon. Educated at Exeter and Oxford. Schoolmaster in Mt. Arlington School, Surrey, at outbreak of War. Contributed to many British periodicals.

WOOD, CLEMENT:

A poet and teacher born in Alabama. Contributor of poems, articles, and short stories to magazines. Has won several prizes for poems. Principal of Barnard School for Boys, New York City.

SOME MUSICAL SETTINGS OF MODERN LYRICS

A suggestion for the correlation of music and modern poetry

BURNET, DANA:

"Love's on the Highroad," Alice Reber Fish, (G. Schirmer).
"Love's on the Highroad," J. H. Rogers, (G. Schirmer).

COATES, FLORENCE EARLE:

"For Me the Jasmine Buds Unfold," Mrs. H. H. A. Beach.

DUNBAR, PAUL LAURENCE:

"An Ante Bellum Sermon," H. T. Burleigh, (G. Schirmer).
"Down de Lovers' Lane," W. M. Cook, (G. Schirmer).
"Life," Mary Turner Salter, (G. Schirmer).
"My Lady," W. M. Cook, (G. Schirmer).
"On the Road," M. Andrews, (G. Schirmer).
"Sol' Down de Stream," Fay Foster, (G. Schirmer).

FIELD, EUGENE:

"Dutch Lullaby," Reginald De Koven, (G. Schirmer).
"Japanese Lullaby," Reginald De Koven, (G. Schirmer).
"Little Blue Pigeon," George F. Boyle, (Composers Music Corp.).
"Little Blue Pigeon," Henry Hadley, (G. Schirmer).
"Little Boy Blue," Henry Hadley, (G. Schirmer).
"Little Boy Blue," Guy d' Hardelot, (G. Schirmer).
"Many a Beauteous Flower," E. R. Mitchell, (G. Schirmer).
"Morning Song (The eastern sky is streaked with red)," A. Segal, (G. Schirmer).
"Night Wind," R. Farley, (G. Schirmer).
"Wynken & Blynken," Jules Jordan, (G. Schirmer).

GARLAND, HAMLIN:

"The Mountains," Elliot Griffes, (Composers Music Corp.).

GIBSON, WILFRID WILSON:

"My Dream Garden," Bryceson Treharne, (Composers Music Corp.).

GOING, CHARLES BUXTON:

"If I were a fairy," Bryceson Treharne, (Composers Music Corp.).

HARDING, RUTH GUTHRIE:

"Deep in the Heart of Me," John Barnes Wells, (The John Church Co.).
"From a Car Window," Alice Reber Fish, (G. Schirmer).

HENLEY, W. E.:

"The Nightingale Has a Lyre of Gold," Magdalen S. Worden, (G. Schirmer).
"Song of the Blackbird," Roger Quilter, (Boosey & Co.).
"A Song of Life" (A cycle of seven songs), C. A. Lidgey, (Boosey & Co.).

JONES, THOMAS S. JR.:

"My Soul is Like a Garden-Close," R. Huntington Woodman, (G. Schirmer).
"The Rose Jar," R. Huntington Woodman, (G. Schirmer).

KENNEDY, SARA BEAUMONT:

"A-Gypsying into the Sun," A. Louis Scarmolin. (Boosey & Co.).

KILMER, JOYCE:

"Trees," Carl Hahn, (The John Church Co.).

KIPLING, RUDYARD:

"Barrack Room Ballads": "Danny Deever," "Road to Mandalay," "Soldier, Soldier," "Fuzzy-Wuzzy," Arthur Whiting, (G. Schirmer).
"The City of Sleep," Marshall Kernochen, (G. Schirmer).
"The Looking-Glass," Walter Damrosch, (G. Schirmer).
"On the Road to Mandalay," Oley Speaks, (G. Schirmer).
"The Recessional," Reginald De Koven, (John Church Co.).
"The Recessional," H. R. Shelley, (G. Schirmer).

LEDWIDGE FRANCIS:

"Had I a Golden Pound," R. Hughes, (G. Schirmer).

LE GALLIENNE, RICHARD:

"All the Leaves Were Calling Me" ("I meant to do my work to-day"), C. B. Hawley, (John Church Co.).
"A Caravan from China Comes," Josephine Uterhardt, (G. Ricordi & Co.).
"She's Somewhere in the Sunlight Strong," Richard Hammond, (Composers Music Corp.).

LOWELL, AMY:

"Chinoiseries," (Three Songs: Reflections, Hoar Frost, Falling Snow), Richard Hammond, (Composers Music Corp.).

MASEFIELD, JOHN:

"An Old Song Re-sung," C. T. Griffes, (G. Schirmer).
"Cargoes," T. Dobson, (G. Schirmer).
"Sea Fever," F. H. Rogers, (G. Schirmer).
"Sea Fever," W. A. Sabin, (G. Schirmer).
"Sea Fever," Bryceson Treharne, (Composers Music Corp.).
"Twilight," T. Dobson, (G. Schirmer).

NOYES, ALFRED:

"Blackberries," M. Bartholomew, (G. Schirmer).
"Come down to Kew," C. Deis, (G. Schirmer).
"Come Up, Come in with Streamers," C. Deis, (Harold Flammer Inc.).
"Lights of Home," S. W. Hubbard, (G. Schirmer).
"A Prayer," J. H. Rogers, (G. Schirmer).
"When That I Loved a Maiden," M. Bartholomew, (G. Schirmer).

RILEY, JAMES WHITCOMB:

"Make Me a Song," Henry K. Hadley, (G. Schirmer).
"There, little girl, don't cry," P. A. Smecker, (G. Schirmer).
"There, little girl, don't cry," Edward Campion, (G. Schirmer).
"A Very Youthful Affair," ("I'm bin a visitin' 'bout a week"), John Barnes Wells, (John Church Co.).
"The Weather," Elizabeth L. Skinner, (G. Schirmer).

SCOLLARD, CLINTON:

"Come, Love, Across the Sunlit Land," C. T. Griffes (G. Schirmer).
"Elysium," Oley Speaks, (G. Schirmer).
"Sylvia," Oley Speaks, (G. Schirmer).
"There is a Little Lane," P. Gallico, (G. Schirmer).

STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS:

"Blows the Wind To-day," Helen Hopekirk, (G. Schirmer).
"The Country of the Camisards," Sidney Homer, (G. Schirmer).
"Evensong," Sidney Homer, (G. Schirmer).
"Looking-Glass River," John Alden Carpenter, (G. Schirmer).
"Requiem," Sidney Homer, (G. Schirmer).
"Sing me a Song of a Lad that is Gone," Charles S. Burnham, (G. Schirmer).
"Songs" ("Bright is the ring of words"), H. W. Parker, (G. Schirmer).
"The Stormy Evening," Sidney Homer, (G. Schirmer).
Three songs from a *Child's Garden of Verses*: "Pirate Story," "Young Night Thought," "Singing," Sidney Homer, (G. Schirmer).
"The Unforgotten," Sidney Homer, (G. Schirmer).

TABB, JOHN BANISTER:

"Absent," F. Wyman, (G. Schirmer).
"Fern Song," F. F. Bullard, (G. Schirmer).
"Phantoms," J. Powell, (G. Schirmer).
"To a Butterfly," J. Powell, (G. Schirmer).
"To a Rose," F. S. Hastings, (G. Schirmer).

TEASDALE, SARA:

"Benediction," C. W. Coombs, (G. Schirmer).
"But What if I Heard my First Love," C. B. Bull. (G. Schirmer).
"Ebb-Tide," Mabel Wood Hill, (G. Schirmer).
"The Kiss," H. Fryer, (G. Schirmer).
"The Lamp," Mabel Wood Hill, (G. Schirmer).
"The Look," Alice Reber Fish, (G. Schirmer).
"The Look," Mabel Wood Hill, (G. Schirmer).
"The Look," F. Jacobi, (G. Schirmer).
"Message," Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, (G. Schirmer).
"Night Song at Amalfi," A Barnett, (G. Schirmer).
"Night Song at Amalfi," Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, (G. Schirmer).
"Pierrot" Dagmar Rybner, (G. Schirmer).
"The Rose," A. Rihi, (G. Schirmer).
"Song of Capri," Mabel Wood Hill, (G. Schirmer).
"Sun-Swept Dunes," R. Hughes, (G. Schirmer).
"Swans," A. Walter Kramer.
"To-night" ("The moon's a curving flower of gold"), A Barnett, (G. Schirmer).
"Vignettes of Italy" (a cycle of nine songs), Wintter Watts, (G. Schirmer).

TOWNE, CHARLES HANSON:

"A Dream of Egypt," Amy Woodforde-Finden, (Boosey & Co.).
"A Lover in Damascus," Amy Woodforde-Finden, (Boosey & Co.).
"The Magic Casement," Amy Woodforde-Finden, (Boosey & Co.).
"Five Little Japanese Songs," Amy Woodforde-Finden, (Boosey & Co.).
"The Myrtles of Damascus," Amy Woodforde-Finden, (Boosey & Co.).

UNTERMEYER, LOUIS:

"Only of Thee and Me," Marion Bauer, (A. P. Schmidt).

Records of Modern Lyrics Set to Music

Dunbar, Paul Lawrence:

"Banjo Song," J. A. Meyers, (Fisk University Quartet, Victor, 16466).
"Old Tunes," J. A. Meyers, (Fisk University Quartet, Victor, 16843).
"Po' Mo'ner Got a Home at Last," J. A. Meyers, (Fisk University Quartet, Victor, 16843).
"When Malindy Sings," (Fisk University Quartet, Victor, 35097).
"When Malindy Sings," (Homer Rodeheaver, Victor, 35545).
"Who Knows," Ball, (Claire Dux, Brunswick, 10006).
"Who Knows," Ball, (John McCormack, Victor, 64424).

Field, Eugene:

"Little Boy Blue," Ethelbert Nevin, (Evan Williams, Victor, 64102).
"Little Boy Blue," Ethelbert Nevin, (John McCormack, Victor, 64605).
"Wynken, Blynken & Nod," Paissiello, (Evan Williams, Victor, 64299).

Kipling, Rudyard:

"Danny Deever," Damrosch, (David Bispham, Columbia, A5095).
"Danny Deever," Fred Wheeler, (Reinald Werrenrath, Victor, 35476).
"Fuzzy-Wuzzy," Whiting, (Reinald Werrenrath, Victor, 45109).
"The Gypsy Trail," Galloway, (Reginald Werrenrath, Victor, 45109).
"The Road to Mandalay," Fred Wheeler, (Reinald Werrenrath, Victor, 35476).
"The Road to Mandalay," Oley Speaks, (Richard Bonelli, Brunswick, 35000).

Pickthall, Marjorie L. C.:

"Duna," McGill, (Charles Hackett, Columbia, 79521).
"Duna," McGill, (Reinald Werrenrath, Victor, 64853).

Riley, James Whitcomb:

"There, Little Girl, Don't Cry," Ward Stephens, (Evan Williams, Victor, 64711).

Records of Negro Melodies

"Darling Nelly Gray," B. R. Hanby, (Alma Gluck and Orpheus Quartet, Victor, 64729).

"Deep River," arranged by Burleigh, (Oscar Seagle, Columbia, A 2165).

"Deep River," arranged by Coleridge-Taylor, (Frances Alda with Orpheus Quartet, Victor, 64687).

"Hard Trials," arranged by Burleigh, (Theo Karle, Brunswick, 13025).

"Heaven Song and Inchin' Along," (Tuskegee Singers, Victor, 18075).

"Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground," Foster; and "My Old Kentucky Home," (Hayden Quartet, Victor, 16218).

"Old Black Joe," Foster, (Fisk University Quartet, Victor, 35097), (Alma Gluck, Victor, 74442) (Louise Homer, Victor, 87303), (Christine Miller, Victor, 45056), (Clarence Whitehill, Victor, 64359).

"My Old Kentucky Home," Foster, (Elsie Baker, Victor, 18045), (Geraldine Farrar, Victor, 88238), (Lucy Gates, Columbia, A 6059), (Alma Gluck, Victor, 74468).

"Nobody Knows de Trouble I've Seen," arranged by Burleigh, (Theo Karle, Brunswick, 13025).

"Old Folks at Home," Foster, (Elsie Baker, Victor, 16389), (Sophie Braslau, Victor, 88089), (Emma Calve, Victor, 88089), (Ernestine Schuman-Heink, Victor, 8862 D).

"Steal Away," (Tuskegee Singers, Victor, 17890).

"Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," (Tuskegee Singers, Victor, 17890), (Fisk University Quartet, Victor, 16453).

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